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The Church Book

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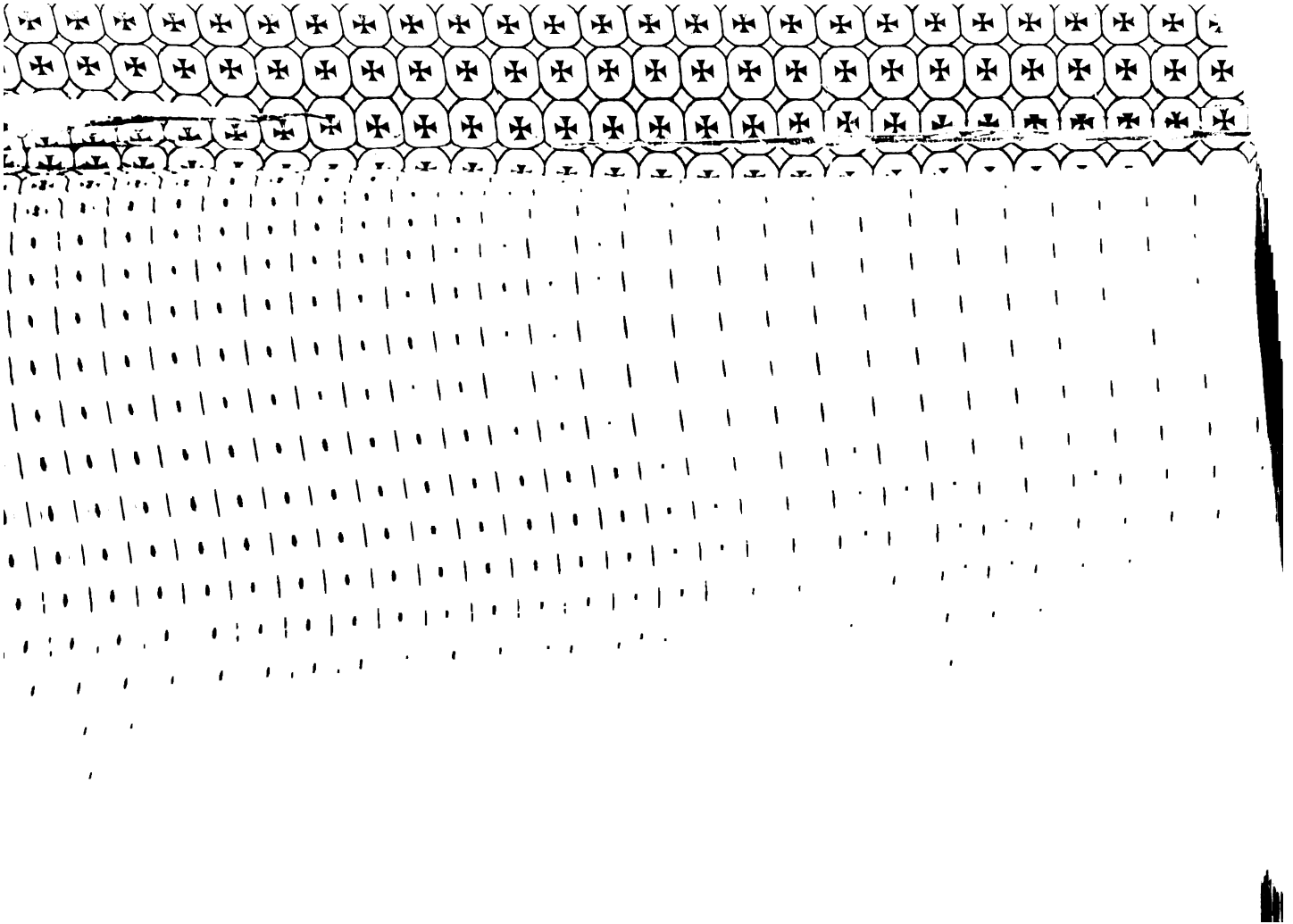


THE CHURCH-BOOK:

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR THE USES OF

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

PREPARED BY

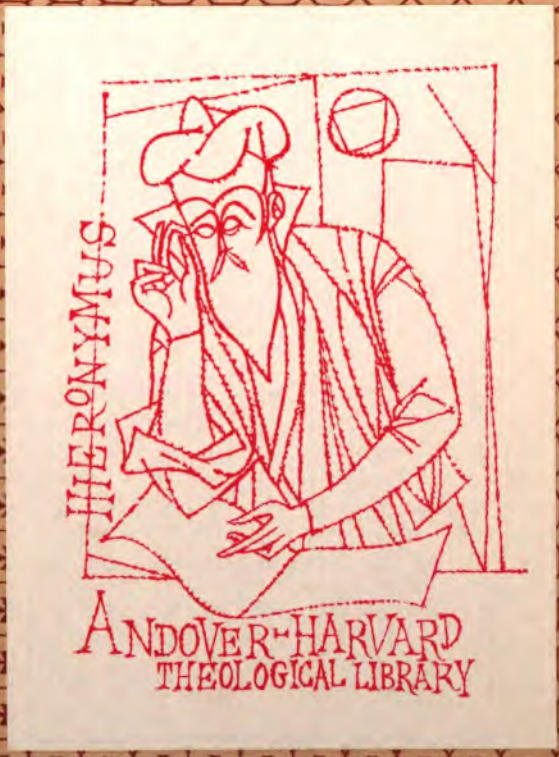
LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON.

NEW YORK:

D. APPLETON & CO.,

1, 3, AND 5, BOND STREET,

1883.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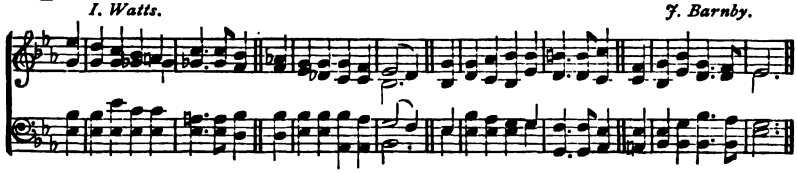
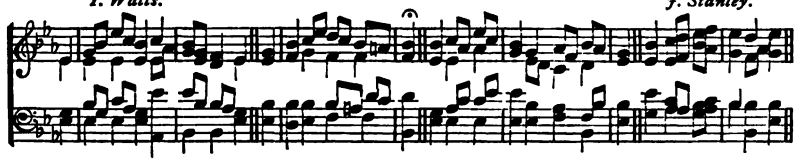
2 PSALM iv. 3–5, 8. REFUGE. C. M.
I. Watts. *J. Barnby.*

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'T is sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

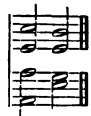
A-men.

3 PSALM v. 3–8. WARWICK. C. M.
I. Watts. *J. Stanley.*

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye;—

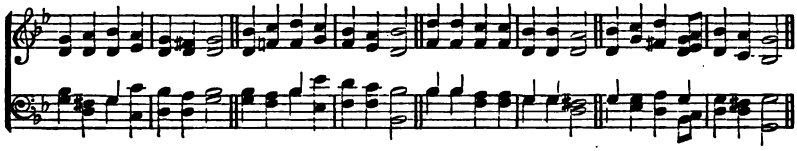
2 Up—to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

A-men.

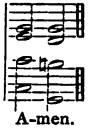
4 PSALM vi. 1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 9. NORWICH, 7s.
H. F. Lyte. *English.*

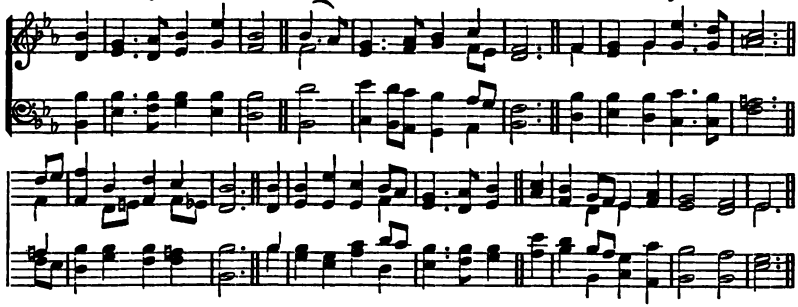


1 GENTLY, gently lay thy rod
On my sinful head, O God!
Stay thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink beneath its sway.

2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak;
Heal me, for thy grace I seek;
This my only plea I make,—
Heal me for thy mercy's sake.

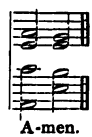
3 Who, within the silent grave,
Shall proclaim thy power to save?
Lord, my sinking soul reprieve;
Speak, and I shall rise and live.

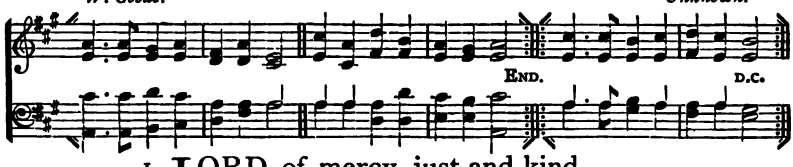
4 Lo! he comes—he heeds my plea!
Lo! he comes—the shadows flee!
Glory round me dawns once more;
Rise, my spirit, and adore.

A-men.

5 PSALM xi. WATERSTOCK. H. M.
H. F. Lyte. *John Goss.*

1 MY trust is in the Lord; what foe can injure me?
Why bid me like a bird before the fowler flee?
The Lord is on his heavenly throne,
And he will shield and guard his own

2 The wicked may assail, the tempter sorely try,
All earth's foundations fail, all nature's springs be dry;
Yet God is in his holy shrine,
And I am strong while he is mine.

3 His flock to him is dear, he watches them from high;
He sends them trials here to form them for the sky;
But safely will he tend and keep
The humblest, feeblest of his sheep.

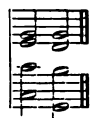
4 His foes a season here may triumph and prevail;
But ah! the hour is near when all their hopes must fail;
While, like the sun, his saints shall rise,
And shine with him above the skies.

6 PSALM xiii. 1–3, 5, 6. SPANISH HYMN. 7s. D.
W. Goode. *Unknown.*

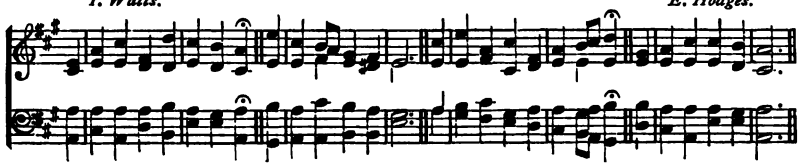


1 LORD of mercy, just and kind,
Wilt thou ne'er my guilt forgive?
Never shall my troubled mind
In thy kind remembrance live?

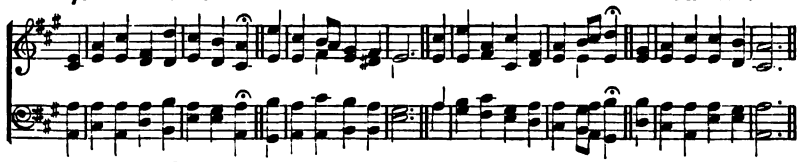
Lord, how long with sorrows vexed
Daily shall my heart complain;
While my anxious soul perplexed,
Counsel takes, but takes in vain?

2 Lord, how long shall Satan's art
Tempt my harassed soul to sin,
Triumph o'er my humbled heart,
Fears without and guilt within?
Lord, my God, thine ear incline,
Bending to the prayer of faith;
Cheer my eyes with light divine,
Lest I sleep the sleep of death!

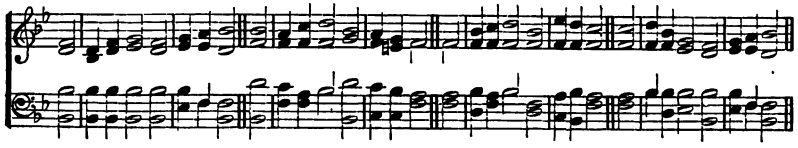
3 On thy mercy I rely—
Mercy, heavenly Lord, impart!
Mercy brings salvation nigh;
Mercy shall rejoice my heart.
Lord, I lift my voice in praise,
All thy bounty to adore;
From eternity thy grace
Flows, increasing evermore.

A-men.

7 PSALM xvi. 8–11. BRISTOL. C. M.
I. Watts. *E. Hodges.*

1 I SET the Lord before my face,
He bears my courage up;
My heart and tongue their joys express,
My flesh shall rest in hope.

2 My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
Where souls departed are;
Nor leave my body in the grave,
To see corruption there.

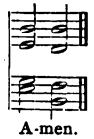
7. CONTINUED. BRISTOL.

3 Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
And raise me to thy throne;
Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
Thy presence joys unknown.

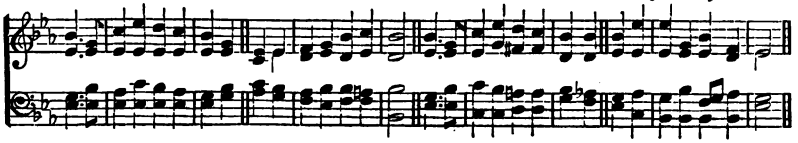
A-men.

8 PSALM xvii. 14, 15. *I. Watts.* HEBRON. L. M. *L. Mason.*

1 WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

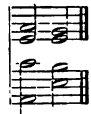
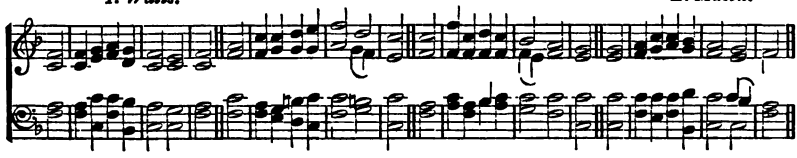
2 This life 's a dream—an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 O glorious hour!—O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound:
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise
And in my Saviour's image rise.

A-men.

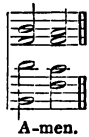
9 PSALM xviii. 46–50. *W. Goode.* SYCHAR. 8–7. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 LO! the Lord Jehovah liveth;
He's my rock, I bless his name;
He, my God, salvation giveth;
All ye lands, exalt his fame.

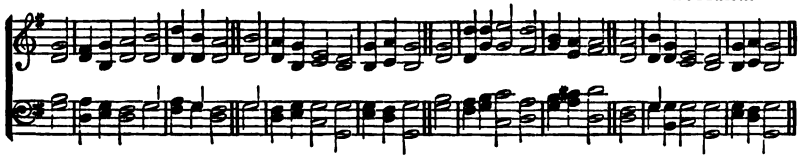
2 O'er his enemies exalted,
See the great Redeemer rise!
Though by powers of hell assaulted,
God supports him to the skies.

3 God, Messiah's cause maintaining,
Shall his righteous throne extend;
O'er the world the Saviour reigning,
Earth shall at his footstool bend.

10 PSALM xix. 1–6. *I. Watts.* UXBRIDGE. L. M. *L. Mason.*

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess,
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice, and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

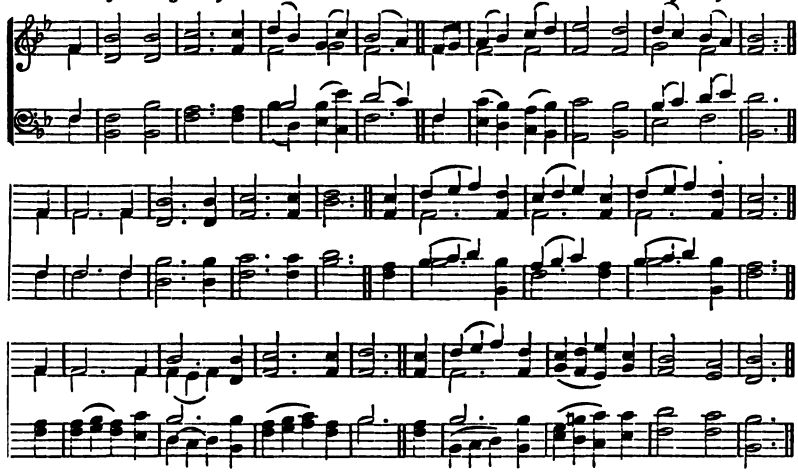
4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

11 PSALM xix. 7, 8, 12, 13. ROCKINGHAM. L. M.
I. Watts. *L. Mason.*



1 GREAT Sun of righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

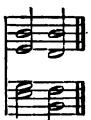
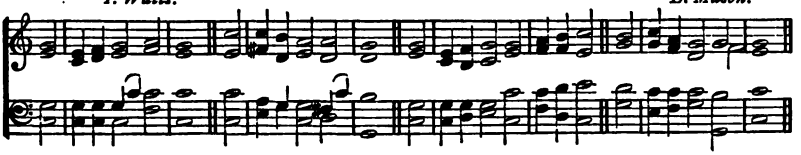
2 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

A-men.

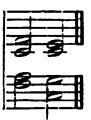
12 PSALM xix. 1–7. CREATION. L. M. 61.
J. Montgomery. *From J. Haydn.*

1 THY glory, Lord, the heavens declare,
The firmament displays thy skill;
The changing clouds, the viewless air,
Tempest and calm, thy word fulfill;
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy knowledge teach.

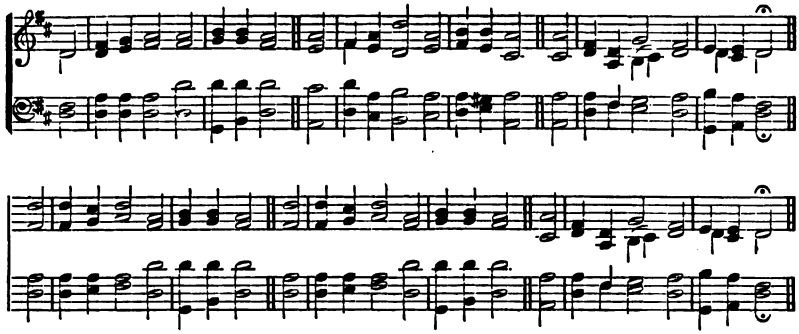
2 Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
Well known the language of their song,
When one by one the stars appear,
Led by the silent moon along,
Till round the earth, from all the sky,
Thy beauty beams on every eye.

3 Waked by thy touch, the morning sun
Comes like a bridegroom from his bower,
And, like a giant, glad to run
His bright career with speed and power,—
Thy flaming messenger, to dart
Life through the depth of nature's heart.

4 While these transporting visions shine
Along the path of Providence,
Glory eternal, joy divine,
Thy word reveals, transcending sense;
My soul thy goodness longs to see,
Thy love to man, thy love to me.

13 PSALM xix. 11–14. BOYLSTON. S. M.
I. Watts. *L. Mason.*

1 I HEAR thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

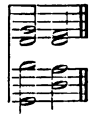
2 Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

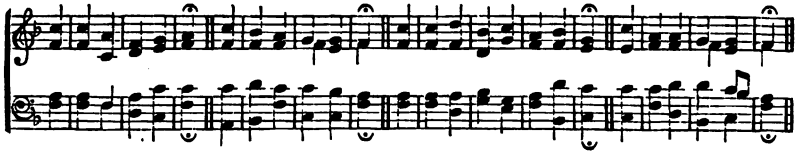
3 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

14 PSALM xix. 7–14. *I. Watts.*

NASHVILLE. L. P. M. *Gregorian. Arr. L. Mason.*

1 I LOVE the volume of thy word;
What light and joy these leaves afford,
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 From the discoveries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life I draw:
These are my study and delight:
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that has the furnace passed,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 't is thy blessed Gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward.

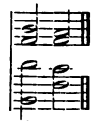
4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Accept my poor attempts of praise
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

A-men.

15 PSALM xxiii. BADEA. S. M.
I. Watts. *German.*

1 THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

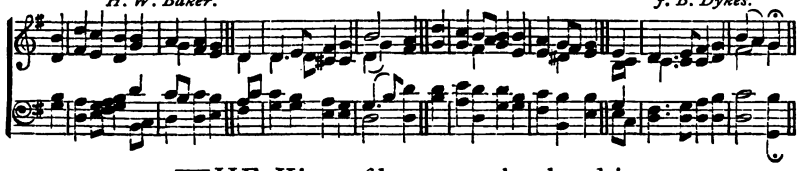
2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

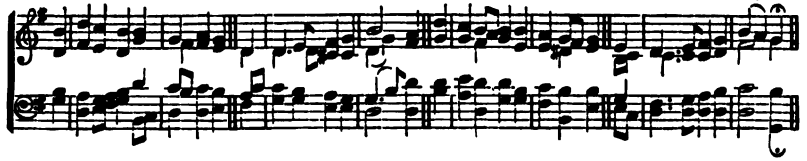
4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My shepherd 's with me there.

5 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

A-men.

16 PSALM xxiii. CECILIA. 8–7. Iamb.
H. W. Baker. *J. B. Dykes.*



1 THE King of love my shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never:
I nothing lack if I am his
And he is mine forever.

16. CONTINUED. CECILIA.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

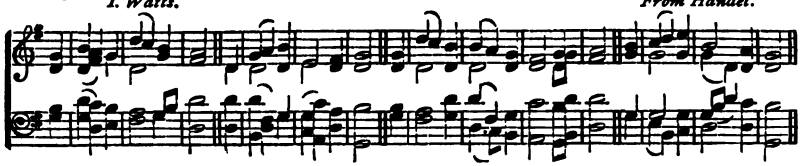
3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And O the transport of delight
With which my cup o'erfloweth!

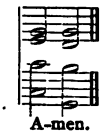
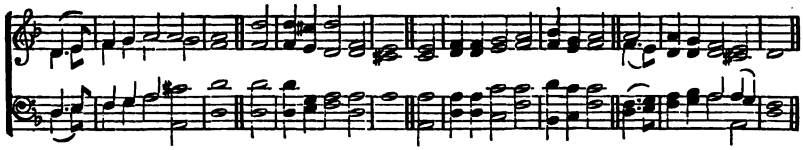
6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever!

A-men.

17 PSALM XXV. THATCHER. S. M.
I. Watts. *From Handel.*

1 TO God in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice:
O let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.

2 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wast ever, kind.

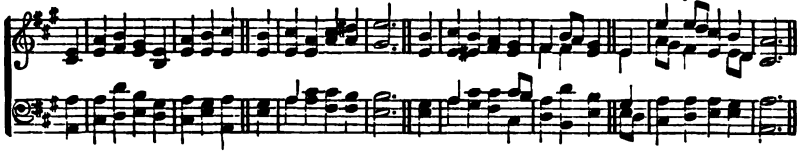
3 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee;
And, for thy wondrous goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.

4 His mercy and his truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

18 PSALM XXV. 15–18, 20. HEREFORD. S. M.
I. Watts. *L. Mason.*

1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

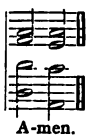
4 O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

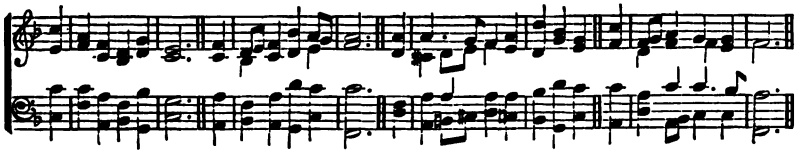
19 PSALM xxvii. 1–6. NOTTINGHAM. C. M.
I. Watts. *J. Clark.*

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

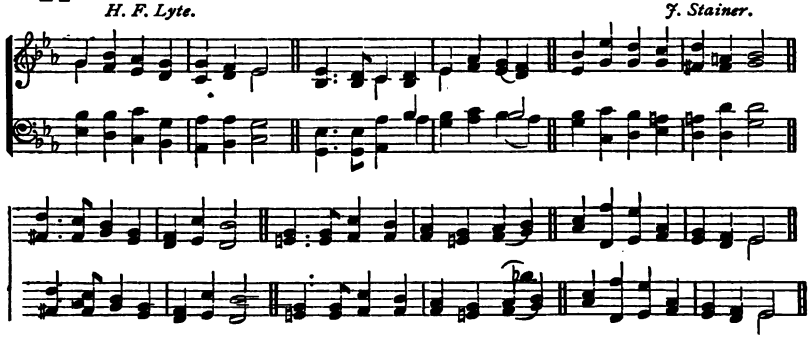
5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

A-men.

20 PSALM xxxi. 5, 14, 19, 20. STEGGALL. S. M.
H. F. Lyte. *C. Steggall.*

1 MY spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

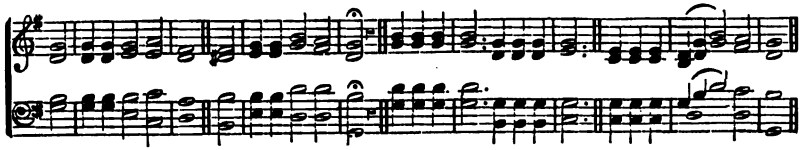
2 In thee I place my trust;
On thee I calmly rest:
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,—
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

21 PSALM xxxi. 1–3, 14–23. LUX. 7s, 61.
H. F. Lyte. *J. Stainer.*

1 LORD, I look for all to thee;
Thou hast been a rock to me:
Still thy wonted aid afford;
Still be near, my shield, my sword!
Faint and sinking on my road,
Still I cling to thee, my God!

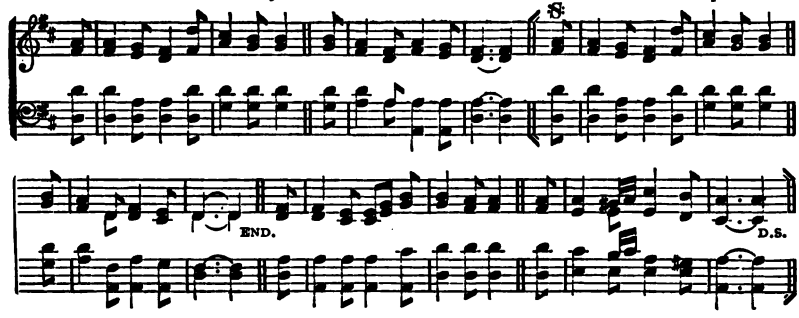
2 On thy word I take my stand;
All my times are in thy hand:
O what mercies still attend
Those who make the Lord their friend!
Lord, may this my portion be:
Seek it, all ye saints, with me!

22 PSALM xxxii. 1–6. PARAH. S. M.
I. Watts. *L. Mason.*

1 O BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
Till I confessed my sin to thee,
And ready pardon found.

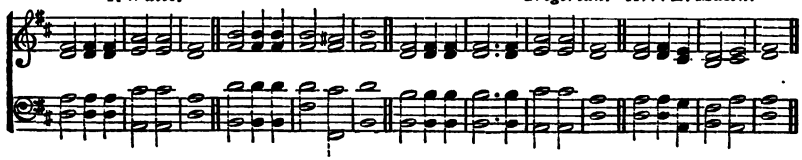
4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

23 PSALM xxxiv. 1–4, 7–9. INVITATION. C. M. D.
N. Tate or N. Brady. *From Spohr.*

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble, and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

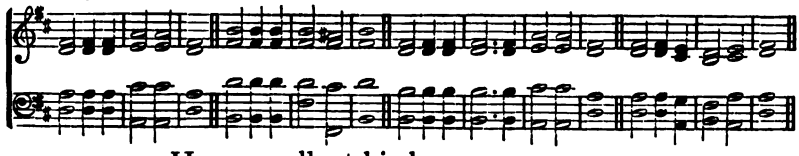
2 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.
The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all,
Who on his succor trust.

3 O make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
Fear him, ye saints, and ye will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make ye his service your delight,—
He'll make your wants his care.

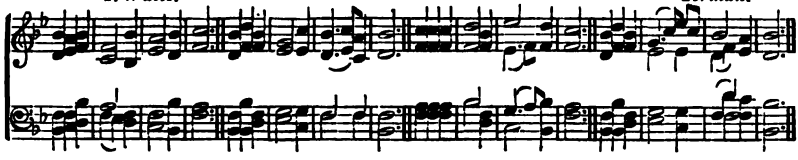
24 PSALM xxxvi. 5–7. SHAWMUT. S. M.
I. Watts. *Gregorian. Arr. L. Mason.*

1 SURE there's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear;
His justice, hid behind the cloud
Shall one great day appear.

2 His truth transcends the sky,
In heaven his mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.

24. CONTINUED. SHAWMUT.



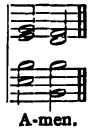
3 How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs!
O never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings!

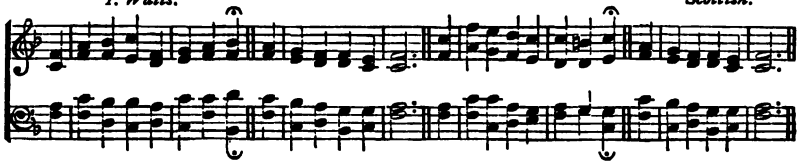
25 PSALM xxxvi. 5–9. MENDON. L. M.
I. Watts. *German.*

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

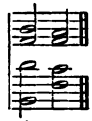
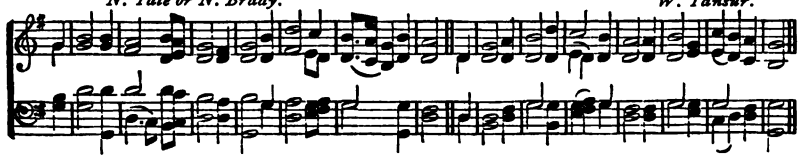
3 My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

4 From the provisions of thy house,
We shall be fed with sweet repast:
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And, in thy light, our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

A-men.

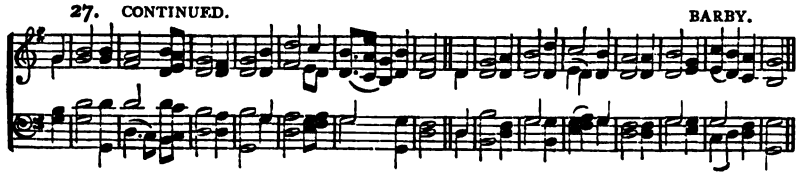
26 PSALM xl. 1, 3, 5. *I. Watts.* DUNDEE. C. M. *Scottish.*

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,—
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

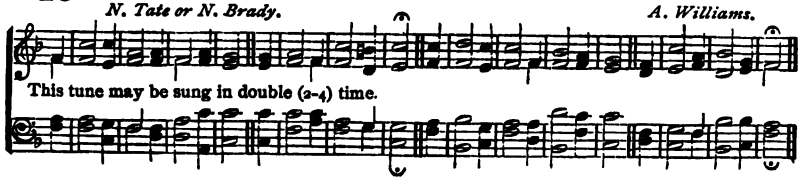
2 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new, thankful song.

3 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

27 PSALM xlii. 1, 2, 4, 11. *N. Tate or N. Brady.* BARBY. C. M. *W. Tansur.*

1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God!
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 I sigh, as oft my musing thoughts
Those happy days present,
When I, with crowds of pious friends,
Thy temple did frequent.

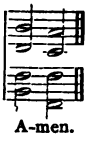
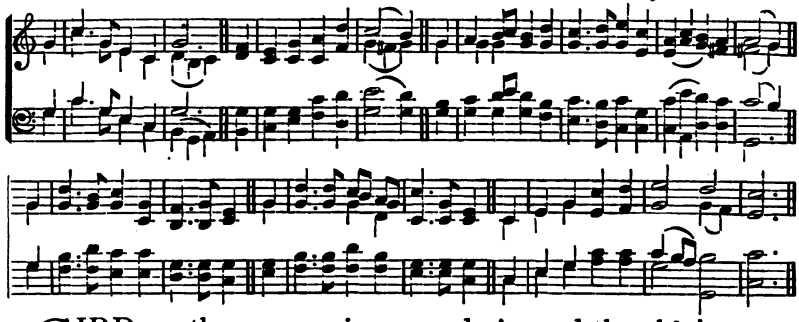
27. CONTINUED. BARBY.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; and he'll employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

28 PSALM xliv. MEAR. C. M.
N. Tate or N. Brady. *A. Williams.*

1 O LORD, our fathers oft have told
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And in more ancient years:

2 How thou, to plant them here, didst drive
The heathen from this land,
Afflicted by repeated strokes
Of thine avenging hand.

3 For not their courage, nor their sword,
To them possession gave;
Nor strength that from unequal force
Their fainting troops could save,—

4 But thy right hand and powerful arm,
Whose succor they implored,—
Thy presence with the chosen race,
Who thy great name adored.

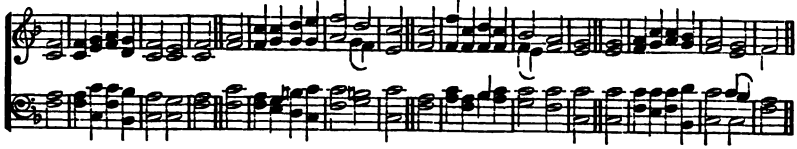
5 As thee their God our fathers owned,
So thou art still our King;
O, therefore, as of old to them,
To us deliverance bring.

29 PSALM xlv. 3–5. KINGDOM. H. M.
P. Doddridge. *J. K. Paine.*

1 GIRD on thy conquering sword, Ascend thy shining car;
And march, almighty Lord, To wage thy holy war:
Before his wheels, | ‖: Ye valleys rise,
In glad surprise, | And sink, ye hills. :‖

2 Fair truth, and smiling love, And injured righteousness,
Under thy banners move, And seek from thee redress:
Thou in their cause | ‖: And far and wide
Shalt prosperous ride, | Dispense thy laws. :‖

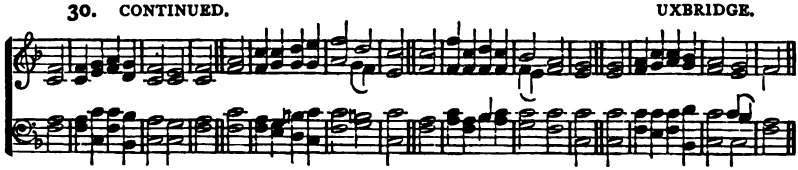
3 Before thine awful face Millions of foes shall fall,
The captives of thy grace,—The grace that conquers all:
The world shall know, | ‖: What wondrous things
Great King of kings, | Thine arm can do. :‖

4 Here to my waiting soul Bend thy triumphant way;
Here every fear control, And all thy power display:
My heart, thy throne, | ‖: Bows low to thee,—
Blest Jesus, see, | To thee alone. :‖

30 PSALM xlvi. 1–5. UXBRIDGE. L. M.
I. Watts. *L. Mason.*



1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade:
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

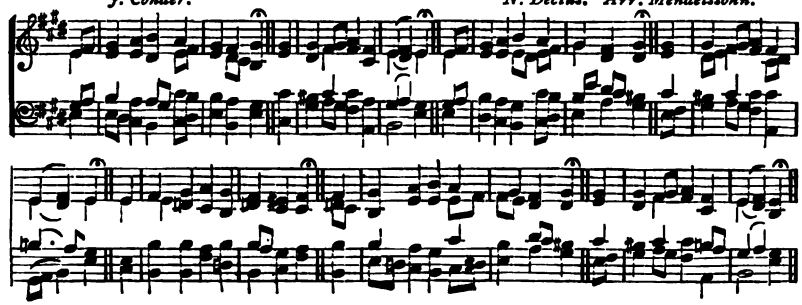
30. CONTINUED. UXBRIDGE.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world:
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

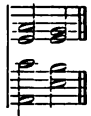
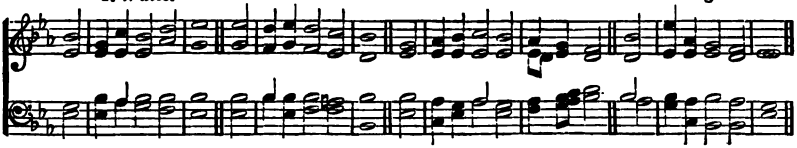
3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar—
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

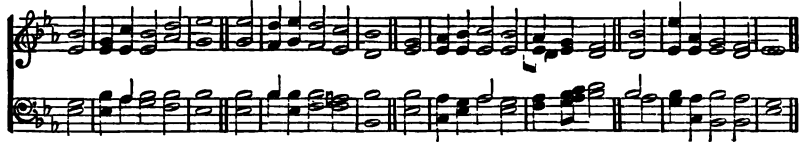
6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

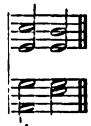
31 PSALM xlvi. 1–5. ALLEYN. 87,87; 887.
Y. Conder. *N. Decius. Arr. Mendelssohn.*

1 GOD is our refuge ever near,
Our help in tribulation:
Therefore his people shall not fear,
Amid a wrecked creation;
Though mountains from their base be hurled,
And ocean shake the solid world,
The Lord is our salvation.

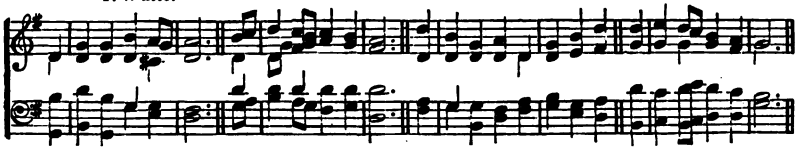
2 The stream that flows from Zion's hill,
Shall yet, serenely gliding,
With joy the holy city fill,
His presence there abiding:
The Lord, her glory and defence,
Will guard his chosen residence,
His timely aid providing.

32 PSALM xlviii. 1, 12–14. DOVER. S. M.
I. Watts. *English.*

1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

2 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,—
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well,—

3 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,—
And make a fair report.

32. CONTINUED. DOVER.

4 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

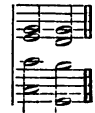
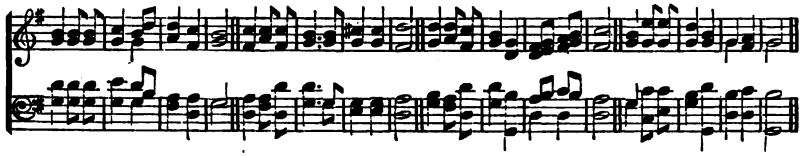
5 The God we worship now,
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

A-men.

33 PSALM xlviii. 1-3, 8, 9. ST. THOMAS, S. M.
I. Watts. *A. Williams.*

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 Oft have our fathers told,—
Our eyes have often seen,—
How well our God secures the fold,
Where his own sheep have been.

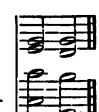
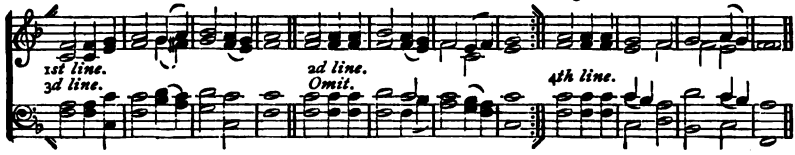
5 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

34 PSALM li. 1-4. FEDERAL STREET. L. M.
I. Watts. *H. K. Oliver.*

1 SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live!
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

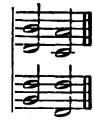
5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

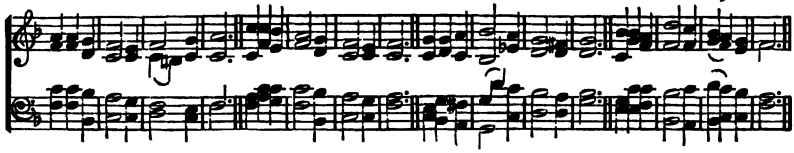
6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,—
Some sure support against despair.

35 PSALM li. 9–12. HAMBURG. L. M.
I. Watts. *Gregorian. Arr. Mason.*

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.


A-men.

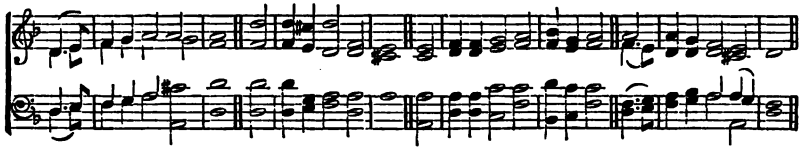
36 PSALM li. 17, 13, 14. GRACE CHURCH. L. M.
I. Watts. *From Pleyel.*

1 A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

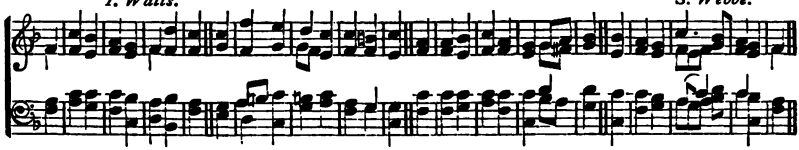
A-men.

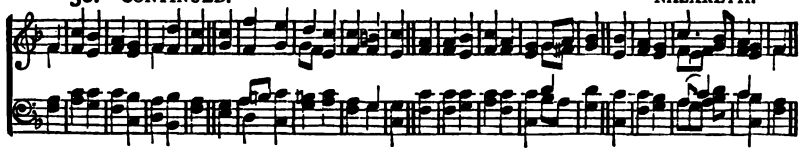
37 PSALM li. 5, 9–14. HEREFORD. S. M.
N. Tate or N. Brady. *L. Mason.*

1 AGAINST thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgressed; and, though condemned,
Must own thy judgments right.

2 Blot out my grievous sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

3 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight,
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

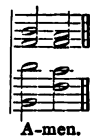
A-men.

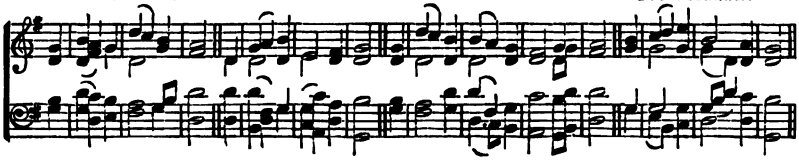
38 PSALM lvii. 1–3, 7–11. NAZARETH. L. M.
I. Watts. *S. Webbe.*

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown;
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud be over-blown.

38. CONTINUED. NAZARETH.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

3 My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honors to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,—
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

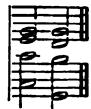
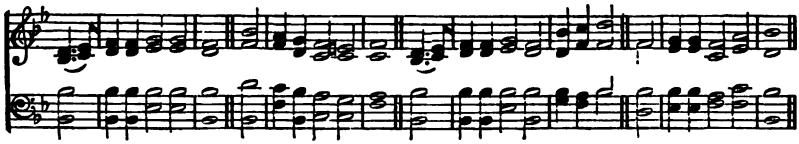
4 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

5 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

A-men.

39 PSALM lxi. 1–6. THATCHER. S. M.
I. Watts. *From Handel.*

1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wing,
My shelter and my shade.

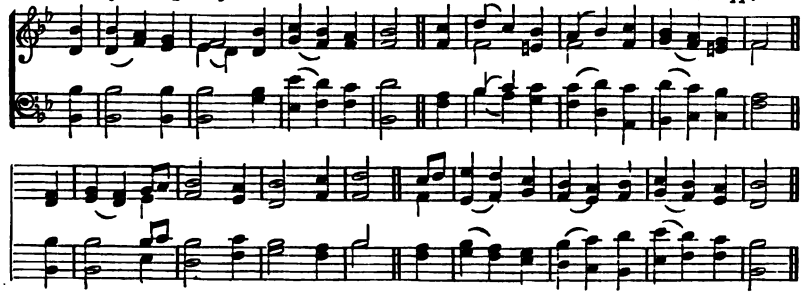
3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

40 PSALM lxii. 1, 2, 5–8. HAVERHILL. S. M.
C. Wesley. *L. Mason.*

1 IN true and patient hope,
My soul, on God attend;
And calmly confident look up,
Till he salvation send.

2 I shall his goodness see,
While on his name I call;
He will defend and strengthen me
And I shall never fall.

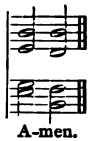
3 Jesus, to thee I fly,
My refuge and my tower;
Upon thy faithful love rely,
And find thy saving power.

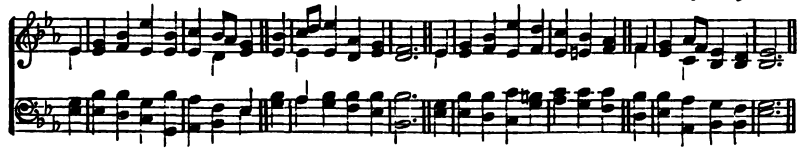
4 Trust in the Lord alone,
Who aids us from above;
In every strait surround his throne,
And hang upon his love.

41 PSALM lxiii. 1, 6–8, 3. ALL-SAINTS. L. M.
J. Montgomery. *W. Knapp.*

1 O GOD, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,—
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

2 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God;
Thy hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where thou hast trod.

3 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

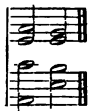
4 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

A-men.

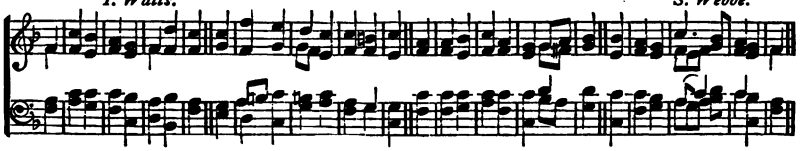
42 PSALM lxiii. 1–4. DUNSTAN. C. M.
I. Watts. *J. Hay.*

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

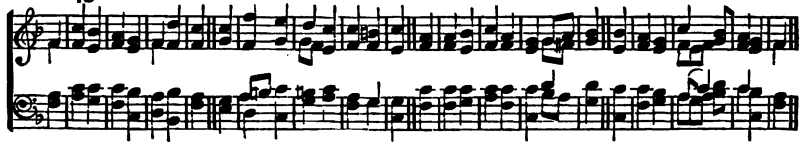
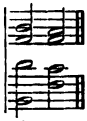
4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

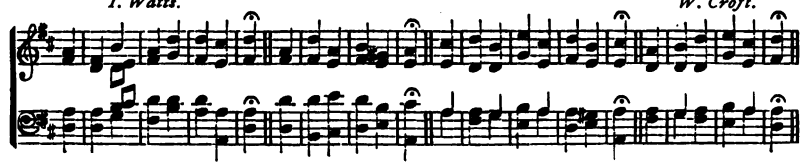
5 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

A-men.

43 PSALM lxv. 2–5. NAZARETH. L. M
I. Watts. *S. Webbe.*

1 O THOU, whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray;
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And distant islands of the sea.

2 Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away their stain;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

3 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee:
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

43. CONTINUED. NAZARETH.

4 Soon shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

A-men.

44 PSALM lxvii. 1–3, 6, 7. ST. ANN'S. C. M.
I. Watts. *W. Croft.*

1 SHINE on our land, Jehovah, shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our courts,
And show thy smiling face.

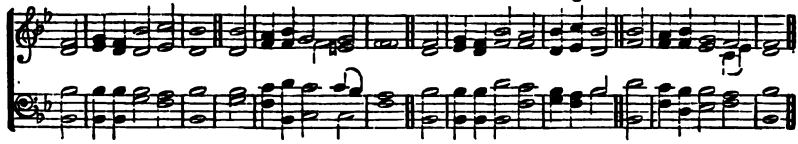
2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let thankful tongues exalt his praise,
And thankful hearts rejoice.

4 Earth shall confess her Maker's hand,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

5 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favors here;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

A-men.

45 PSALM lxvii. 1–5. OLMUTZ. S. M.
N. Tate or N. Brady. *Gregorian. Arr. Mason.*

1 TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine;—

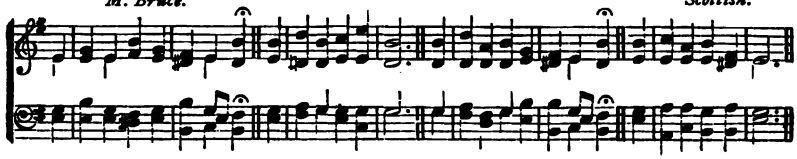
2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 O let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

4 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

A-men.

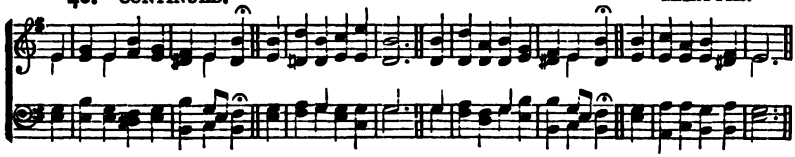
46 PSALM lxxi. 1, 5, 9, 22–24. MARTYRS. C. M.
M. Bruce. *Scottish.*



1 ALMIGHTY Father of mankind!
On thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

2 In early years, thou wast my guide,
And of my youth, the friend;
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

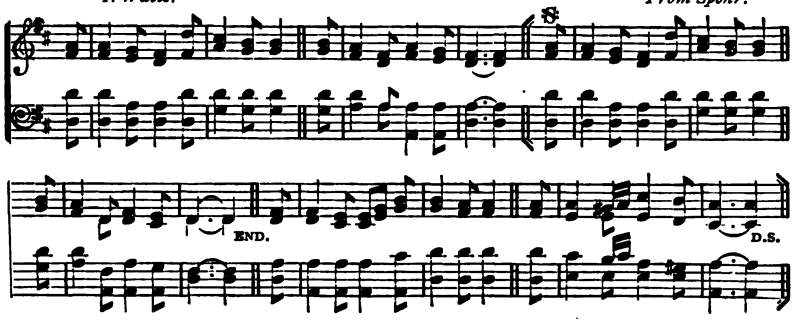
46. CONTINUED. MARTYRS.



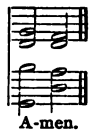
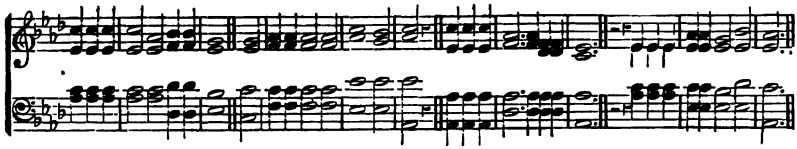
3 I know the Power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

4 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.

5 Therefore, in life I'll trust in thee;
In death I will adore;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

47 PSALM lxxi. 14-16, 22-24. INVITATION. C. M. D.
I. Watts. *From Spohr.*

1 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,—
The numbers of thy grace?
Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

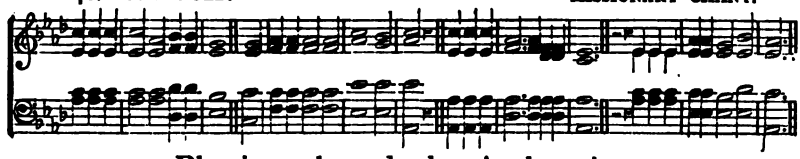
2 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage, in thy strength,
To see my Father God.
When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness;
And mention none but thine.

3 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.
Awake, awake, my tuneful powers!
With this delightful song,
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

48 PSALM lxxii. 17, 15, 8, 4, 19. MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.
I. Watts. *C. Zeuner.*

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more,

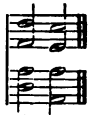
2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

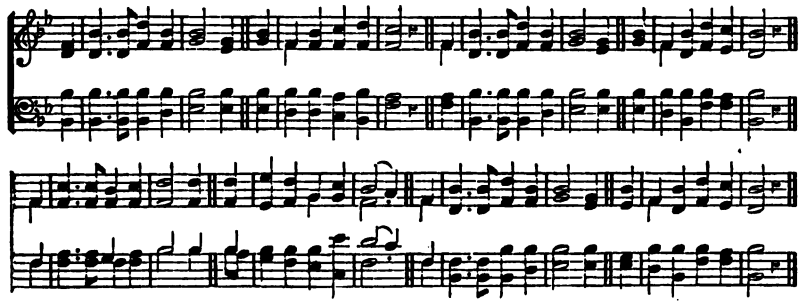
3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

48. CONTINUED. MISSIONARY CHANT.



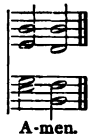
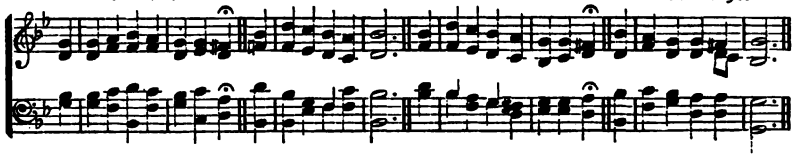
4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

A-men.

49 PSALM lxxii. 1–6, 13–17. WEBB. 7,6.
Y. Montgomery. *G. Y. Webb.*

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

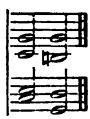
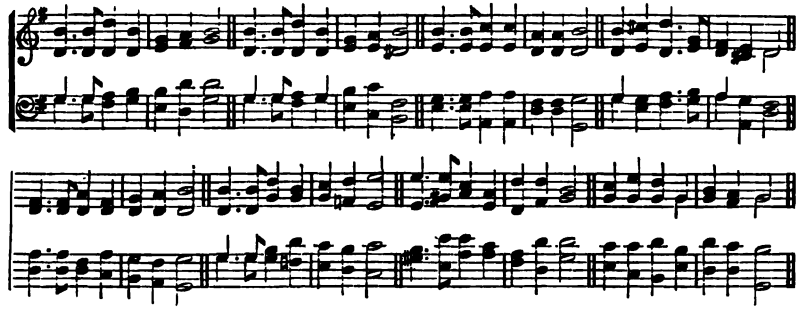
2 He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:

Before him on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covénant remove;
His name shall stand for ever:
That name to us is—Love.

50 PSALM lxxiii. WINDSOR. C. M.
I. Watts. *G. Kirbye.*

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

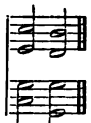
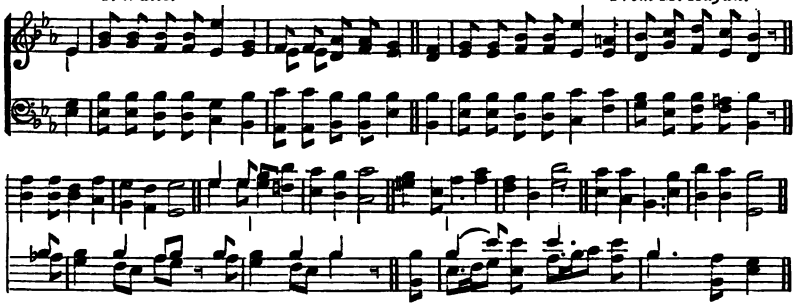
2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet,
Through this dark wilderness:
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And, while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

51 PSALM lxxxiv. ST. GEORGE'S. 7s. D.
H. F. Lyte. *G. J. Elvey.*

1 PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O, my spirit longs and faints,
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
For thy fulness, God of grace.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length,
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord! be mine this prize to win!
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by thy saving grace;
Give me at thy side a place:
Sun and shield alike thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart!
Grace and glory flow from thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

52 PSALM lxxxiv. 1, 2, 8–12. NEWBURY. H. M.
I. Watts. *From M. Haydn.*

1 LORD of the worlds above, How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode | With warm desires
My heart aspires, | To see my God.

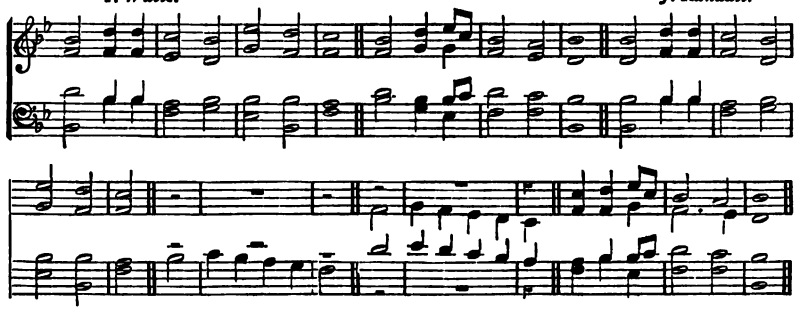
2 The sparrow for her young With pleasure seeks a nest;
And wandering swallows long To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints | To rise and dwell
With equal zeal, | Among thy saints.

3 O happy souls, that pray Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; | That love the way
And happy they | To Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength, Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length, Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious seat, | Shall thither bring
When God our King | Our willing feet!

53

PSALM lxxxix. 15–18. *I. Watts.*

CAMBRIDGE. C. M. *J. Randall.*

1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
‖:: And light their steps surround. ::‖

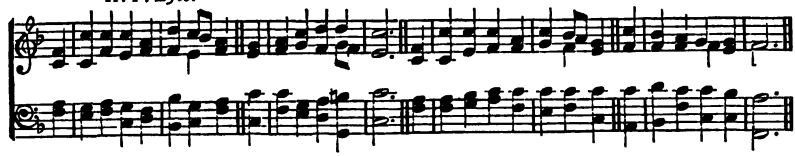
2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
‖:: Nor Satan dares condemn. ::‖

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel! thy King for ever reigns,
‖:: Thy God for ever lives. ::‖

A-men.

54

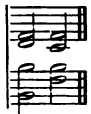
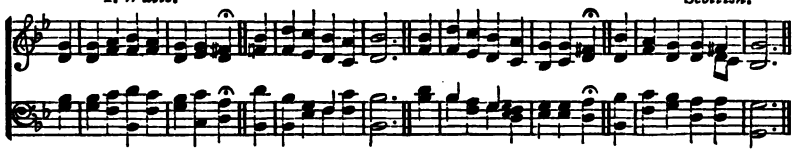
PSALM lxxxix. 1–4, 7–11. *H. F. Lyte.*

ABNEY. C. M. *N. Herrmann.*

1 THE mercies of my God and King
My tongue shall still pursue;
Oh! happy they who, while they sing
Those mercies, share them too.

2 As bright and lasting as the sun,
As lofty as the sky,
From age to age thy word shall run,
And chance and change defy.

3 The covenant of the King of kings
Shall stand for ever sure;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy saints repose secure.

4 Thine is the earth, and thine the skies,
Created at thy will;
The waves at thy command arise,
At thy command are still.

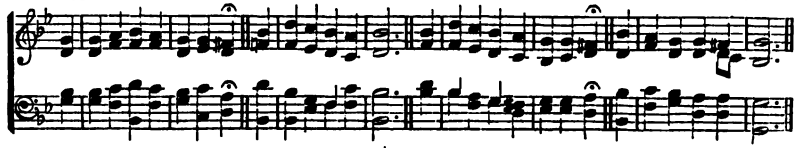
5 In earth below, in heaven above,
Who—who is Lord like thee?
O spread the gospel of thy love
Till all thy glory see.

55 PSALM XC. 1–4. WINDSOR. C. M.
I. Watts. *Scottish.*

1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

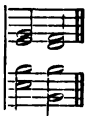
2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

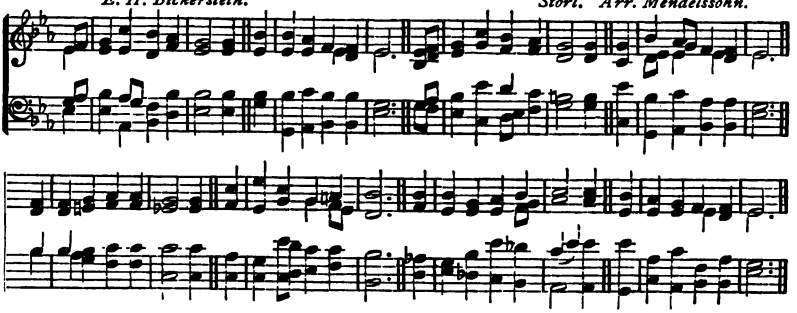
3 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising dawn.

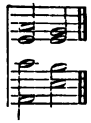
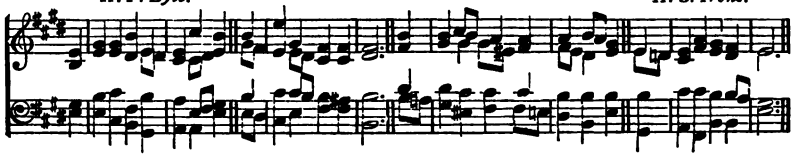
55. CONTINUED. WINDSOR.



5 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

A-men.

56 PSALM XC. 1–9, 12, 14, 15. BARTHOLDY. 7–6. D.
E. H. Bickersteth. *Störl. Arr. Mendelssohn.*

1 O GOD, the Rock of ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene.
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations,
The Everlasting, thou!

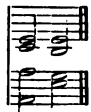
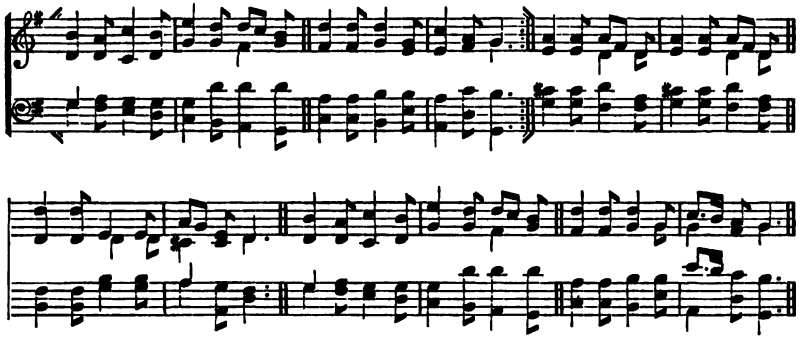
2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die;
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O thou who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail!
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest,
And let thy Spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hast blessed!

57 PSALM xci. 1–4, 11–16. SOUTHWELL. C. M.
H. F. Lyte. *H. S. Irons.*

1 THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace:
O, be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.

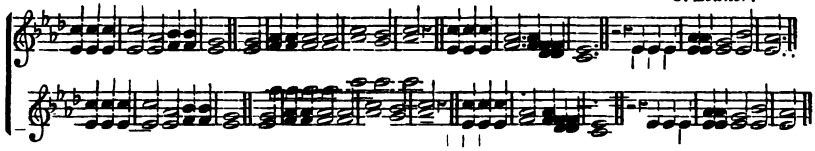
4 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

58 PSALM xci. 1–7, 14–16. STUTTGART. 8–7. D.
J. Montgomery. *J. Zundel.*

1 CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation,
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed:
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defense:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection,
He will shield thee from above;
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here, for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

59 PSALM xcii. 1–5, 10–12. MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.
I. Watts. *C. Zeuner.*

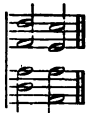


1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

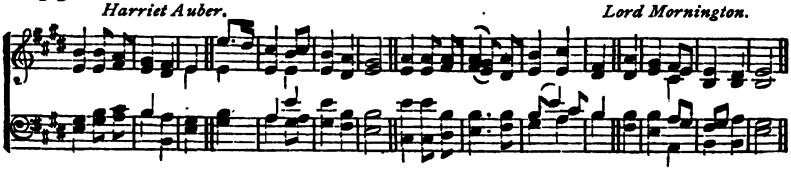
2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

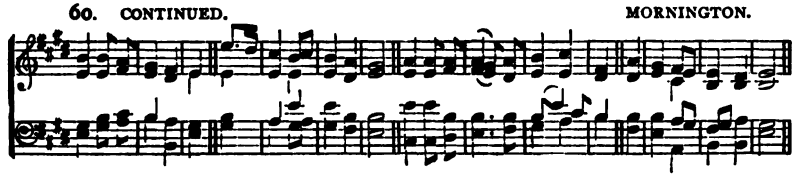
5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desire or wish below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

A-men.

60 PSALM xcii. MORNINGTON. S. M.
Harriet Auber. *Lord Mornington.*



1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

60. CONTINUED. MORNINGTON.

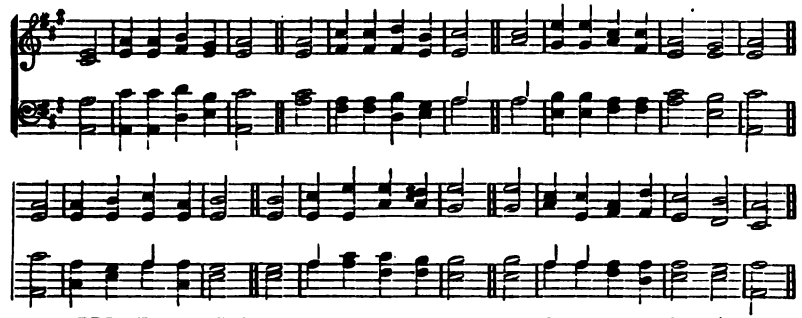


2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

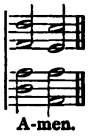
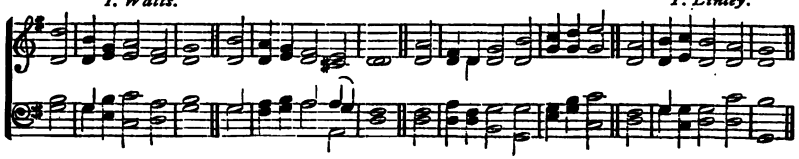
4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

A-men.

61 PSALM xciii. *I. Watts.* DALSTON. S. P. M. *A. Williams.*

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal state maintains,—
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light, Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands, The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word;
Thy throne was fixed on high Before the starry sky;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord!

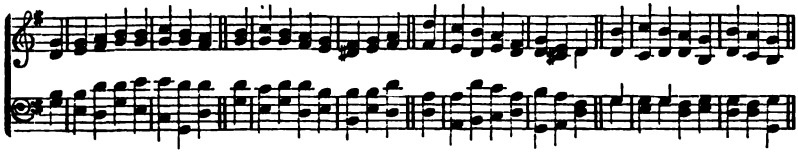
3 Let floods and nations rage, And all their powers engage;
Let swelling tides assault the sky:
The terrors of thy frown Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne forever stands on high.

4 Thy promises are true, Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove;
Thy saints, with holy fear, Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

62 PSALM XCV. 1–8. PENTONVILLE. S. M.
I. Watts. *T. Linley.*

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

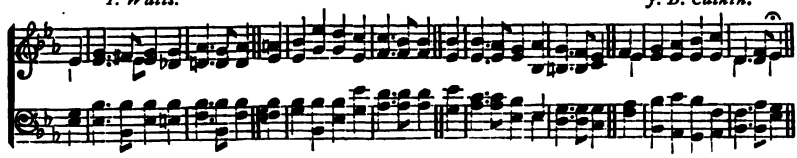
63 PSALM xcvii. 1, 2, 10–12. BAVA. L. M.
I. Watts. *C. Goudimel.*

1 TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

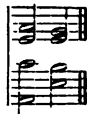
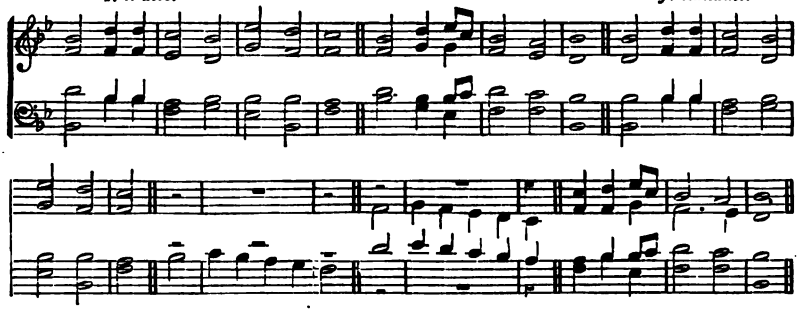
64 PSALM xcvii. 1–5. ENSIGN. L. M.
I. Watts. *Y. B. Calkin.*



1 HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise him in evangelic strains:
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown,
But grace and truth support his throne;
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

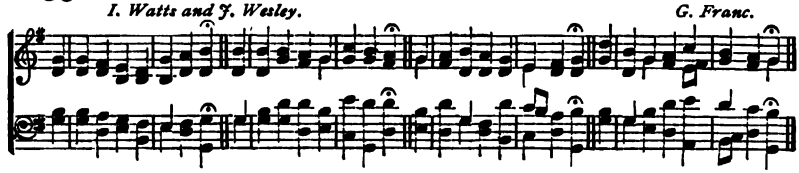
3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes!
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

65 PSALM xcviii. CAMBRIDGE. C. M.
I. Watts. *J. Randall.*

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
‖:: And heaven and nature sing. ::‖

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
‖:: Repeat the sounding joy. ::‖

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
‖:: Far as the curse is found. ::‖

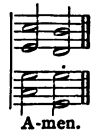
4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
‖:: And wonders of his love. ::‖

66 PSALM C. 1, 3-5. OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.
I. Watts and J. Wesley. *G. Franc.*

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,—
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

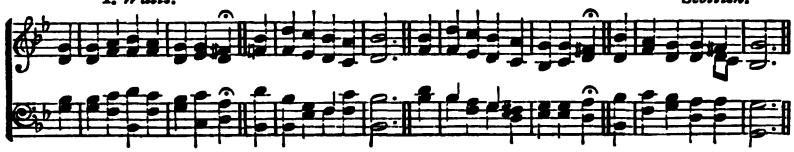
5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity, thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

67 PSALM C. OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.
N. Brady or N. Tate. *As above.*

1 WITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise:—

2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

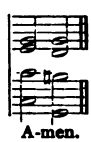
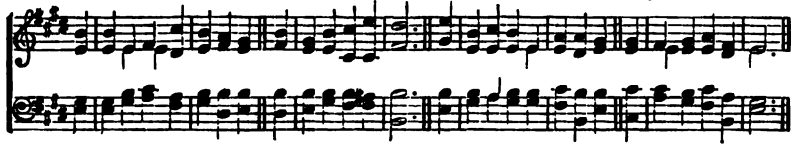
4 For he's the Lord—supremely good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

68 PSALM cii. 24, 26, 27. WINDSOR. C. M.
I. Watts. *Scottish.*

1 THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth,
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things
Formed by thy powerful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4 But thy perfections all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

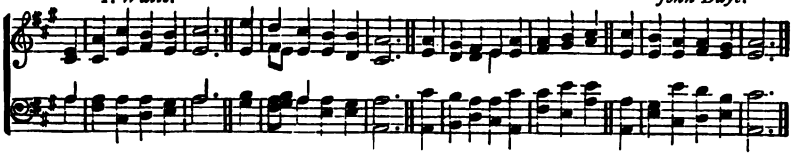
5 Our children's children, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God;
To latest times thy favor share,
And spread thy praise abroad.

69 PSALM cii. 13, 16–18. FULBERT. C. M.
I. Watts. *H. J. Gauntlett.*

1 THE Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

2 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

3 He frees the souls condemned to death;
Nor when his saints complain,
Shall it be said, that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

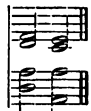
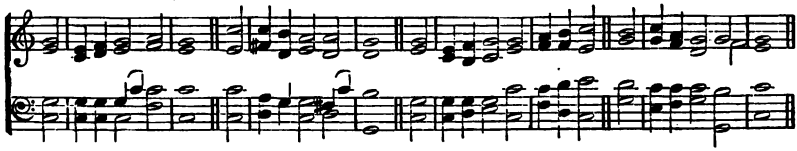
4 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

A-men.

70 PSALM ciii. 1–4. ST. MICHAEL'S. S. M.
I. Watts. *John Daye.*

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

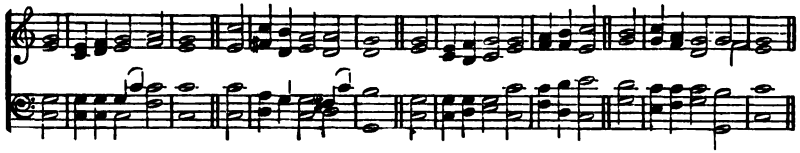
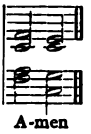
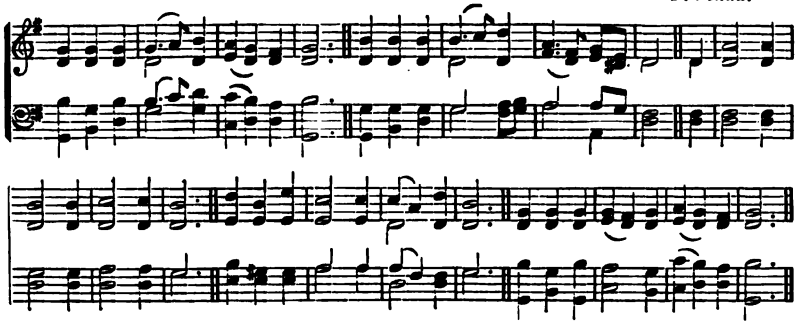
4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

71 PSALM ciii. 8–18. BOYLSTON. S. M.
I. Watts. *L. Mason.*

1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

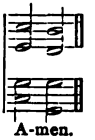
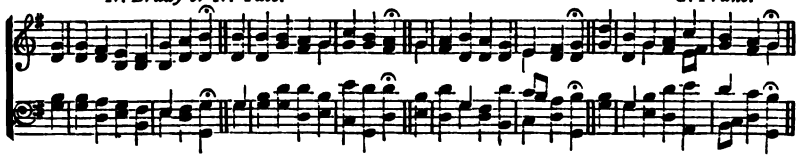
4 The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
It withers in an hour.

71. CONTINUED. BOYLSTON.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

72 PSALM CVI. 1, 2, 4. *N. Brady or N. Tate.* PARK STREET. L. M. *F. Venua.*

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
‖: Hath stood, and shall for ever last. :‖

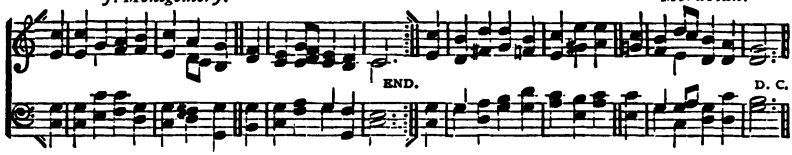
2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
‖: His tribute of immortal praise? :‖

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord!
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
‖: Let thy salvation visit me. :‖

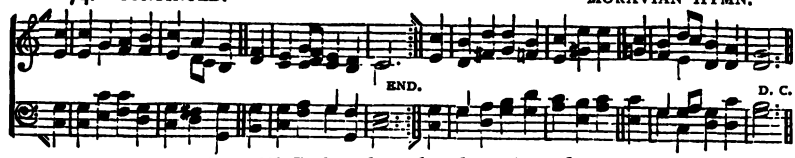
4 O render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
‖: Hath stood, and shall for ever last. :‖

73 PSALM cviii. 1, 3, 5. OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.
N. Brady or N. Tate. *G. Franc.*

1 O GOD, my heart is fixed,—'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

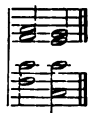
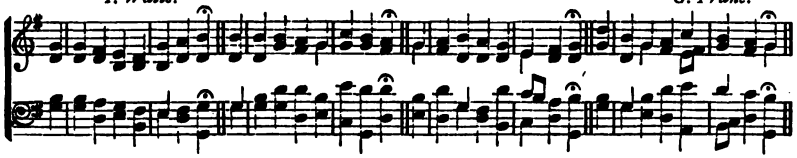
2 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round:
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

3 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

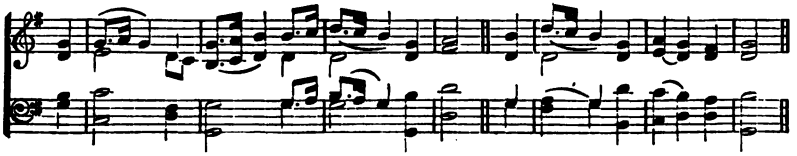
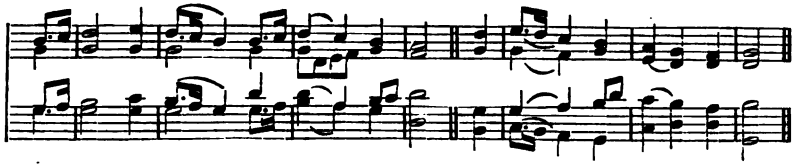
74 PSALM cxvi. 1–17. MORAVIAN HYMN. C. M. D.
J. Montgomery. *Moravian.*

1 I LOVE the Lord: he lent an ear
When I for help implored;
He rescued me from all my fear;
Therefore I love the Lord.
Return, my soul, unto thy rest;
From God no longer roam;
His hand hath bountifully blest,
His goodness called thee home.

2 What shall I render unto thee,
My Saviour in distress,
For all thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless?

74. CONTINUED. MORAVIAN HYMN.

This will I do, for thy love's sake,
And thus thy love proclaim:
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon thy name.

3 Thou God of covenanted grace!
Hear and record my vow,—
While in thy courts I seek thy face
And at thy altar bow:
Henceforth myself to thee I give,
With single heart and eye,
To walk before thee while I live,
And bless thee when I die.

75 PSALM CXVII. OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.
I. Watts. *G. Franc.*

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

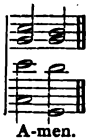
76 PSALM CXVIII. 22, 23. ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.
I. Watts. *W. Tansur.*



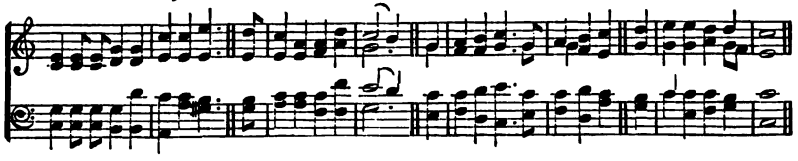
1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

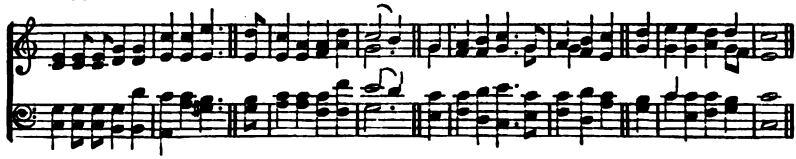
2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord,—descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

A-men.

77 PSALM cxviii. 15, 19, 22–25, 29. NATIVITY. C. M.
N. Brady or N. Tate. *H. Lahee.*

1 JOY fills the dwellings of the just
Whom God has saved from harm;
For wondrous things are brought to pass
By his almighty arm.

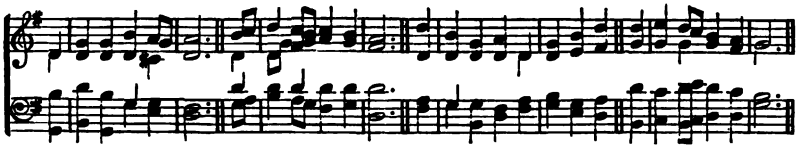
77. CONTINUED. NATIVITY.

2 Then open wide the temple gates
To which the just repair,
That I may enter in and praise
My great Deliverer there.

3 That which the builders once refused
Is now the Corner-stone;
This is the wondrous work of God,
The work of God alone.

4 This day is God's; let all the lands
Exalt their cheerful voice:
'Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
And make us still rejoice."

5 O then with me give thanks to God,
Who still doth gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praise
Be endless as his love.

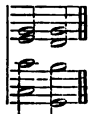
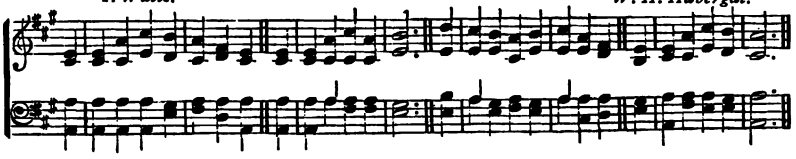
A-men.

78 PSALM cxviii. 22–27. ST. THOMAS. S. M.
I. Watts. *A. Williams.*

1 SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse!
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine;
This day did Jesus rise.

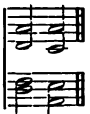
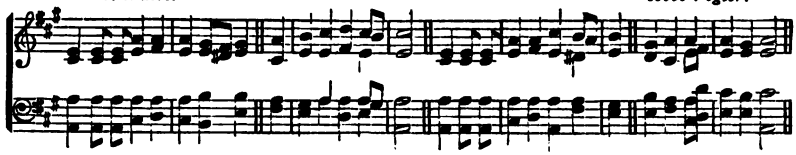
3 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made:
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray;
Let all the church be glad.

4 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood!
Bless him, ye saints!—he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

5 We bless thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

79 PSALM cxix. 111. EVAN. C. M.
I. Watts. *W. H. Havergal.*

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

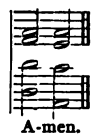
2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through thy promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

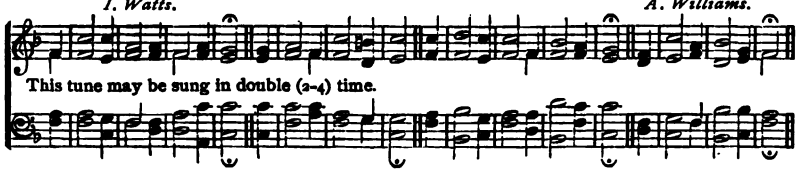
4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;—
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

80 PSALM CXIX. 5, 33, 29, 133, 35. BOWDOIN SQUARE. C. M.
I. Watts. *Abbé Vogler.*

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere:
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

4 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands
Offend against my God.

A-men.

81 FROM PSALM CXIX. MEAR. C. M.
I. Watts. *A. Williams.*



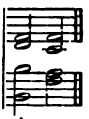
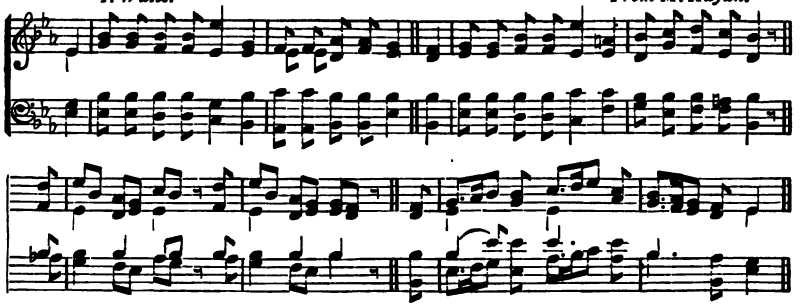
1 O HOW I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word:
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord!

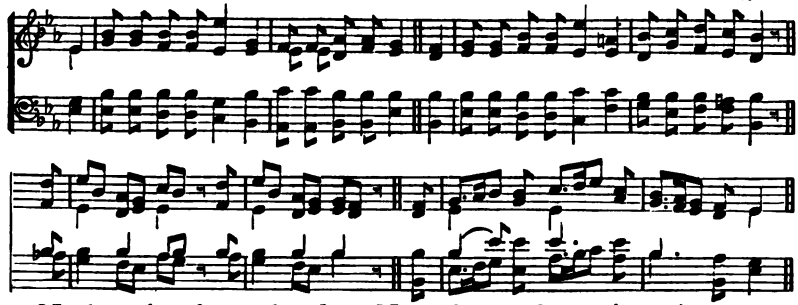
3 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And, in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yields me a heavenly song.

4 Am I a stranger, or at home—
'Tis my perpetual feast;
Not honey, dropping from the comb,
So much allures the taste.

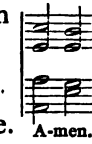
5 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refined,
Or heaps of choicest gold.

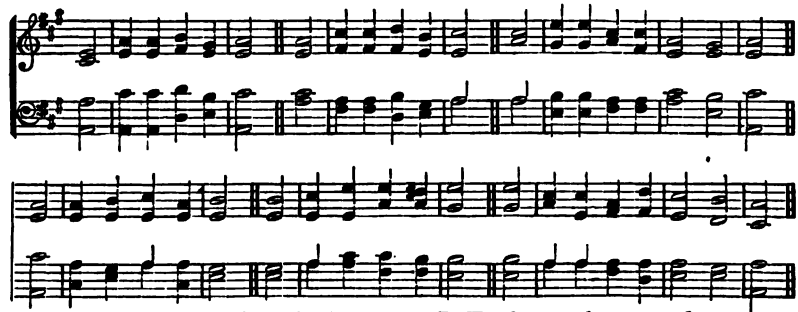
6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,—
And there I write thy praise.

82 PSALM CXXI. NEWBURY. H. M.
I. Watts. *From M. Haydn.*

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes; From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies, And earth and nature made:
God is the tower | His grace is nigh
To which I fly; | In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide, Nor fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide, Defends me from my fears:
Those wakeful eyes, | Shall Israel keep
That never sleep, | When dangers rise.

82. CONTINUED. NEWBURY.

3 No burning heats by day, Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away, If God be with me there;
Thou art my sun, | To guard my head
And thou my shade, | By night or noon.

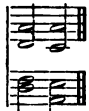
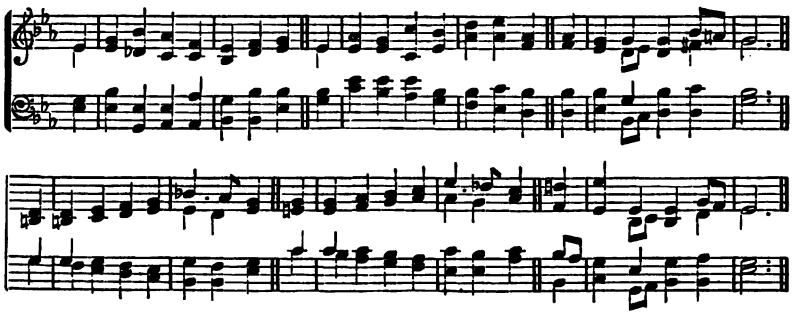
4 Hast thou not given thy word To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord To keep my mortal breath;
I'll go and come, | Till from on high
Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home.



83 PSALM CXXII. 1–4, 6–9. DALSTON. S. P. M.
I. Watts. *A. Williams.*

1 HOW pleased and blest was I, To hear the people cry,—
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

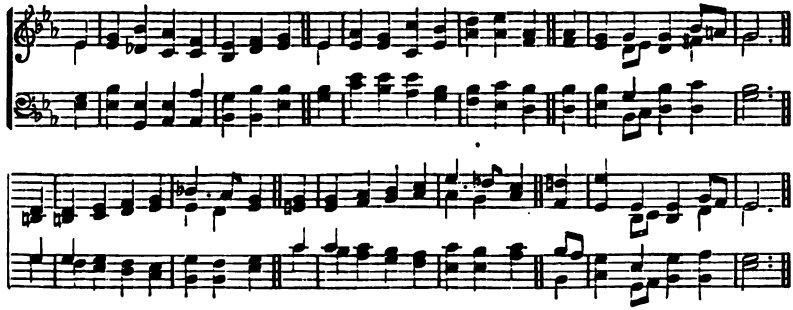
2 Zion, thrice happy place, Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 May peace attend thy gate, And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man that seeks thy peace, And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

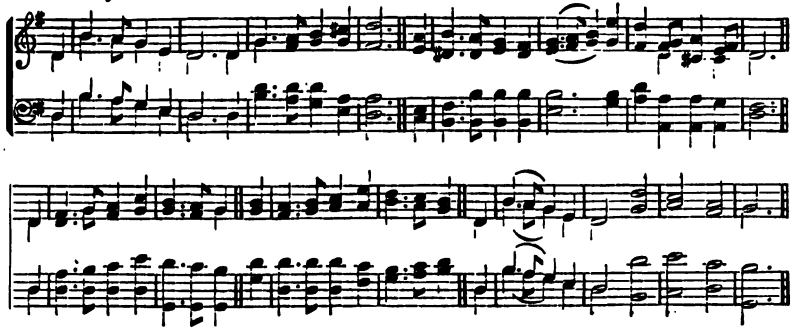
4 My tongue repeats her vows,—"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell:
And since my glorious God Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

84 PSALM CXXII. 1-4. MERRICK. C. P. M.
J. Merrick. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy hallowed dome,
Thy presence to adore;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the sacred floor.

2 With joy shall I behold the day,
That calls my thirsting soul away,—
To dwell among the blest!
For, lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest!

3 Ev'n now, to my expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
Ev'n now, with glad survey,

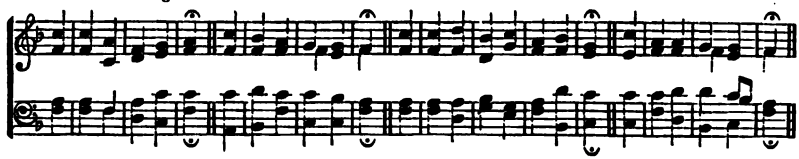
84. CONTINUED. MERRICK.

I view her mansions, that contain
The angel forms, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.

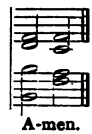
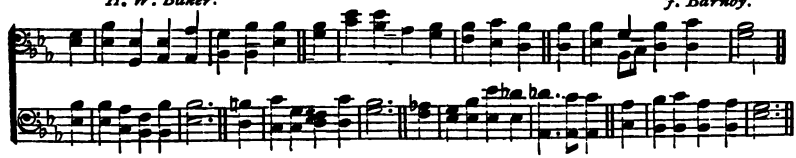
4 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

85 PSALM CXXV. HOWITT. H. M.
Jane E. Leeson. *J. Zundel.*

1 THEIR hearts shall not be moved Who in the Lord confide.
But firm as Zion's hill They ever shall abide;
As mountains shield Jerusalem,
‖: The Lord shall be a shield to them. :‖

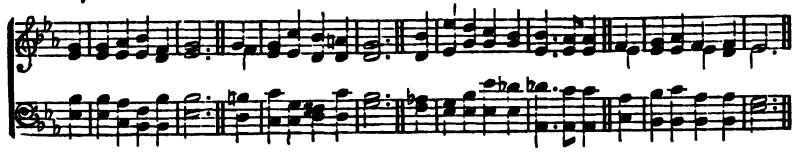
2 His blessing on them rests, Like freshening dew from heaven,
And succor from his throne In all their need is given:
Omnipotence shall guard them well,
‖: And peace remain on Israel. :‖

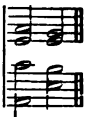
3 One like the Son of God Is walking at their side,
When by the fervid flame And fiery furnace tried;
And 'tis enough that he is near,
‖: To strengthen them in every fear. :‖

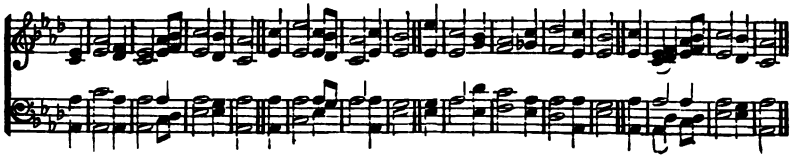
86 PSALM CXXVI. 5, 6. BADEA. S. M.
G. Burgess. *German.*

1 THE harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come, at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

87 PSALM CXXX. MONSELL. S. M.
H. W. Baker. *J. Barnby.*

1 OUT of the deep I call,
To thee, O Lord, to thee;
Before thy throne of grace I fall,
Be merciful to me.

2 Out of the deep I cry,
The woeful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.

87. CONTINUED. MONSELL.

3 Out of the deep of fear,
And dread of coming shame,
From morning watch till night is near
I plead the precious Name.

4 Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was with thee;
Before thy throne of grace I bow,
Be merciful to me.

88 PSALM CXXX. 1-5, 7. MARTYRDOM. C. M.
I. Watts. *H. Wilson.*

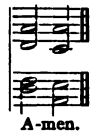
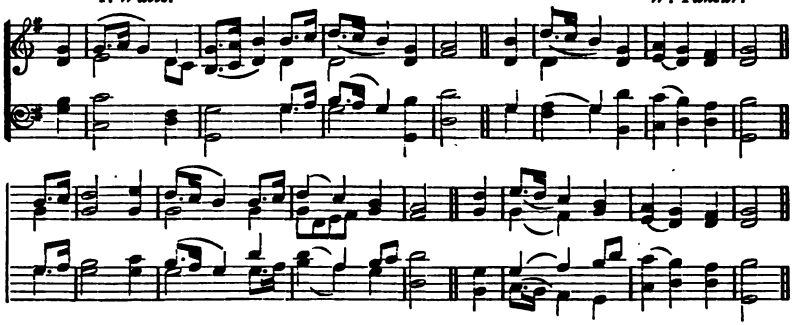


1 OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,—
My groans to move thine ear.

2 Great God, should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

3 But there are pardons with my God,
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

4 I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.

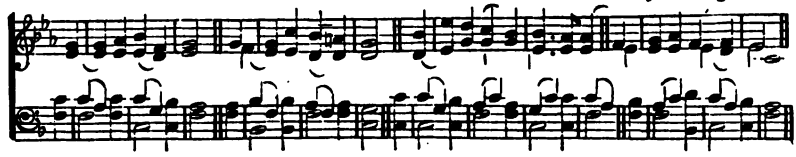
5 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good, as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.

89 PSALM CXXXII. 8, 13-18. ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.
I. Watts. *W. Tansur.*

1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter, with all thy glorious train,—
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread:
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor wit.. bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

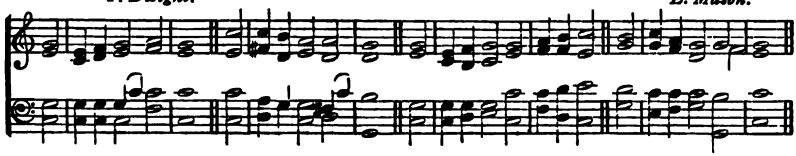
5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

90 PSALM CXXXIII. DENNIS. S. M.
I. Watts. *J. G. Nägeli.*

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distills,
And all the air is love.

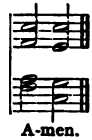
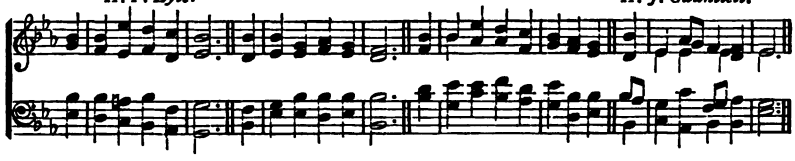
91 PSALM CXXXVII. 1, 5–7. BOYLSTON. S. M.
T. Dwight. *L. Mason.*

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

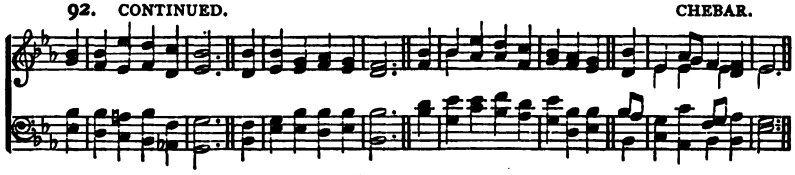
4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

92 PSALM CXXXVII. 1-4. CHEBAR. S. M.
H. F. Lyte. *H. J. Gauntlett.*

1 FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting, I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest!"

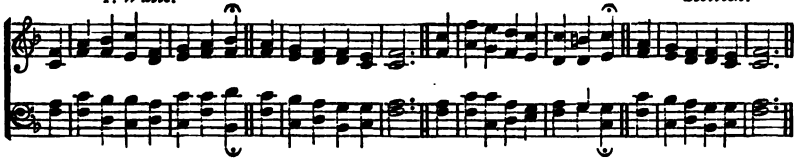
2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung;
How should I sing a cheerful song,
Till thou inspire my tongue?

3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee:
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

92. CONTINUED. CHEBAR.

4 To thee, to thee I press—
A dark and toilsome road:
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

5 God of my life, be near;
On thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last!

93 PSALM CXXXIX. 1–6. DUNDEE. C. M.

I. Watts. *Scottish.*

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

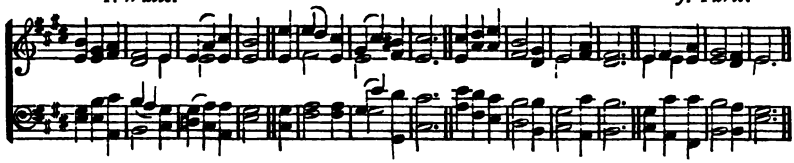
2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arm I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

94 PSALM cxlv. 7–9, 15, 16. ARMAGH. C. M.
I. Watts. *J. Turle.*



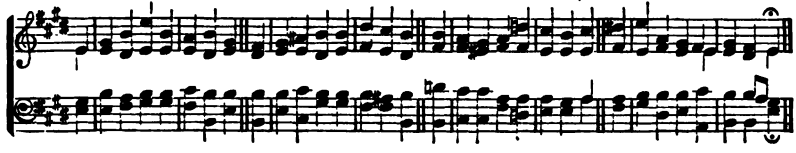
1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness,
In sounds of glory, sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

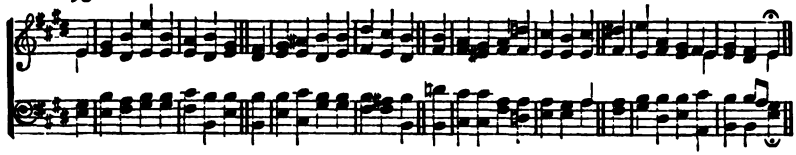
3 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

4 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

95 PSALM cxlv. 1–7. THANKSGIVING. L. M.
I. Watts. *J. B. Dykes.*



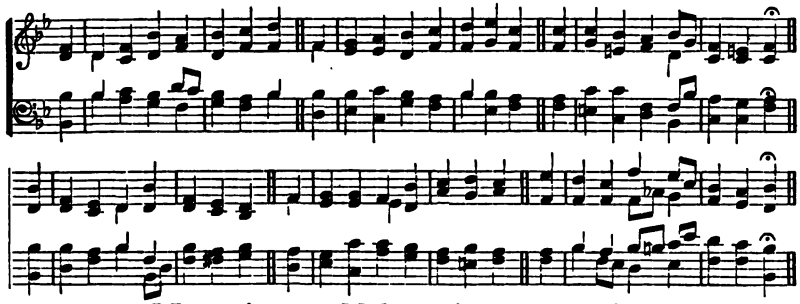
1 MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

95. CONTINUED. THANKSGIVING.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty, done for thee.

3 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.

4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,—
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

A-men.

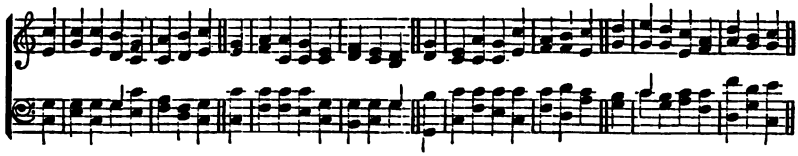
96 PSALM cxlvi. CORNER-STONE. L. P. M.
I. Watts. *Arr. L. W. Bacon.*

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God;—he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:

His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 He loves his saints,—he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage:
Praise him in everlasting strains.

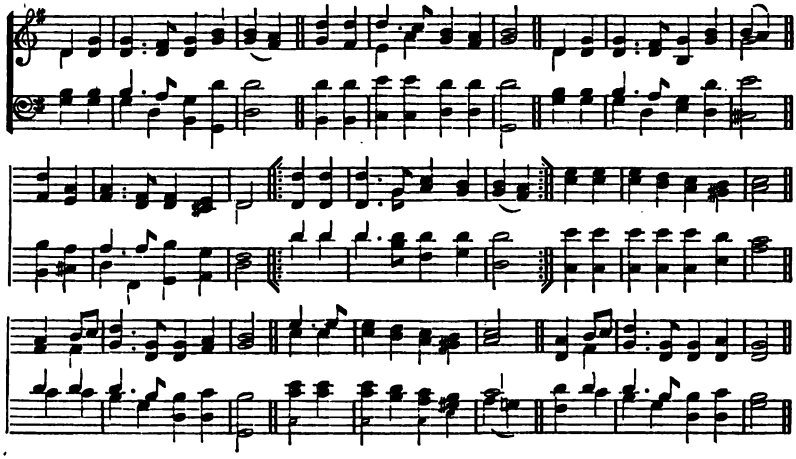
4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death.
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

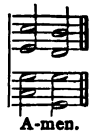
97 PSALM cxlviii. 1, 12–14. HULL. L. M.
I. Watts. *German.*

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell!
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

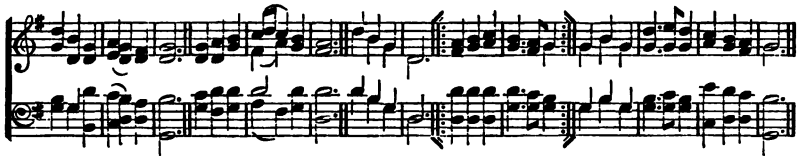
3 Jehovah—'tis a glorious word!
O may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

4 Speak of the wonders of that love,
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

98 PSALM cl. MENDELSSOHN. 7s. D.
H. F. Lyte. *Mendelssohn.*

1 PRAISE the Lord, his glories show,
Saints within his courts below,
Angels round his throne above,
All that see and share his love!
Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth;
‖: Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore! :‖

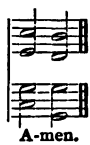
2 Praise the Lord, his mercies trace;
Praise his providence and grace,
All that he for man hath done,
All he sends us through his Son.
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts:
‖: All that breathe, your Lord adore;
Praise him, praise him, evermore! :‖

A-men.

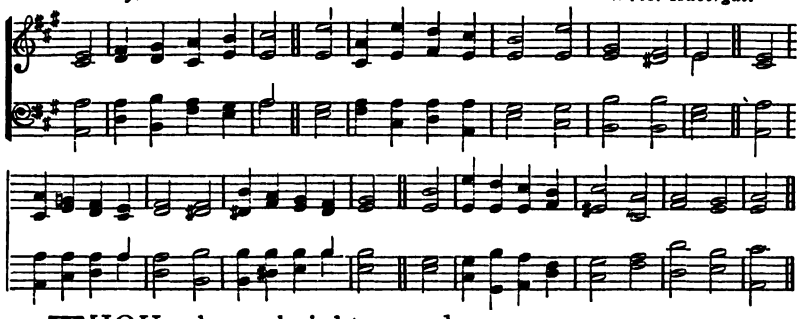
HYMNS.

99 TO THE FATHER ALMIGHTY. ITALIAN HYMN. 6-4.
C. Wesley. *F. Giardini.*

1 COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious, O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us, Ancient of Days.

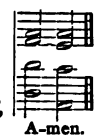
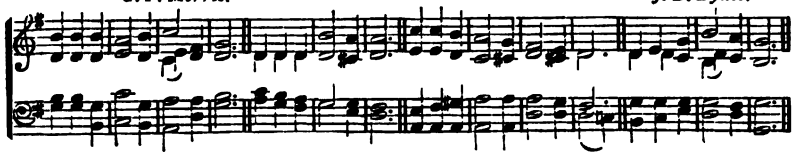
2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies, Now make them fall!
Let thine almighty aid Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stayed— Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear, In this glad hour!
Thou, who almighty art, Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power.

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be, Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty May we in glory see,
And to eternity Love and adore.

A-men.

100 LIGHT OF LIGHT. *J. Marriot.* FIAT LUX. 6–4. *W. H. Havergal.*

1 THOU whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard, And took their flight,—
Hear us, we humbly pray, And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray, "Let there be light!"

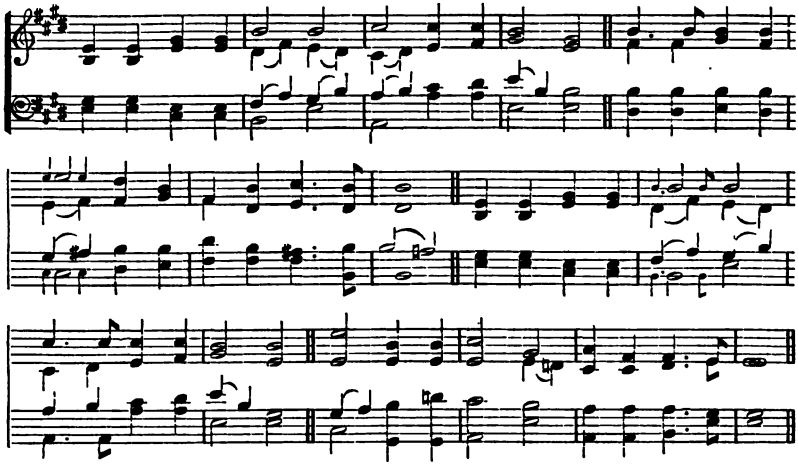
2 Thou who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing, Healing and sight,—
Health to the sick in mind, Sight to the inly blind,—
O, now to all mankind, "Let there be light!"

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove! Speed forth thy flight:
Move on the waters' face, Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place, "Let there be light!"

101 GOD GREATER THAN OUR HEARTS. *G. P. Morris.* ST. AGNES. C. M. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 SEARCHER of hearts! from mine erase
All thoughts that should not be
And in its deep recesses trace
My gratitude to thee!

2 Hearer of prayer! O, guide aright
Each word and deed of mine;
Life's battle teach me how to fight,
And be the victory thine.

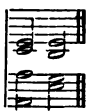
3 Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost!
Thou glorious Three in One!
Thou knowest best what I need most,
And let thy will be done.

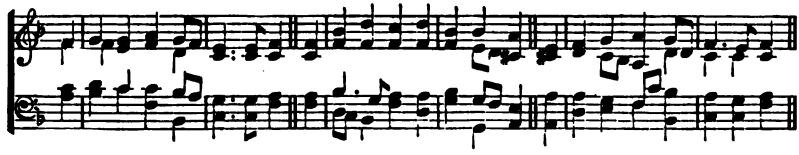
A-men.

102 THRICE-HOLY. *R. Heber.* NICAEA. Irregular. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity.

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

A-men.

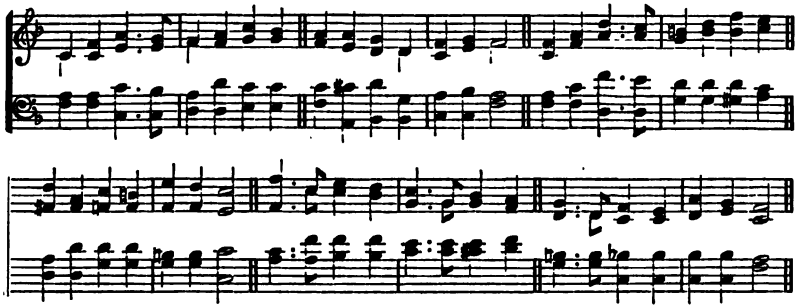
103 TO THE GOD OF OUR SALVATION. CILICIA. 888.
A. T. Russell. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 O FATHER, uncreated Lord,
Be thou in every land adored,
Be thou by all with faith implored.

2 O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We bless thee, Lord, whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

3 O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in thy communion share.

A-men.

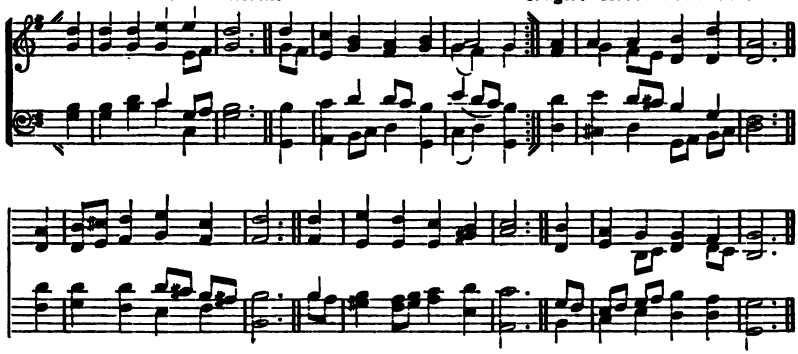
4 O God of life, whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are thine.

104 OUR GUARD AND GUIDE. TILLEARD. 8-7-4.
J. Edmeston. *J. Turle.*

1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

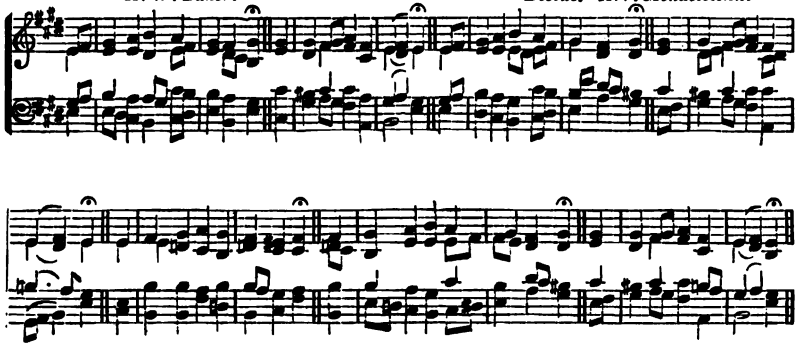
2 Saviour! breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God! descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

A-men.

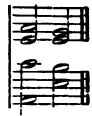
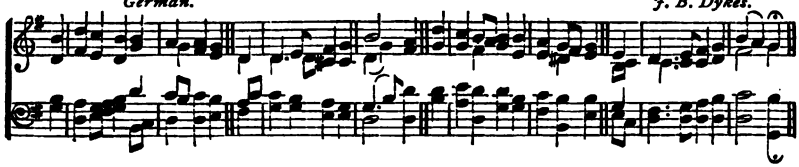
105 NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT. *Tr. C. Winkworth.* WITTEMBERG. 67,67; 66,66. *Crüger. Arr. Mendelssohn.*

1 NOW thank we all our God, With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done, In whom his world rejoices;
Who, from our mother's arms, Hath bless'd us on our way
With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace, And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills In this world and the next.

106 CREATOR-PRESERVER. ALLEYN. 87,87; 887.
H. W. Baker. *Decius. Arr. Mendelssohn.*

1 SING praise to God, who reigns above,
The God of all creation,
The God of power, the God of love,
The God of our salvation;
With healing balm my soul he fills,
And every faithless murmur stills:
To God all praise and glory.

2 What God's almighty power hath made
His gracious mercy keepeth;
By morning glow or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;
Within the kingdom of his might
Lo! all is just and all is right;
To God all praise and glory.

3 The Lord is never far away;
But, through all grief distressing,
An ever-present help and stay,
Our peace and joy and blessing:
As with a mother's tender hand
He leads his own, his chosen band;
To God all praise and glory.

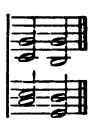
Thus all my toilsome way along
I sing aloud thy praises,
That men may hear the grateful song
My voice unwearied raises:
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart;
Both soul and body bear your part;
To God all praise and glory.

107 GOD OUR STRONG TOWER. CECILIA. 8–7. Iamb.
German. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 WHO trusts in God, a strong abode
In heaven and earth possesses;
Who looks in love to Christ above,
No fear his heart oppresses.

2 In thee alone, dear Lord, we own
Sweet hope and consolation;
Our shield from foes, our balm for woes,
Our great and sure salvation!

3 Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe,
And guide our steps forever;
Nor shades of death, nor hell beneath,
Our souls from thee shall sever.

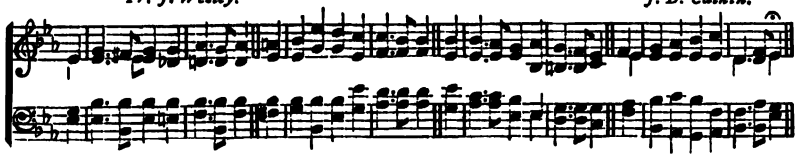
4 In all the strife of mortal life
Our feet shall stand securely;
Temptation's hour shall lose its power
For thou shalt guard us surely.

5 O God, renew, with heavenly dew,
Our body, soul, and spirit,
Until we stand at thy right hand,
Through Jesus' saving merit.



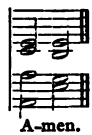
108 THE PRESENT GOD.

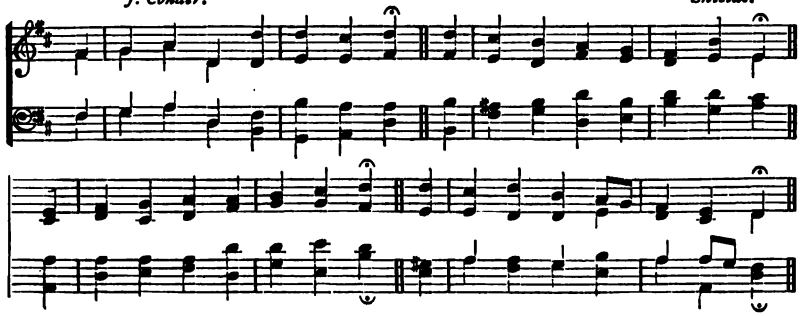
Tr. J. Wesley. ENSIGN. L. M. *J. B. Calkin.*



1 LO, God is here!—let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face.

2 Lo, God is here!—him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Let saints their humble worship bring.

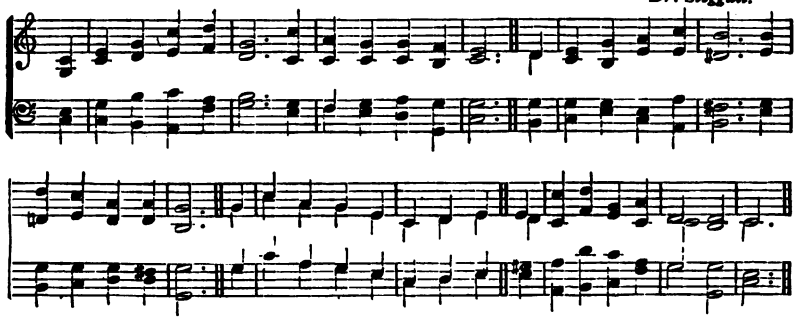
3 Lord God of hosts! O may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

109 THE LORD IS KING.

J. Condor. TRENTON. L. M. *Shields.*

1 THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring:
The Lord omnipotent is King.

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care?
Holy and true are all his ways:
Let every creature speak his praise.

3 The Lord is King! exalt your strains,
Ye saints, your God, your Father, reigns;
One Lord, one empire, all secures:
He reigns,—and life and death are yours.

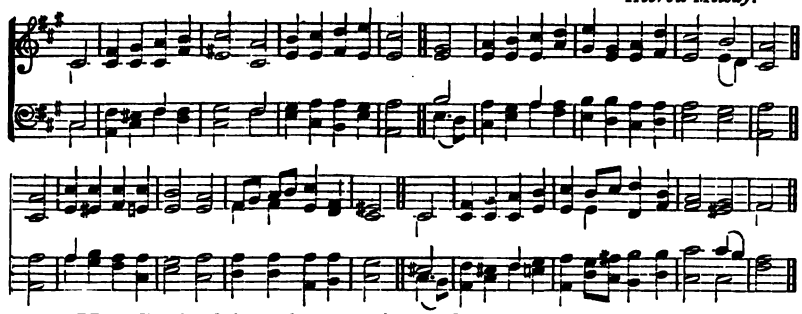
4 O when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,—
The Lord omnipotent is King.

110 THE LORD REIGNETH. CHRIST CHURCH. H. M.
I. Watts. *Dr. Steggall.*

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns: His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes, Are light and majesty.
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

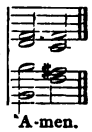
2 The thunders of his hand Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

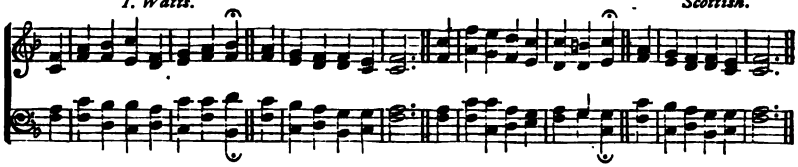
3 Through all his ancient works Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell, And breaks their curst designs,
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill
His great decrees, his sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name, My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word;
Join all my powers, and praise the Lord.

III TO THE GOD OF ABRAHAM. LEONI. 66; 84. D.
T. Olivers. *Hebrew Melody.*

1 THE God of Abrah'm praise, Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days, And God of love:
JEHOVAH, great I AM! By earth and heaven confessed,—
I bow and bless the sacred name, For ever blest.

2 The God of Abrah'm praise, At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake, Its wisdom, fame and power;
And him my only portion make, My shield and tower.

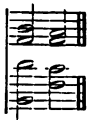
3 He by himself has sworn; I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne, To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face, I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace For evermore.

A-men.

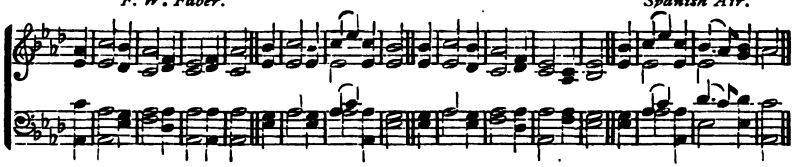
II2 GOD INFINITE. DUNDEE. C. M.
I. Watts. *Scottish.*

1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God, there's nothing new.

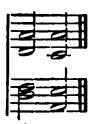
4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

A-men.

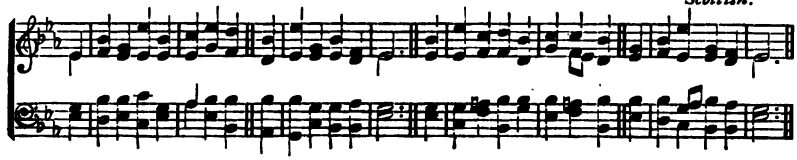
113 GOD WONDERFUL. BALERMA. C. M.
F. W. Faber. *Spanish Air.*

1 MY God, how wonderful thou art!
Thy majesty how bright!
How glorious is thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

3 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

4 My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thou everlasting Friend!
On thee I stay my trusting heart,
Till faith in vision end.

A-men.

114 EVERLASTING STRENGTH. LONDON. C. M.
M. Bruce. *Scottish.*

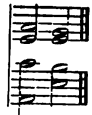


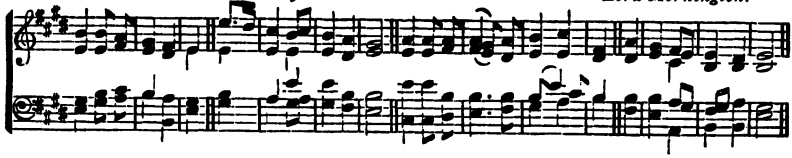
1 SUPREME in wisdom as in power,
The Rock of Ages stands;
We see him not, yet may we trace
The working of his hands.

2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart,
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

3 Mere human power shall fast decay,
And youthful vigor cease;
But they who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

4 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardor onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar—
The wings of faith and love;
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

A-men.

115 TRUST IN THE FAITHFUL CREATOR. MORNINGTON. S. M.
Gerhard. Tr. Wesley. *Lord Mornington.*

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands.

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,—
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

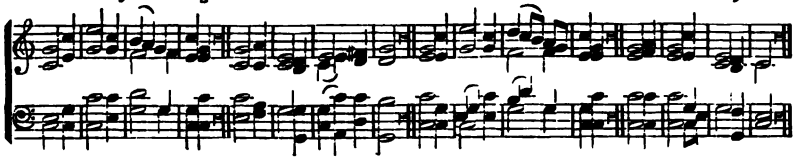
3 Then on the Lord rely;
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy stedfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants and knows
What best for each will prove.

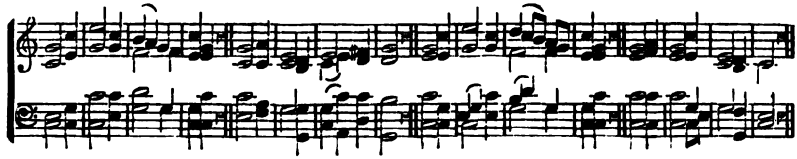
5 And whatsoe'er thou wilt
Thou dost, O King of kings;
What thy unerring wisdom chose
Thy power to being brings.

6 Thou everywhere hast sway
And all things serve thy might.
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

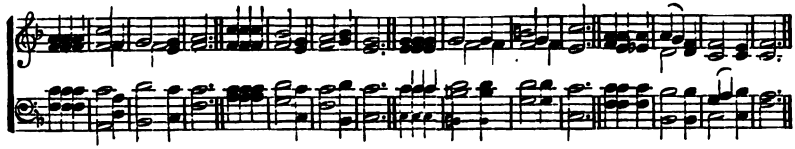
A-men.

116 WISDOM AND LOVE. RATHBUN. 8–7.
J. Bowring. *I. Conkey.*

1 GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

116. CONTINUED. RATHBUN.

3 Ev'n the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

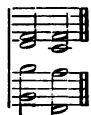
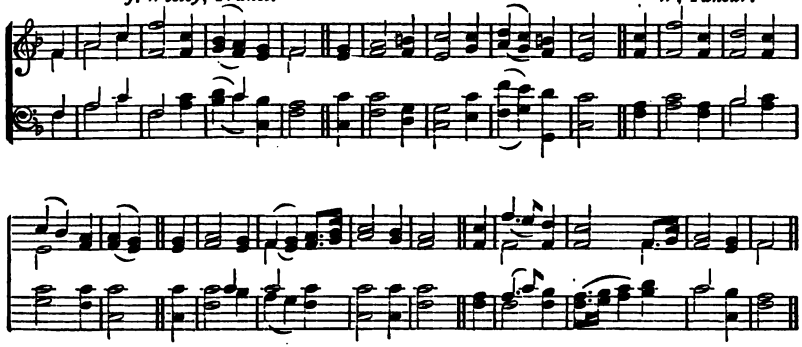
4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

117 GOD OUR SUN. QUEBEC. L. M.
O. W. Holmes. *H. Baker.*

1 LORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

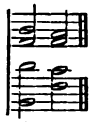
3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

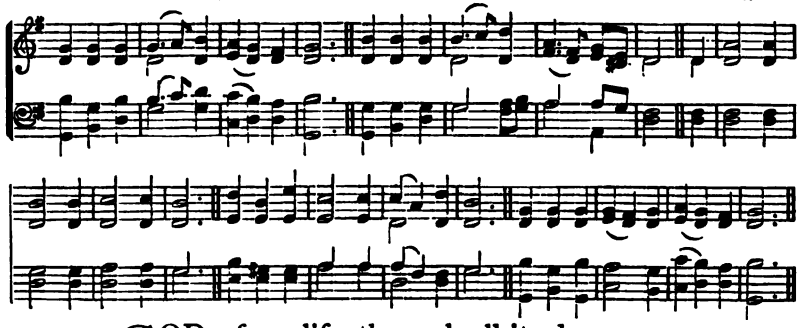
4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth, to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

118 LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE. ROTHWELL. L. M.
C. Wesley, Transl. *W. Tansur.*

1 THOU, Lord, of all the parent art,
Of all things thou alone the end:
On thee still fix our wavering heart;
‖: To thee let all our actions tend. :‖

2 Thou, Lord, art light; thy native ray
No change nor shadow ever knows;
To our dark souls thy light display,
‖: Thy glory of thy face disclose. :‖

3 Thou, Lord, art love; the fountain thou
Whence mercy unexhausted flows;
On barren hearts, O shed it now,
‖: And make the desert bear the rose! :‖

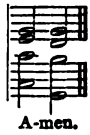
4 So shall our every power to thee
In love and holy service rise;
And body, soul, and spirit be
‖: Thy ever-living sacrifice. :‖

119 TO THE GOD OF OUR LIFE. PARK STREET. L. M.
P. Doddridge. *Venua.*

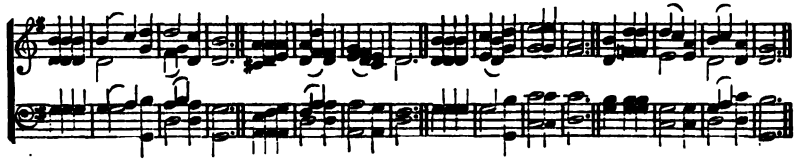


1 GOD of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise:
The song shall wake with opening light,
‖: And warble to the silent night. :‖

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high
‖: Shall check the murmur and the sigh. :‖

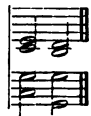
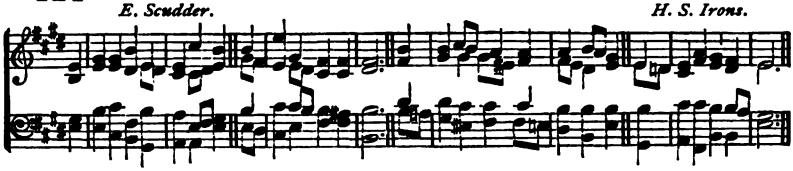
3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all my powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
‖: And mean the thanks I cannot speak. :‖

4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
‖: To join the music of the skies! :‖

120 DAILY PRAISE. ROSE HILL. L. M.
I. Watts. *G. F. Root.*



1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distill like early dew.

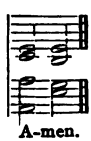
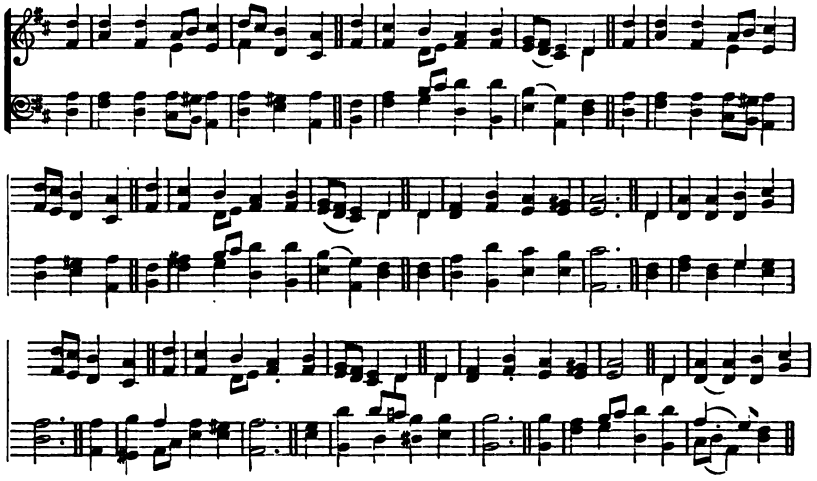
2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

121 GOD'S INFINITE LOVE. SOUTHWELL. C. M.
E. Scudder. *H. S. Irons.*

1 THOU grace divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,—
O love of God most free!

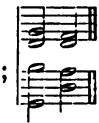
2 When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,—
O love of God most wise!

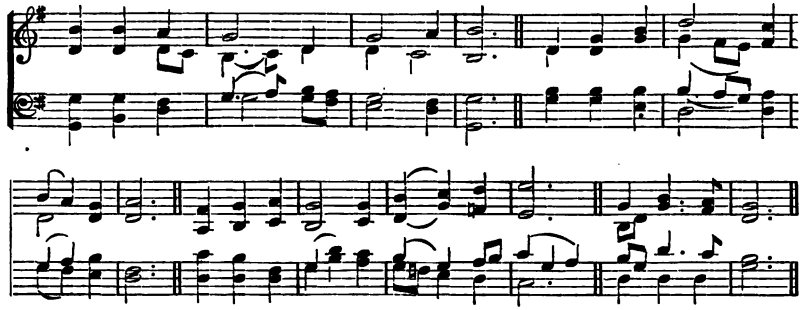
3 And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,—
O love of God most strong!

4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,—
O love of God most kind!

5 And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O love of God, to thee!

122 REJOICING IN GOD. *H. W. Baker.* EIN' FESTE BURG. *Martin Luther.*

1 REJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath wrought salvation;
His works of love proclaim the greatness of his name;
For he is God alone, who hath his mercy shown;
Let all his saints adore him!

2 When in distress to him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
O trust in him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining;
Triumphant songs of praise to him our hearts shall raise,
Now every voice shall say, "O praise our God alway;"
Let all his saints adore him!

3 Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath wrought salvation;
His works of love proclaim the greatness of his name;
For he is God alone, who hath his mercy shown;
Let all his saints adore him!

A-men.

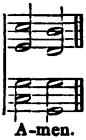
123 THE GIVER OF ALL GOOD. ALMSGIVING. 888,4.
C. Wordsworth. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To thee all praise and glory be:
How shall we show our love to thee,
Who givest all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit thy love declare:
When harvests ripen, thou art there,
Who givest all.

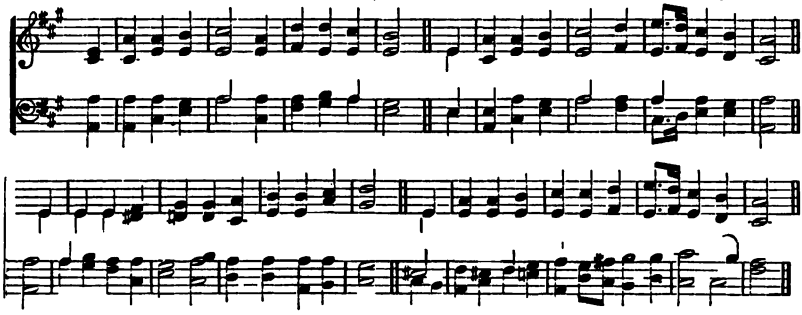
3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

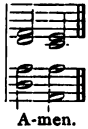
5 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,
Who givest all.

6 Whatever, Lord, we lend to thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to thee,
Who givest all.

A-men.

7

124 HIS BOUNTIFUL CARE. LYONS. 5; 6–5.
R. Grant. *M. Haydn.*

1 O WORSHIP the King, all-glorious above;
O gratefully sing his power and his love!
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, surrounded with praise.

2 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

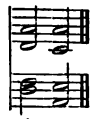
3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.

A-men.

125 HIS WONDERFUL NAME. LYONS. 5; 6–5.
C. Wesley. *M. Haydn.*

1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name:
The name all victorious, of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh; his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

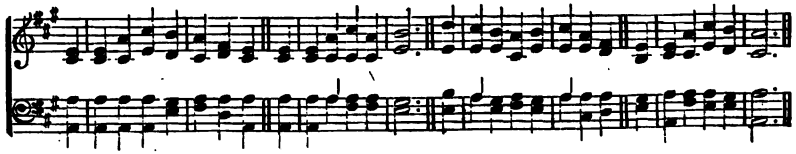
3 "Salvation to God who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
Our Saviour's high praises the angels proclaim,—
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right—
All glory and power and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love!

126 A LIFE'S MERCIES.

J. Addison.

EVAN. C. M.

W. H. Havergal.



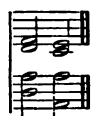
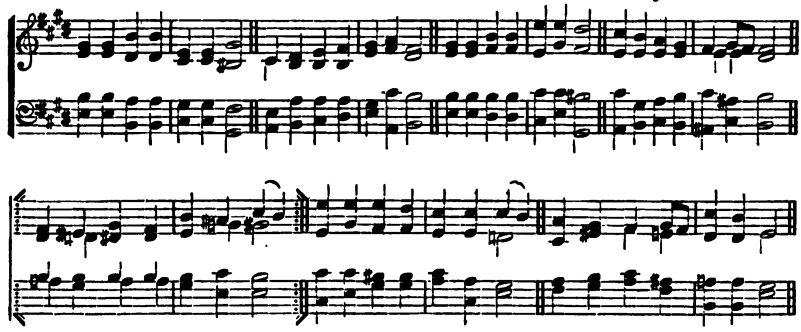
1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

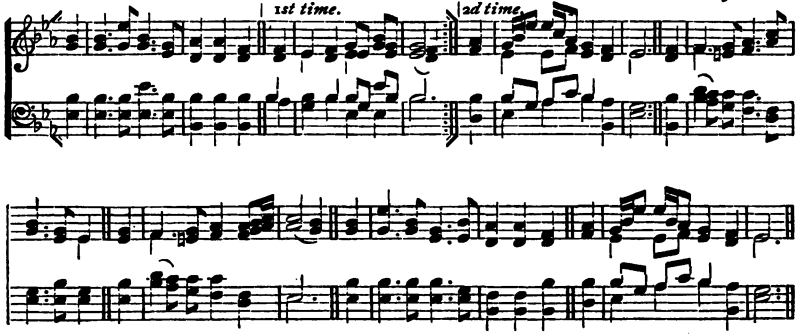
5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

127 PSALM lxxiii. 25. *R. Grant.* SORRENTO. 7s. D. *J. H. Deane.*

1 LORD of earth! thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath planned,—
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power:
Yet amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but thee?

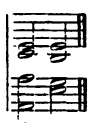
2 Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
Shines a world of purer light;
There in love's unclouded reign
Parted hands shall meet again:
O that world is passing fair!
Yet, if thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but thee?

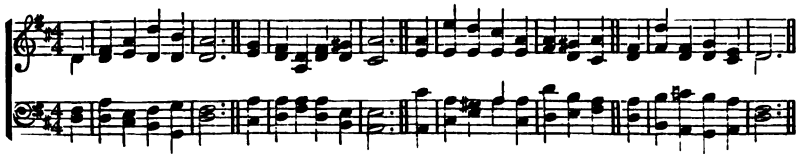
3 Lord of earth and heaven! my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest:
I was lost, thy accents mild
Homeward lured thy wandering child,
O should once thy smile divine
Cease upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me?
Whom have I in each but thee?

128 CONSTANT MERCY. BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D.

Miss H. M. Williams. *From Pleyel.*

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

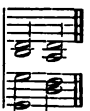
2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

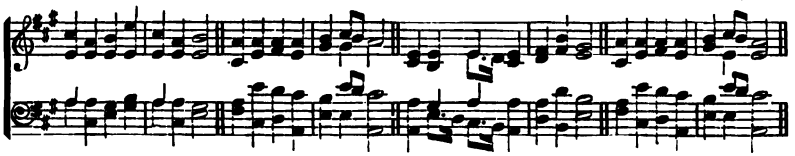
3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye without a tear
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on thee.

A-men.

129 GRATEFUL PRAISE. CROYDON. S. M.
Anne Steele. *L. West.*

1 MY Maker and my King!
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
Whence all my blessings flow.

2 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.

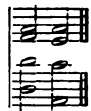
3 Lord, what can I impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas, how poor!

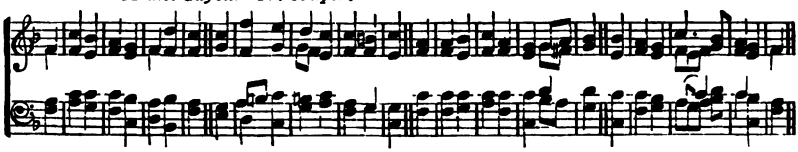
4 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

A-men.

130 FOR FRUITFUL SEASONS. NUREMBURG. 7s.
Mrs. Barbauld. *From a German Choral.*

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy!
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:—

3 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:—

4 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise:
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

131 EVERYWHERE WITH GOD. NAZARETH. L. M.
M'me. Guyon. Tr. Cowper. *S. Webbe.*



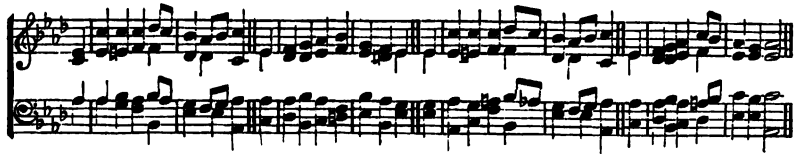
1 O LORD, how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To us remains nor place nor time;
Our country is in every clime:
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay

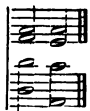
4 Could we be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

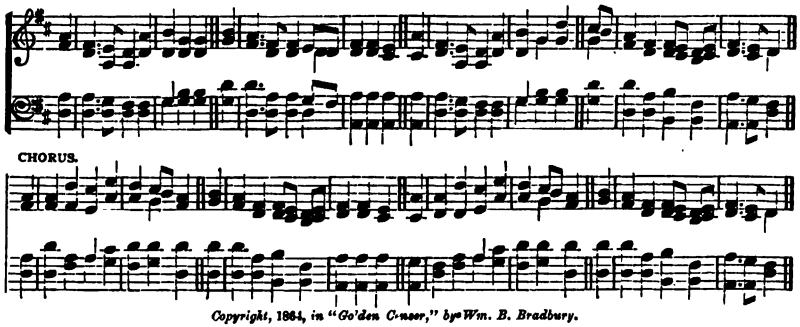
132 LIGHT, REST, STRENGTH. CHESTER. L. M.
Unknown Writer. *From Schumann.*



1 ETERNAL Source of light divine!
Fountain of unexhausted love!
O let thy glories on me shine,
From earth beneath, from heaven above!

2 Thou art the weary wanderer's rest;
Give me thine easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

3 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh,
So shall each murmuring thought be gone,
And grief and fear and care shall fly,
As clouds before the midday sun.

A-men.

133 A BLESSED THOUGHT. HE LEADETH ME. L. M. D.
J. H. Gilmore. *W. B. Bradbury; by per.*

Copyright, 1864, in "Golden Censer," by Wm. B. Bradbury.

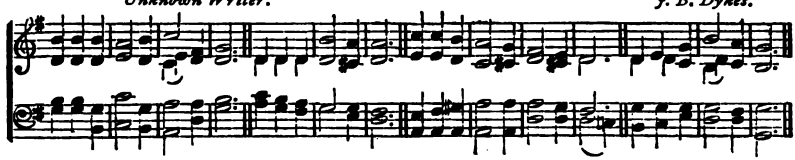
1 HE leadeth me! O blesséd thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

CHORUS.—*He leadeth me! He leadeth me!*
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowérs bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!—CHORUS.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.—CHORUS.

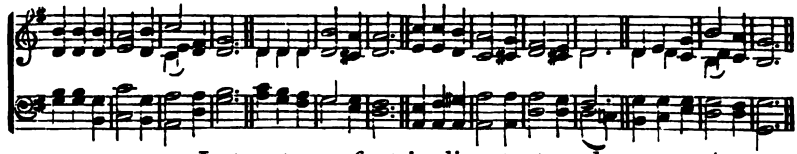
4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
Ev'n death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.—CHORUS.

134 GOD'S TENDER CARE. ST. AGNES. C. M.
Unknown Writer. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 FROM the first dawn of infant life
Thy goodness we have shared,
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.

2 To seek thy grace, to do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline;
And o'er the paths of future life
Command thy light to shine.

3 While taught to read the word of truth,
May we that word receive;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe.

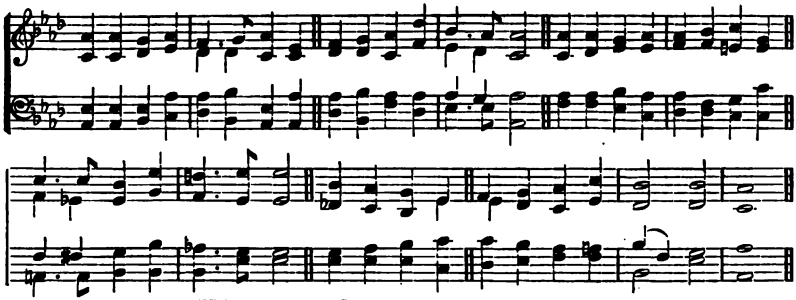
134. CONTINUED. ST. AGNES.



4 Let not our feet incline to tread
Sin's broad destructive road;
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory and to God.

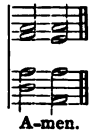
A-men.

135 PILGRIM'S HYMN. WELCH. 8-7-4.

T. Olivers. *E. J. Hopkins.*

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

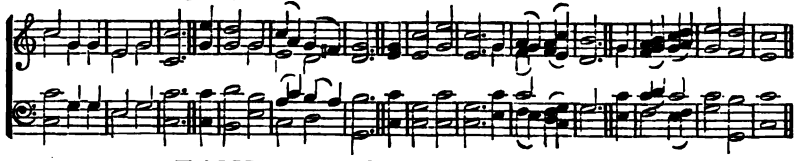
2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid the swelling stream divide:
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.



A-men.

136 NEHEMIAH ix. 5. SILVER STREET. S. M.
J. Montgomery. *I. Smith.*



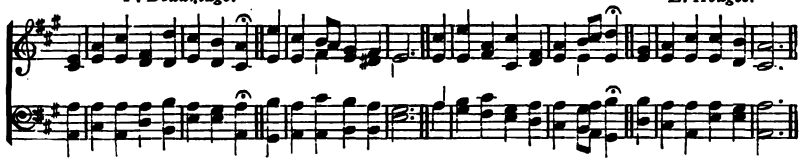
1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 O for a living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

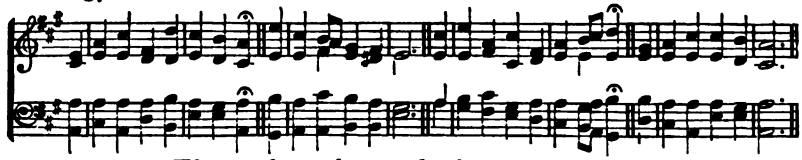
4 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

A-men.

137 TO THE COVENANT GOD. BRISTOL. C. M.
P. Doddridge. *E. Hodges.*

1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

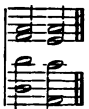
2 Our vows, our prayers we now present,
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

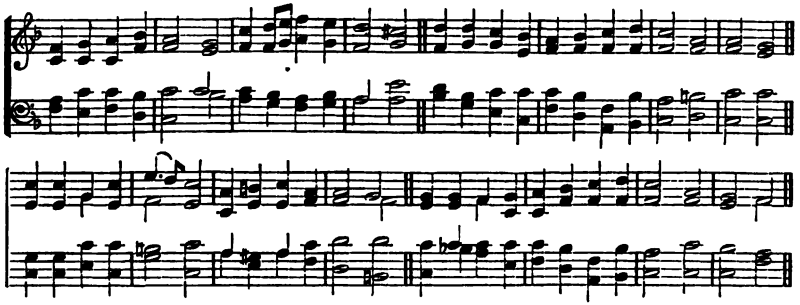
137. CONTINUED. BRISTOL.



3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide:
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And, at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

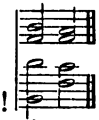
5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore.

A-men.

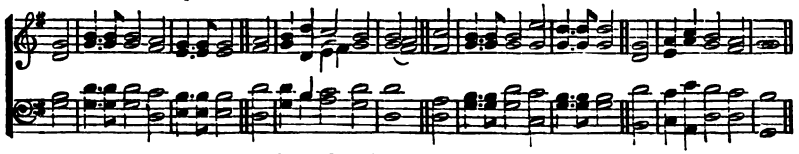
138 THE ENDURING WORD. LUCERNE. 6s. *Tr.*
H. W. Baker. *L. W. Bacon.*

1 LORD, thy word abideth, And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth Light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us, Then thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation, Message of salvation.

2 When the storms are o'er us, And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth And our way protecteth.

Who can tell the pleasure, Who recount the treasure,
By thy word imparted To the [illegible]

3 Word of mercy, giving Succor to the living,
Word of life, supplying Comfort to the dying!
O, that we discerning Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear thee, Evermore be near thee!

139 PRAISE FOR THE BIBLE. *W. Cowper.* ARLINGTON. C. M. *T. A. Arne.*

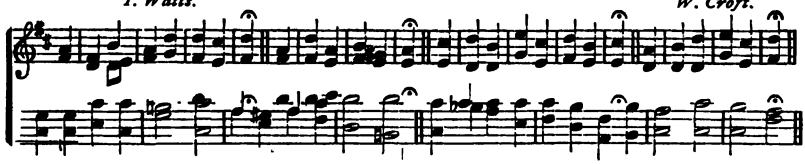


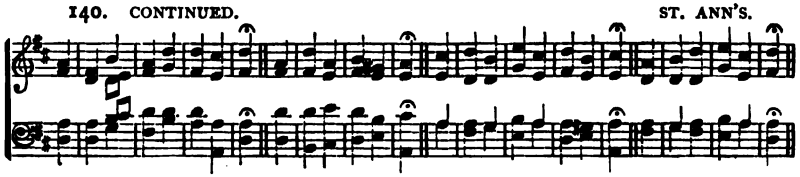
1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

140 TO GOD OUR SAVIOUR. *I. Watts.* ST. ANN'S. C. M. *W. Croft.*

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

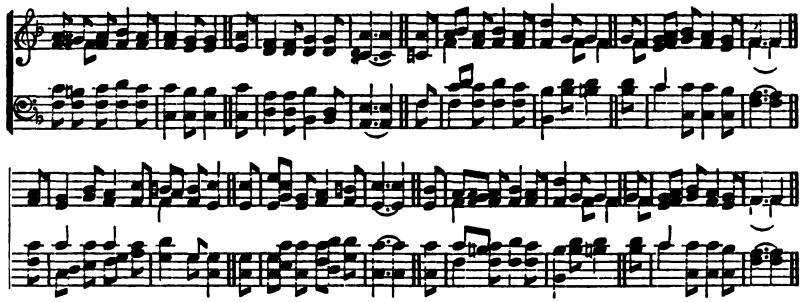
140. CONTINUED. ST. ANN'S.

2 He raised me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fixed my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love,
Beneath my soul he placed,
And on the Rock of ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

4 The city of my blest-abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.

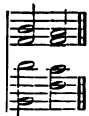
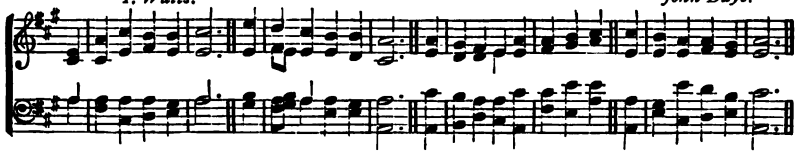
5 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

A-men.

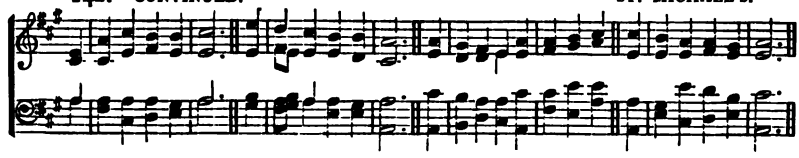
141 THE GLORY OF GOD'S GRACE. ORATORY. C. M. D.
I. Watts. *From "Oratory Hymns."*

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

2 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,—
Our thoughts are lost in reverent awe;
We love, and we adore:
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.

3 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.
O may I bear some humble part
In heaven's immortal song:
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

142 TO THE ONLY-WISE GOD. ST. MICHAEL'S. S. M.
I. Watts. *John Daye.*

1 TO GOD the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

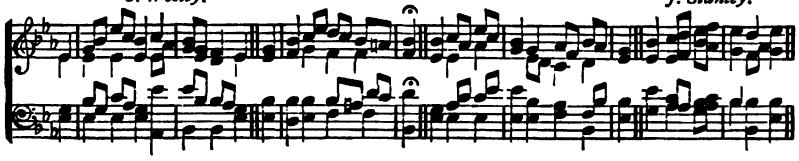
2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

142. CONTINUED. ST. MICHAEL'S.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

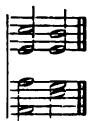
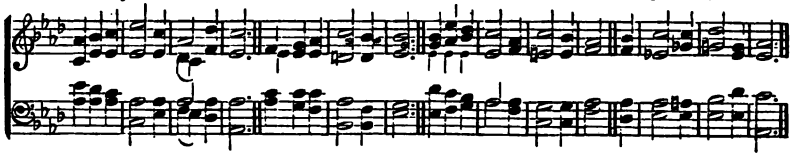
5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

A-men.

143 THE GLORY OF CHRIST. WARWICK. C. M.
C. Wesley. *J. Stanley.*

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,—
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

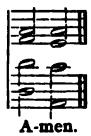
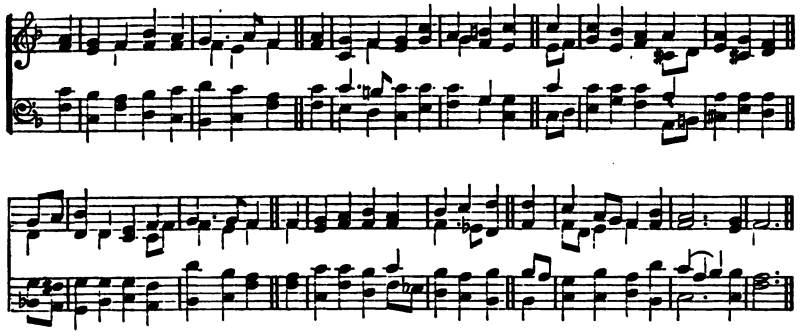
4 He breaks the power of reigning sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

144 THE NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME. BEATITUDE. C. M.
J. Newton. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 By him, my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

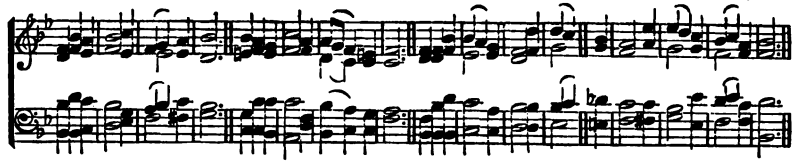
6 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

145 HOURLY PRAISE. ST. MATTHIAS. L. M. 61.
W. Shrubsole. *W. H. Monk.*

1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
O chase the clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name;
Then, Jesus, sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest:
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies!

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed—
And from death's gloom my spirit raise
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

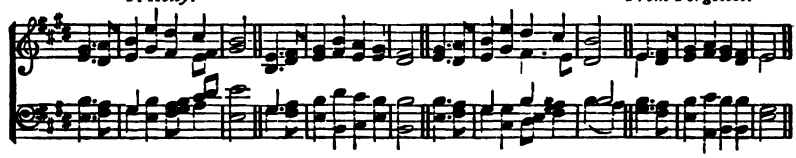
A-men.

146 HOURLY WORSHIP. GERMANY. L. M.
Gisborne. *Beethoven.*

1 SAVIOUR! when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to thee;
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.

2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn;
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

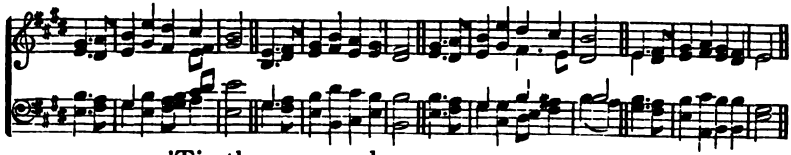
3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings!

4 O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel;
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

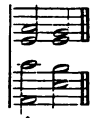
147 SONG OF JESUS. DURHAM. 7s.
T. Kelly. *From Pergolesi.*

1 JOYFUL be the hours to-day;
Joyful let the season be;
Let us sing, for well we may:
Jesus! we will sing of thee.

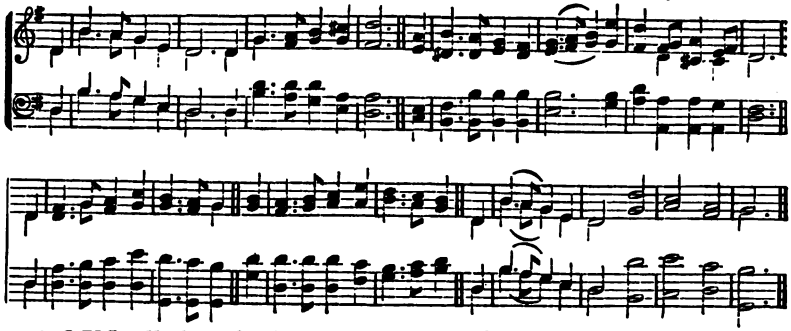
2 Should thy people silent be,
Then the very stones would sing:
What a debt we owe to thee,
Thee, our Saviour, thee, our King!

147. CONTINUED. DURHAM.



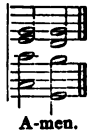
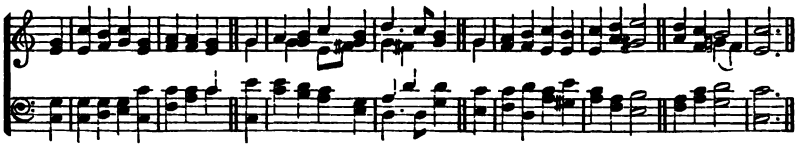
3 'Tis thy grace alone can save;
Every blessing comes from thee—
All we have and hope to have,
All we are and hope to be.

4 Thine the Name to sinners dear!
Thine the Name all names before!
Blesséd here and everywhere;
Blesséd now and evermore!

A-men.

148 NAMES OF CHRIST. HOWITT. H. M
I. Watts. *J. Zundel.*

1 JOIN all the glorious names Of wisdom, love and power,
That ever mortals knew, That ever angels bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
‖: Too mean to set my Saviour forth. :‖

2 Great Prophet of my God, My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
‖: Of hell subdued and peace with heaven. :‖

3 Jesus, my great High Priest, Offered his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks No sacrifice beside.
His powerful blood did once atone;
‖: And now it pleads before the throne. :‖

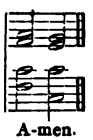
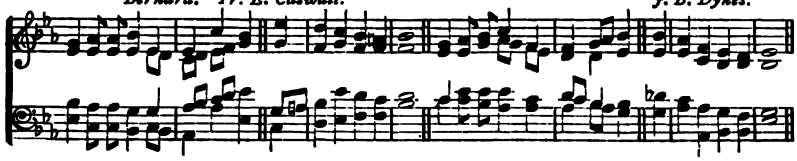
4 O thou almighty Lord, my Conqueror, and my King,
Thy scepter and thy sword, thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the power; behold I sit
|: In willing bonds beneath thy feet. :|

149 CHRIST OUR ALL. ST. SAVIOUR. 888,4.
J. R. Macduff. *E. J. Hopkins.*

1 JESUS, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and opprest;
I come to cast myself on thee
Thou art my Rest.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek,
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send thou forth some cheering ray,
Thou art my Light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts,
Thou art my Peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife;
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink,
Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

150 JESUS, KING. ELVET. C. M.
Bernard. Tr. E. Caswall. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 O JESUS! King most wonderful,
Thou Conquéror renowned;
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!—

2 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

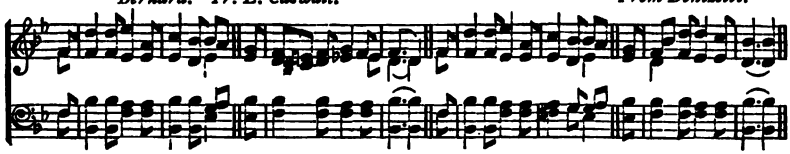
3 O Jesus, Light of all below!
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire,—

4 May every heart confess thy name,
And ever thee adore;
And, seeking thee, itself inflame
To seek thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues forever bless,
Thee may we love alone;
And ever, in our life, express
The image of thine own.

A-men.

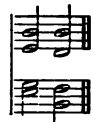
151 THE NAME OF JESUS. RAPHAEL.
Bernard. Tr. E. Caswall. *From Donizetti.*



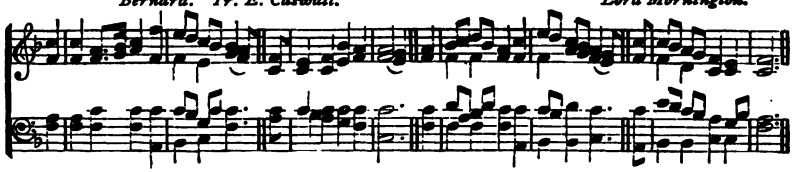
1 O JESUS! thou the beauty art
Of angel worlds above;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.

2 O Jesus, Saviour, hear the sighs
Which unto thee I send;
To thee my inmost spirit cries,
My being's hope and end.

3 Stay with us, Lord, and with thy light
Illume the soul's abyss;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

4 O Jesus, King of earth and heaven,
Our life and joy, to thee
Be honor, thanks and blessing given
Through all eternity!

A-men.

152 THE THOUGHT OF JESUS. EUSTIS. C. M.
Bernard. Tr. E. Caswall. *Lord Mornington.*

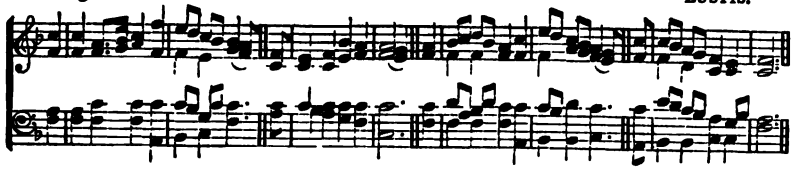
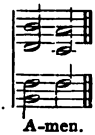


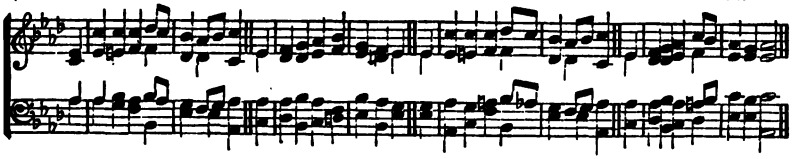
1 JESUS! the very thought of thee
With gladness fills my breast;
But dearer far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4 And those who find thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus—what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

152. CONTINUED. EUSTIS.

Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity!

A-men.

153 LIFE AND LIGHT OF MEN. CHESTER. L. M.
Bernard. Tr. R. Palmer. *R. Schumann.*

1 JESUS, thou joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

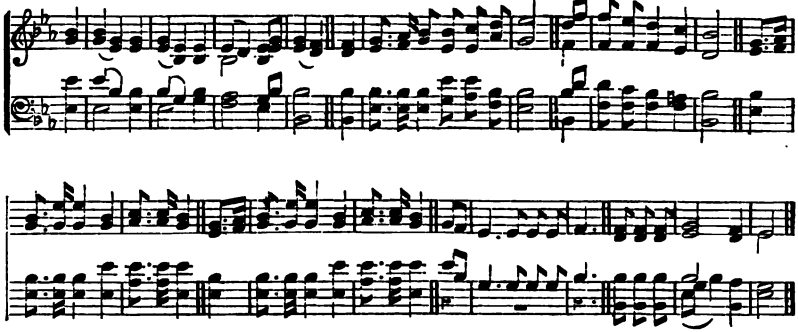
2 Thy truth unchanged has ever stood;
Thou savest those who on thee call;
To them that seek thee thou art good,
To them that find thee, All in all!

3 We taste thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

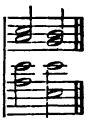
5 O Jesus, ever with us stay
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,—
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

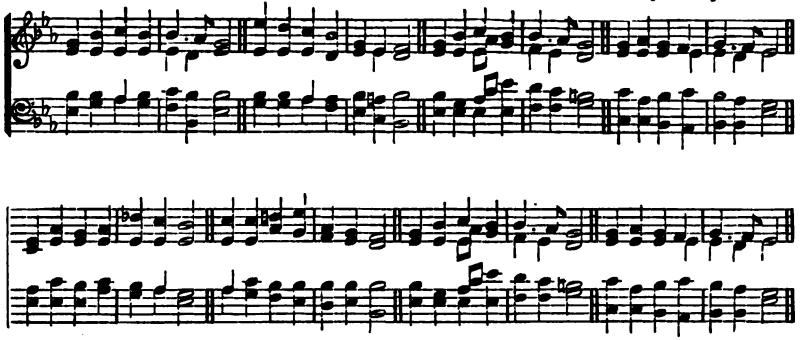
A-men.

154 THE GLORY OF CHRIST. *S. Medley.* ARIEL. C. P. M. *L. Mason.*

1 O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I 'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
‖: In notes almost divine. :‖

2 I 'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine:
I 'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
‖: My soul shall ever shine. :‖

3 I 'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
‖: Make all his glories known. :‖

4 Well—the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I 'll spend,
‖: Triumphant in his grace. :‖

A-men.

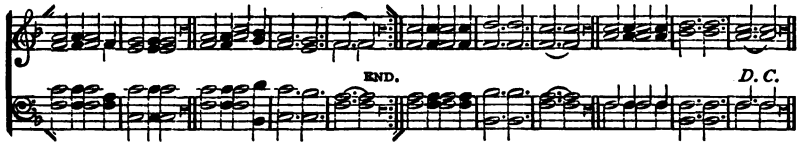
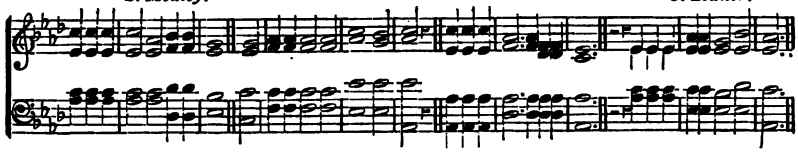
155 OUR REFUGE. HOLLINGSIDE. 7s. D.
C. Wesley. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh! receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

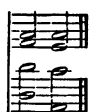
4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within!
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart!
Rise to all eternity!

A-men.

SECOND TUNE. MARTYN. 7s. D.
S. B. Marsh.

156 LOVING-KINDNESS. MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.
S. Medley. *C. Zeuner.*

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;—
His loving-kindness,—O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness,—O how great!

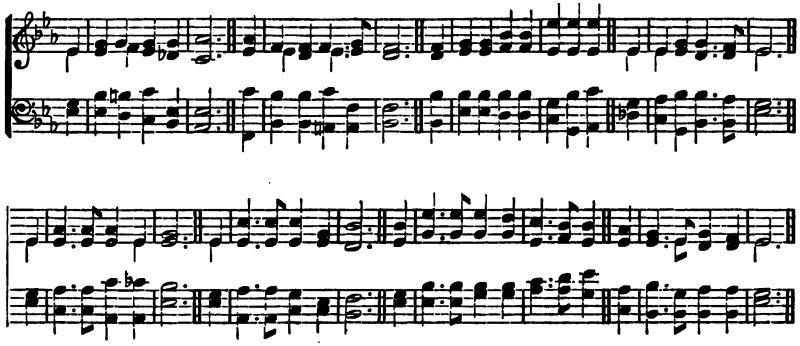
3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;—
His loving-kindness,—O how good!

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale—
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

A-men.

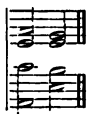
157 THE EVERLASTING LORD.

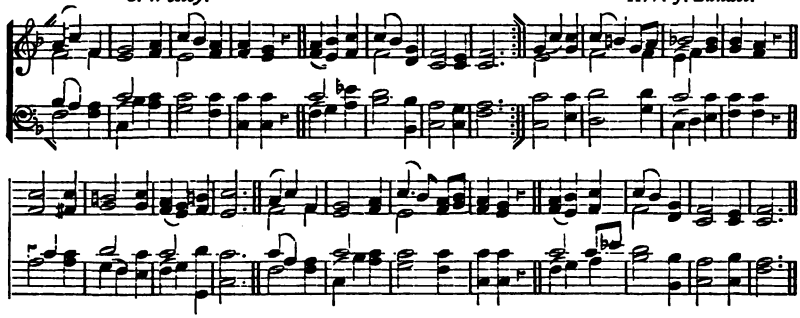
H. Bonar.

BUXTON. S. M. D.

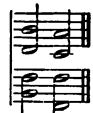
G. W. Martin.

1 O EVERLASTING Light,
Shine graciously within;
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
Come, shine away my sin.
O everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure guide of erring age or youth,
Lead me and teach me too.

2 O everlasting Strength!
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length,
To joy, and light, and day.
O everlasting Love!
Well-spring of grace and peace,
Pour down thy fullness from above;
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

3 O everlasting Rest!
Lift off life's load of care;
Relieve, revive this burdened breast,
And every sorrow bear.
Thou art in heaven our all;
Our all on earth art thou:
Upon thy glorious name we call;
Lord Jesus, bless us now!

A-men.

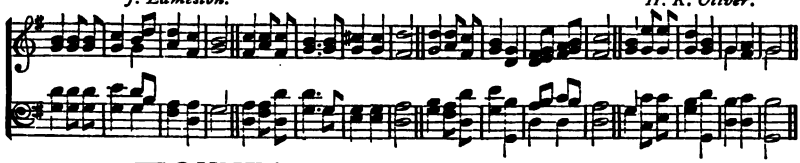
158 LIGHT OF THE WORLD. ESTHER. 8–7. D.
C. Wesley. *Arr. J. Zundel.*

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thyself revealing,—
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
Thou, of heaven and earth Creator!
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek, benighted heart.
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.



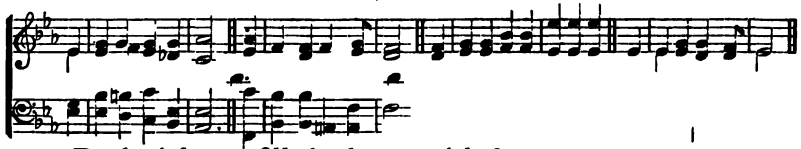
A-men.

159 THE ALL-SUFFICIENT. FEDERAL STREET. L. M.
J. Edmeston. *H. K. Oliver.*



1 FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full and free,
What need I, that is not in thee?
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

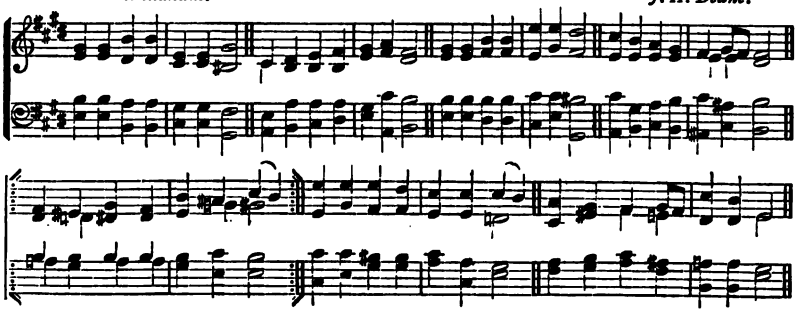
159. CONTINUED. FEDERAL STREET.

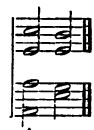
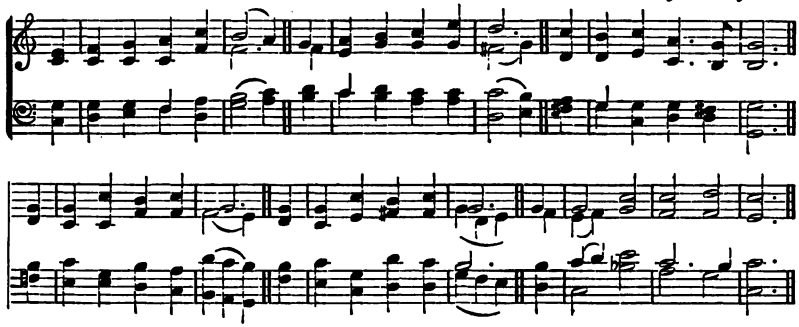


2 Doth sickness fill the heart with fear?
'Tis sweet to know that thou art near;
Am I with dread of justice tried?
'Tis sweet to feel that Christ hath died.

3 In life, thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently vails the eyes;
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

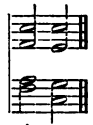
4 O all-sufficient Saviour, be
This all-sufficiency to me;
Nor pain, nor sin, nor death can harm
The weakest, shielded by thine arm.

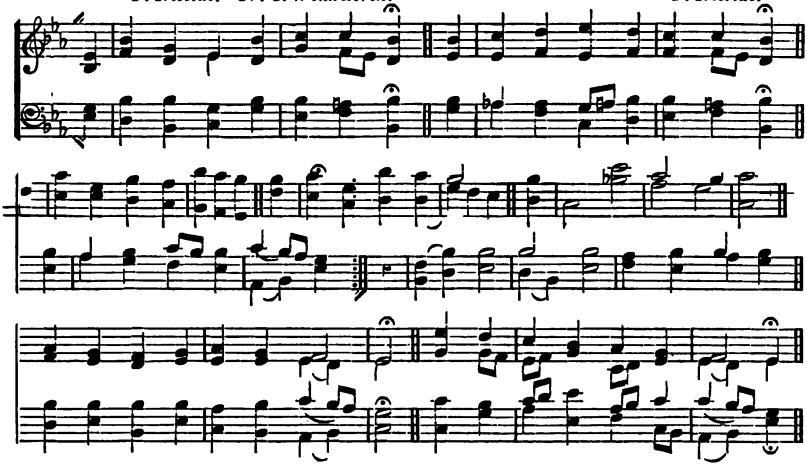
160 PHILIPPIANS i. 21. SORRENTO. 7s. D.
Windham. *J. H. Deane.*

1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground,—
Christ, the spring of all my joy!
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.
Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from thy fullness give:
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live!"

Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.
Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

161 PRAISE WITHOUT CEASING. CASWALL. 66,6; 66,6.
E. Caswall. *J. Barnby.*

1 WHEN morning gilds the skies, My heart awaking cries
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Alike at work and prayer To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

2 Does sadness fill my mind? A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Or fades my earthly bliss? My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 The night becomes as day, When from the heart we say
May Jesus Christ be praised: [hear,
The powers of darkness fear, When this sweet chant they
May Jesus Christ be praised.

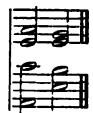
4 In heaven's eternal bliss The loveliest strain is this,
Let Jesus Christ be praised:
Let earth, and sea, and sky From depth to height
May Jesus Christ be praised. [reply,

162 THE BRIGHT AND MORNING-STAR. NICOLAI. P. M.

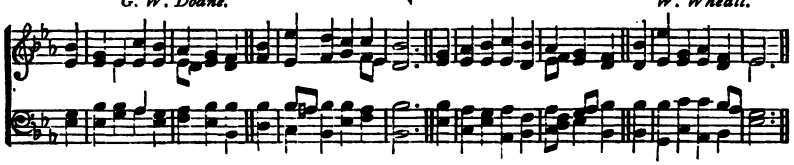
P. Nicolai. Tr. C. Winkworth. *P. Nicolai.*

1 O MORNING Star! how fair and bright
Thou beamest forth in trust and light!
O Sovereign meek and lowly,
Thou Root of Jesus, David's Son,
My Lord and Bridegroom, thou hast won
My heart to serve thee solely!
Holy art thou, fair and glorious,
All victorious, rich in blessing,
Rule and might o'er all possessing.

2 Thou heavenly Brightness! Light divine!
O deep within my heart now shine,
And make thee there an altar!
Fill me with joy and strength to be
Thy member, ever joined to thee
In love that cannot falter;
Tow'rd thee longing doth possess me,
Turn and bless me; for thy gladness
Eye and heart here pine in sadness.

3 But if thou look on me in love,
There straightways falls from God above
A ray of purest pleasure;
Thy Word and Spirit, flesh and blood,

Refresh my soul with heavenly food,
Thou art my hidden treasure;
Let thy grace, Lord, warm and cheer me,
O draw near me; thou hast taught us
Thee to seek since thou hast sought us!

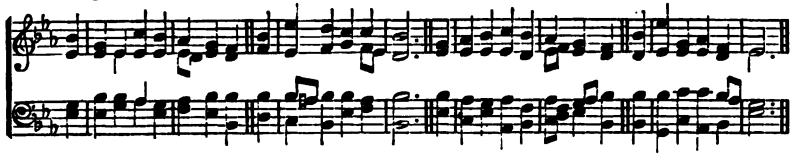
Here will I rest and hold it fast;
The Lord I love is First and Last,
The End as the Beginning.
Here I can calmly die, for thou
Wilt raise me where thou dwellest now
Above all tears, all sinning.
Amen! Amen! Come, Lord Jesus;
Soon release us; With deep yearning,
Lord, we look for thy returning.

163 WAY—TRUTH—LIFE. BEDFORD. C. M.
G. W. Doane. *W. Wheall.*

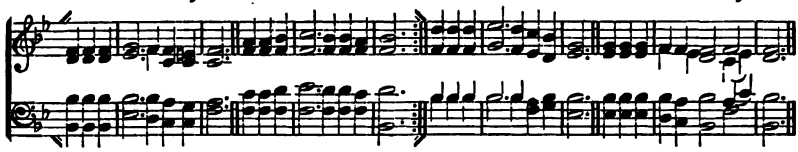


1 THOU art the WAY—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

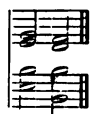
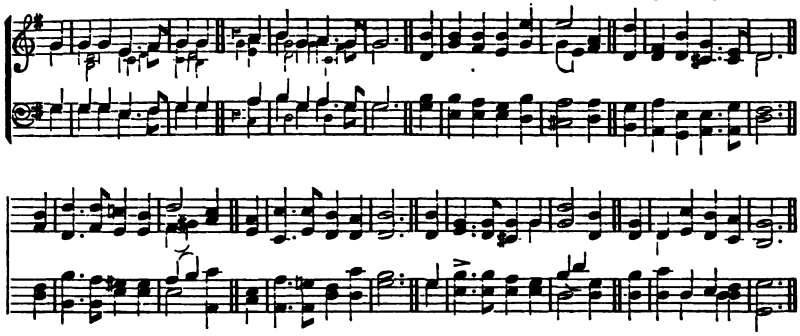
2 Thou art the TRUTH—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the LIFE—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death, nor hell shall harm.

163. CONTINUED. BEDFORD.

4 Thou art the way—the truth—the life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

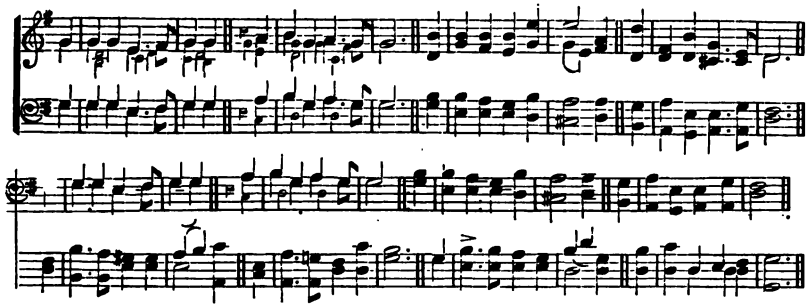
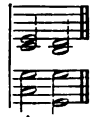
164 ALL IN ALL. *C. Wesley.* SELENA. L. M. 61. *I. B. Woodbury.*

1 THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if thou art mine!
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Jesus, my all in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The healing of my broken heart;
In strife my peace: in loss my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown;—

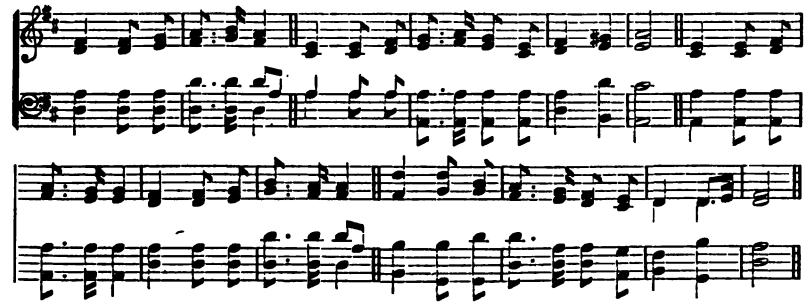
3 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
Thee, in each grief, my joy I call;
My life in death, my All in All!

165 MATTHEW xi. 28. WELCOME. 7-6.
W. C. Dix. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 "COME unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
O blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love that cannot cease.

2 "Come unto me, ye fainting,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But he has brought us gladness
And songs at break of day.

3 "Come unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But he has made us mighty
And stronger than the strong.

165. CONTINUED. WELCOME.

4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be,
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to thee!

A-men.

166 HYMN OF CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA. BAYLEY. 6-4.

A. D. 217. Tr. H. M. Dexter. *E. L. White.*

1 SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth Through devious ways—
Christ our triumphant King, We come thy name to sing,
And here thy children bring Tributes of praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,
O all-subduing Word, Healer of strife:
Thou didst thyself abase, That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race, And give us life.

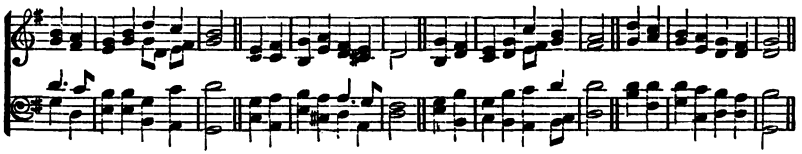
3 Ever be near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide, Our staff and song;
Jesus, thou Christ of God, By thine enduring word
Lead us where thou hast trod; Make our faith strong.

4 So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high, And joyful sing:
Let all the holy throng Who to thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song To Christ our King.

167 HE HAS COME.

H. Bonar.

JUSTIN. 7s.

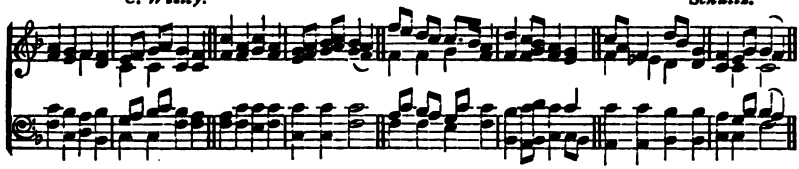
J. H. Knecht.

1 HE has come, the Christ of God!
Left for us his glad abode;
Stooping from his throne of bliss,
To this darksome wilderness!

2 He has come, the Prince of peace!
Come to bid our sorrows cease;
Come to scatter, with his light,
All the shadows of our night.

3 He, the mighty King, has come!
Making this poor earth his home;
Come to bear our sin's sad load,
Son of David, Son of God!

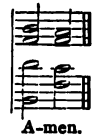
4 He has come, whose name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race!
Left for us his glad abode,
Son of Mary, Son of God!

5 He has come from God's own heaven!
Unto us a Son is given;
Bringing with him from above
Holy peace, and holy love!

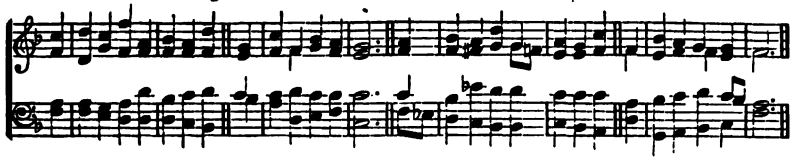
168 DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS. WORTHING. 8–7.
C. Wesley. *Schultz.*

1 HAIL, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free!
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born, thy people to deliver,—
Born a child, and yet a king,—
Born to reign in us for ever,—
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

A-men.

169 THE SAVIOUR COMES. ANNUNCIATION. C. M.
P. Doddridge. *G. M. Garrett.*

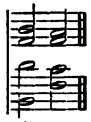


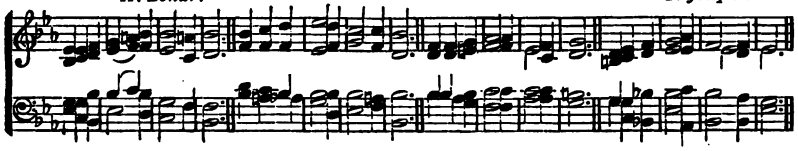
1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes long closed in night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

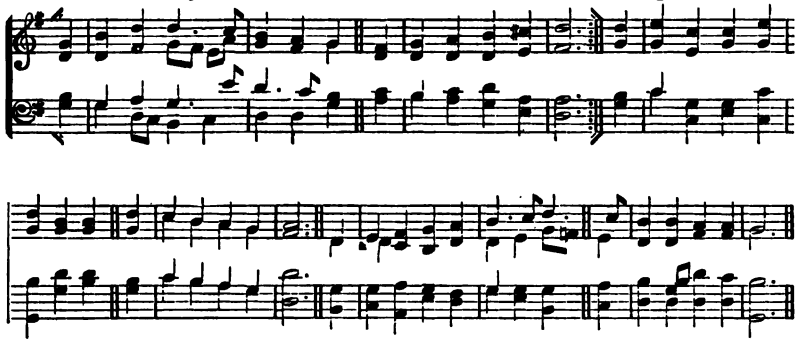
5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy belovéd name.

A-men.

170 "FOR ME." ANGELUS. L. M.
H. Bonar. *G. Josephi.*

1 JESUS, whom angel-hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through him enriched might be.

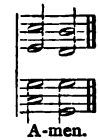
2 The ever blesséd Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In his own body on the tree.

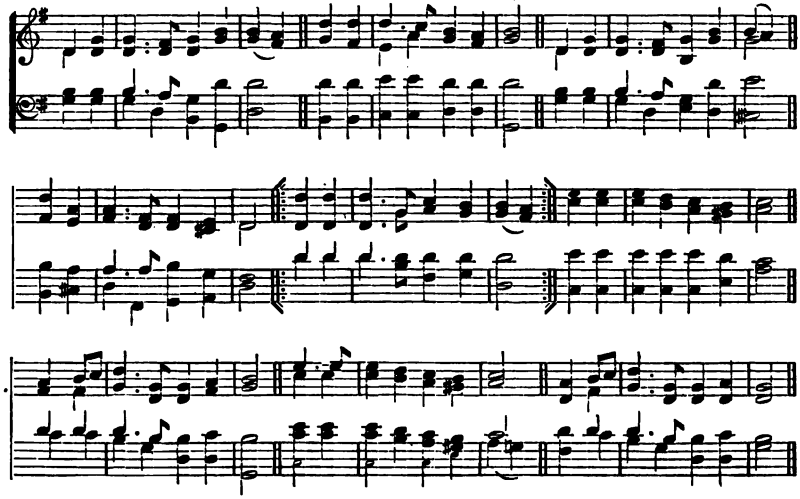
3 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

4 'Tis finished all: the vail is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free;—
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to thee!

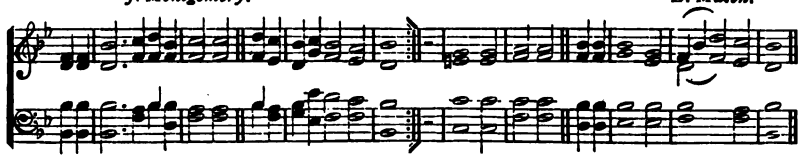
171 LUKE ii. 8–14. *N. Brady or N. Tate.* ANGLIA. C. M. D. *English Carol.*

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
"Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.

2 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:—
The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:—
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

A-men.

172 THE SONG OF THE ANGELS. MENDELSSOHN. 7s. D.
C. Wesley. *Mendelssohn.*

1 HARK! the herald-angels sing,—
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,—
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,—
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Hark the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

2 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.
Hail! the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail! the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Hark, the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

173 "COME TO WORSHIP HIM." HAMDEN. 8-7-4.
J. Montgomery. *L. Mason.*

1 ANGELS from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

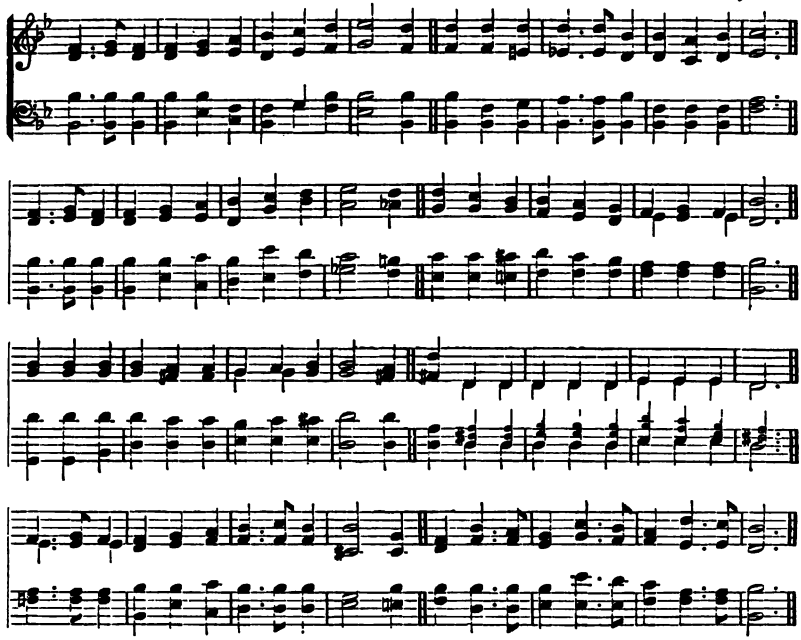
2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

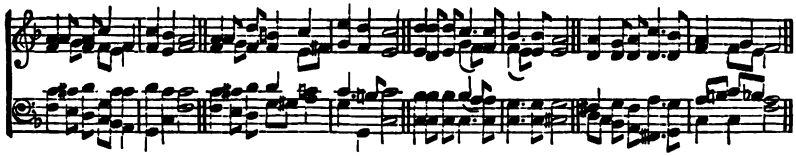
4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

174 "PRESENTING UNTO HIM GIFTS." HARVEY. 10–11.

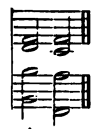
R. Heber. *A. Harvey.*

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
Cold on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head, with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

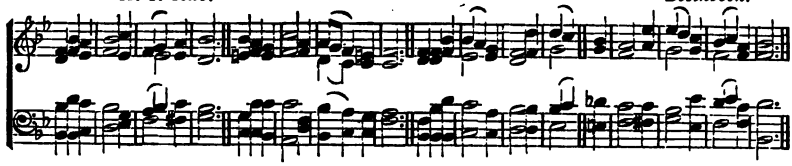
2 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure:
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,—
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

175 THE GREAT TEACHER. SWEDEN. L. M.
J. Bowring. *H. Hiles.*

1 HOW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

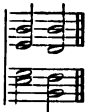
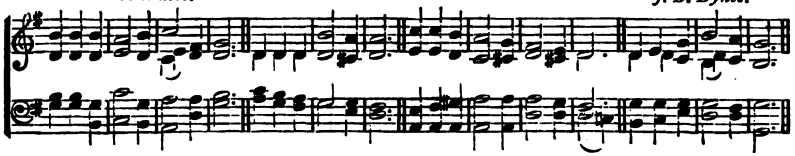
4 Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

A-men.

176 1 PETER ii. 21–25. GERMANY. L. M.
A. C. Coxe. *Beethoven.*

1 HOW beauteous were the marks divine
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 O who like thee so calm and bright,
So pure, so made to live in light—
O who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

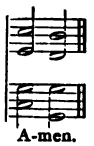
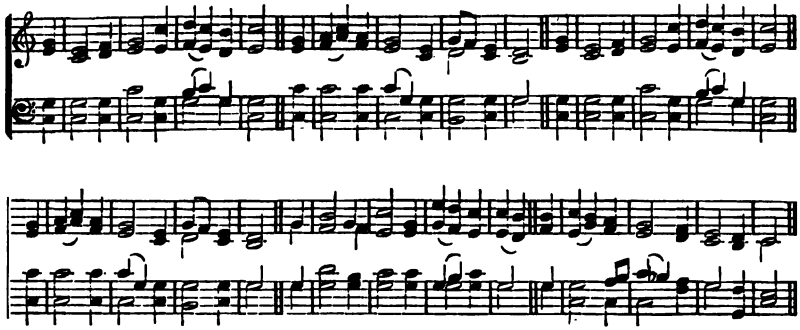
3 O who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 Ev'n death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang and scoff and scorn to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

5 O in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

177 OUR HIGH PRIEST. ST. AGNES. C. M.
I. Watts. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out his cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

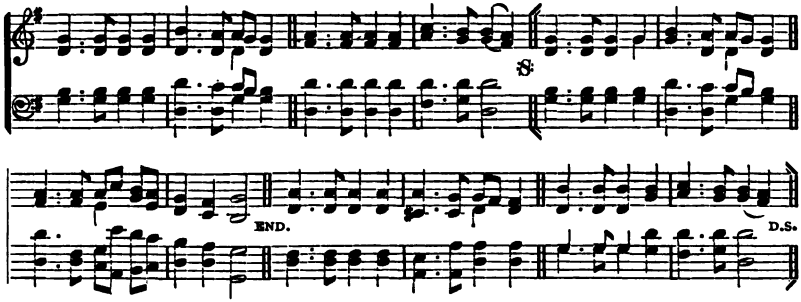
4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

178 OUR FRIEND. ST. PETERSBURG. L. M. 6l.
R. Grant. *Russian.*

1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do:
Still he who felt temptation's power,
Will guard me in that dangerous hour.

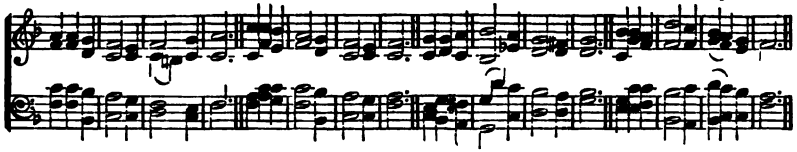
3 When, mourning, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend;
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,—
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For "Jesus wept" o'er Lazarus dead.

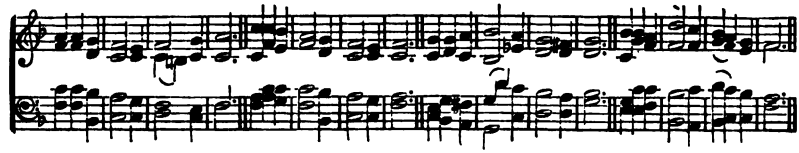
4 And O! when I have safely passed,
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

A-men.

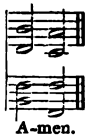
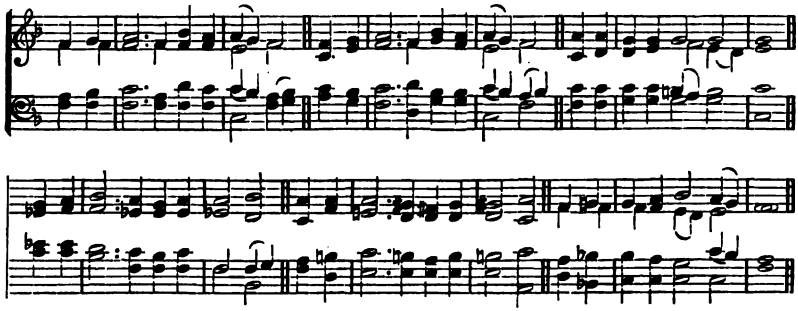
179 THE FRIEND OF SINNERS. FRIENDSHIP. 8–7. D.
J. Newton. *From Mozart.*

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

2 When he lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same.
O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

180 OUR EXAMPLE. GRACE CHURCH. L. M
I. Watts. *From Pleyel.*

1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

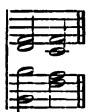
180. CONTINUED. GRACE CHURCH.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Thy love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

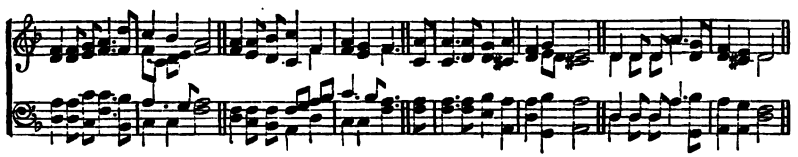
3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

181 CONSTRAINING LOVE. STABAT MATER. 887,887.
In part from J. W. Alexander. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 WHEN no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
Christ his love and power displayed:
By his stripes he wrought our healing,
By his death, our life revealing,
He for us the ransom paid.

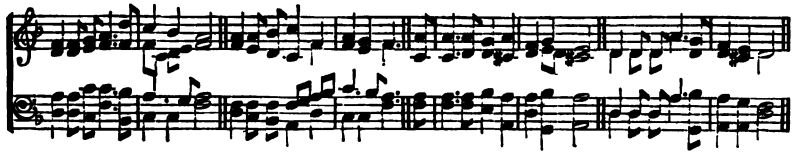
2 It is finished, Man of sorrows!
From thy cross our nature borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus:
While exalted there we view thee,
Mighty Sufferer, draw us to thee,
Sufferer, yet victorious!

3 Jesus, may thy love constrain us,
That from sin we may refrain us,
In thy griefs may deeply grieve:
Thee our best affections giving,
To thy glory ever living,
May we in thy glory live.

4 In our wealth and tribulation,
By thy precious cross and passion,
By thy blood and agony,
By thy glorious resurrection,
By thy Holy Ghost's protection,
Make us thine eternally!

A-men.

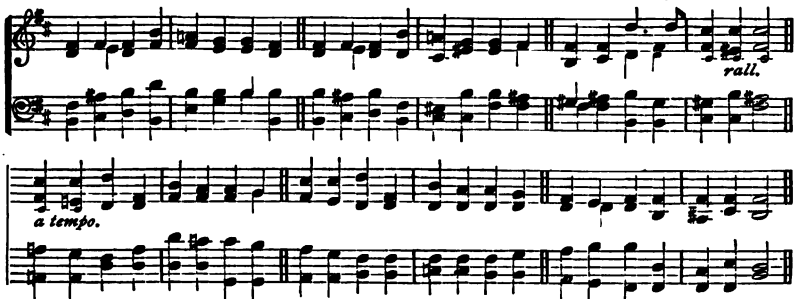
182 JESUS CRUCIFIED. ST. CROSS. L. M.
F. W. Faber. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 O COME and mourn with me awhile;
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

2 Have we no tears to shed for him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently he hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

182. CONTINUED. ST. CROSS.

3 How fast his hands and feet are nailed;
His throat with parching thirst is dried;
His failing eyes are dimmed with blood;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 Come, let us stand beneath the cross;
So may the blood from out his side
Fall gently on us drop by drop;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

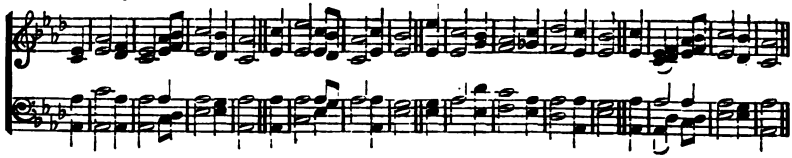
5 A broken heart, a fount of tears
Ask, and they will not be denied;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since thou for us art crucified.

183 THE PRECIOUS BLOOD. GENOA. 887,887.
H. Bonar. *J. Barnby.*

1 FROM the cross the blood is falling,
And to us a voice is calling,
Like a trumpet silver-clear.
'Tis the voice announcing pardon,
"It is finished," is its burden,
Pardon to the far and near.

2 Peace that precious blood is sealing,
All our wounds forever healing,
And removing every load;

Words of peace that voice has spoken,
Peace that shall no more be broken,
Peace between the soul and God.

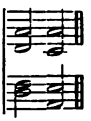
3 God is love;—we read the writing
Traced so deeply in the smiting
Of the glorious Surety there.
God is light;—we see it beaming,
Like a heavenly dayspring gleaming,
So divinely sweet and fair.

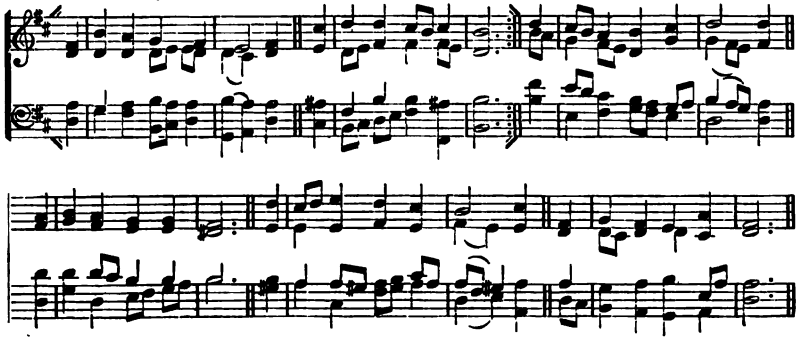
184 CHRIST LIFTED UP. MARTYRDOM. C. M.
J. Newton. *H. Wilson.*

1 I SAW One hanging on the tree,
In agony and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 Alas, I knew not what I did,
But all my tears were vain;
Where could my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord had slain.

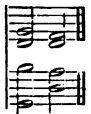
4 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."

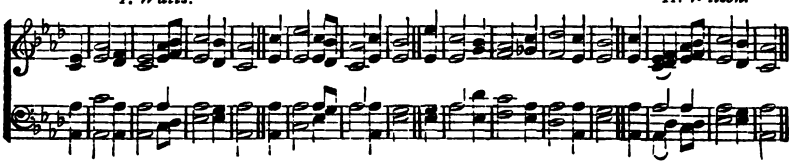
5 Thus while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystéry of grace,
It seals my pardon too!

A-men.

185 PAUL GERHARDT'S HYMN. PASSION CHORAL. 7–6. D.
Tr. J. W. Alexander. *Hassler. Arr. J. S. Bach.*

1 O SACRED Head, now wounded!
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown!
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What language shall I borrow,
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O make me thine for ever,
And should I faithless be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee.

3 If I, a wretch, should leave thee,
O Jesus, leave not me;
In faith may I receive thee,
When death shall set me free.
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By thine own wounded heart.

4 Be near when I am dying,
O, show thy cross to me;
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through thy love.

186 "AMAZING PITY." MARTYRDOM. C. M.
I. Watts. *H. Wilson.*

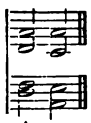
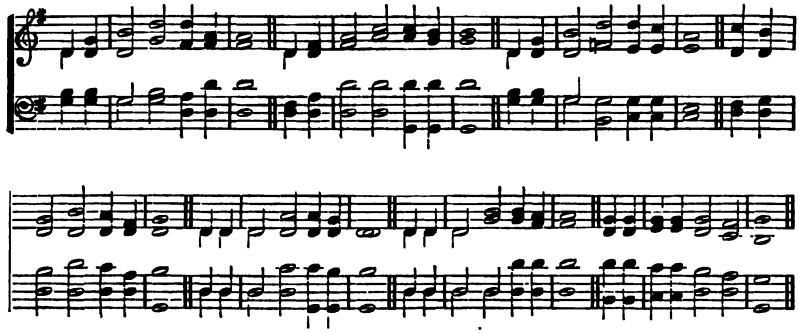


1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

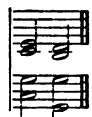
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the Lord of glory, died
For man the creature's sin.

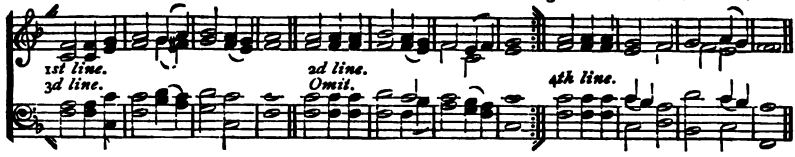
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

187 **Beside the Cross.** **Duffield. 7s. 6l.**
G. Duffield. *L. W. Bacon.*

1 BLESSED Saviour! thee I love,
All my other joys above;
All my hopes in thee abide,
Thou my hope, and naught beside;
Ever let my glory be,
‖: Only, only, only thee. :‖

2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,—
Clouds they are that hide my day:
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
‖: Jesus crucified for me. :‖

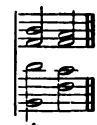
3 From beneath that thorny crown
Trickle drops of cleansing down;
Pardon from thy piercéd hand
Now I take, while here I stand;
Only then I live to thee,
‖: When thy wounded side I see. :‖

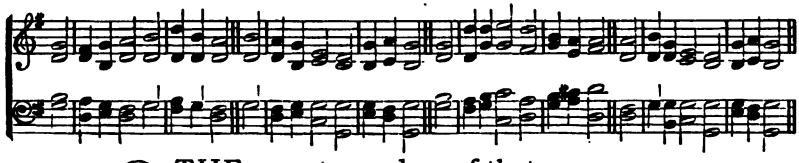
4 Blesséd Saviour, thine am I,
Thine to live, and thine to die;
Height or depth or earthly power
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever let my glory be,
‖: Only, only, only thee! :‖

A-men.

188 THE WONDROUS CROSS. HAMBURG. L. M.
I. Watts. *Gregorian. Arr. L. Mason.*

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

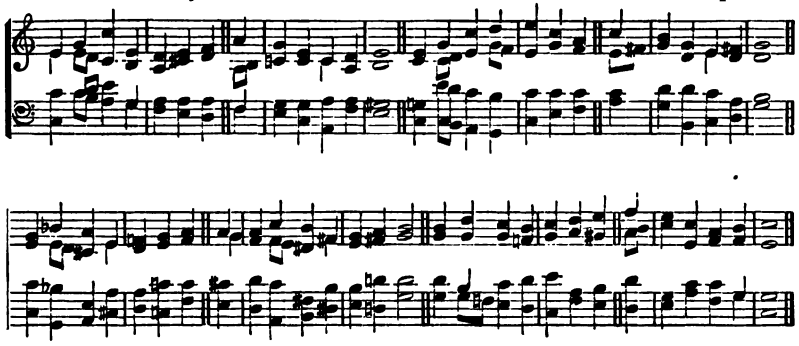
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

189 THE CROSS. ROCKINGHAM. L. M.
I. Watts. *L. Mason.*

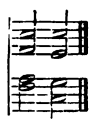


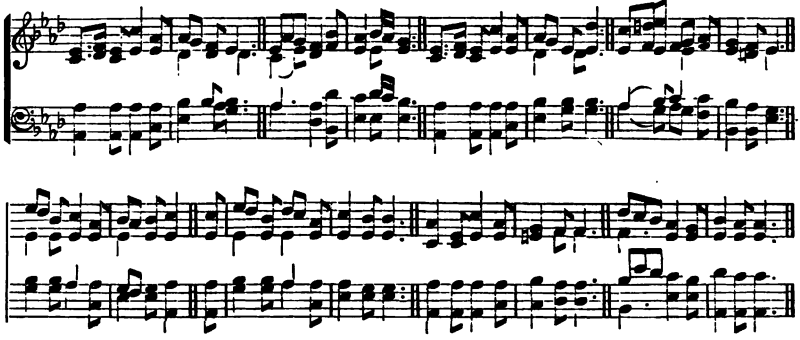
1 O THE sweet wonders of that cross,
Where my Redeemer loved, and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds, and bleeding side.

2 I would forever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

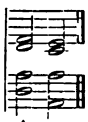
190 "THE LORD TURNED AND LOOKED." PRETORIUM. 76,76; 78,76.
C. Wesley. *C. E. Stephens.*

1 JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored;
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Speak the reconciling word
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

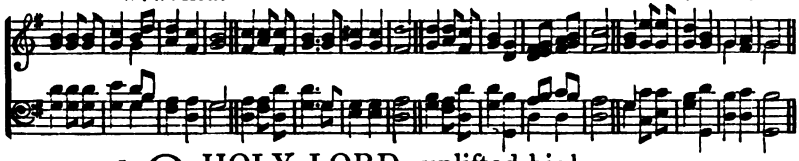
3 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was closed, that we might live.
Look, as when thy dying cry
Arose to God, 'Forgive.'
Surely, with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries ''Tis done.'
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
This breaks my heart of stone.

A-men.

191 FRIEND OF SINNERS. AFFECTION. 76,76; 78,76.
C. Wesley. *Mozart. Arr. J. K. Paine.*

1 GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near
Thy blessing to receive:
Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb!
Thy blood was shed for me.

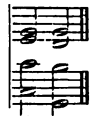
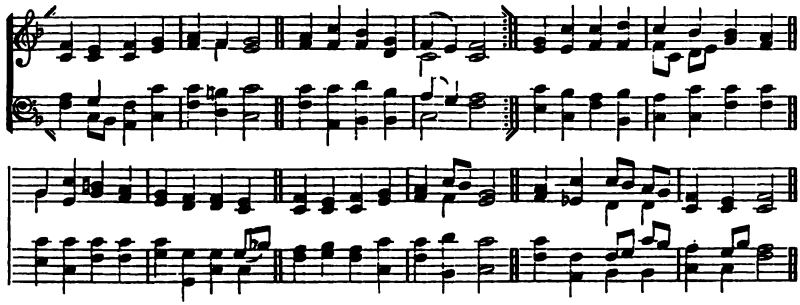
2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye;
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh:
Now as yesterday the same
Thou art, and wilt forever be:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb!
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Saviour! from thy wounded side
I never will depart;
Here will I my spirit hide,
When I am pure in heart.
Till my place above I claim,
This only shall be all my plea:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb!
Thy blood was shed for me.

A-men.

192 DRAWING ALL MEN. FEDERAL STREET. L. M.
W. W. How. *H. K. Oliver.*

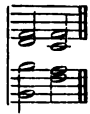
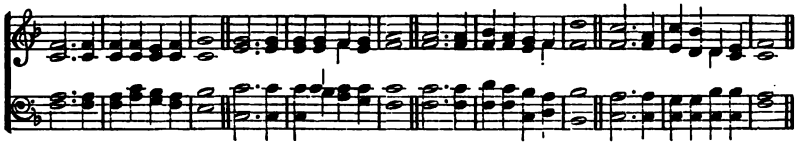


1 O HOLY LORD, uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below.

2 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of thy death
Draw us and all men unto thee.

193 HYMN OF THEOCTISTUS. CALVARY. 76,76; 88,77.
Tr. J. M. Neale. *E. P. Parker.*

1 JESUS, Name all names above,
Jesus, best and dearest,
Jesus, Fount of perfect love,
Holiest, tenderest, nearest;
Jesus, Source of grace completest,
Jesus purest, Jesus sweetest,
Jesus, Well of power divine,
Make me, seal me, keep me thine.

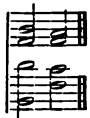
2 Jesus, open me the gate
Which the sinner entered,
Who, in his last dying state,
Wholly on thee ventured;

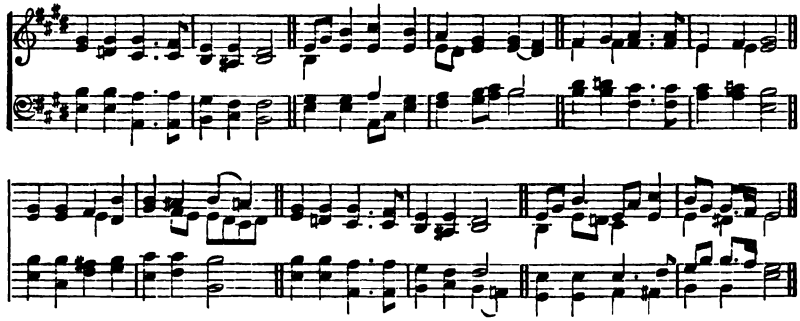
Thou, whose wounds are ever pleading,
And thy passion interceding,
From my misery let me rise
To a home in Paradise.

3 Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression,
Witnessing, in agony,
That thy good confession;
Jesus, clad in purple raiment,
For my evil making payment,
Let not all thy woe and pain,
Let not Calvary, be in vain.

194 ABIDING IN CHRIST. DIJON. 7s.
Tr. H. W. Baker. *German.*

1 JESUS, grant me this, I pray,
Ever in thy heart to stay;
Let me evermore abide
Hidden in thy wounded side.

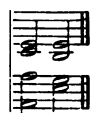
2 If the evil one prepare,
Or the world, a tempting snare,
I am safe, when I abide
In thy heart and wounded side.

3 If the flesh, more dangerous still,
Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,
Naught I fear, when I abide
In thy heart and wounded side.

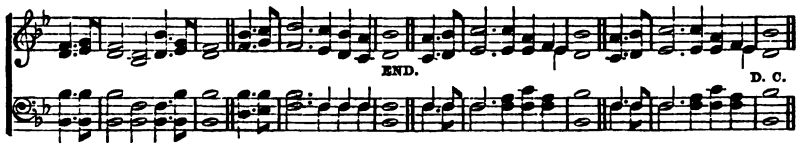
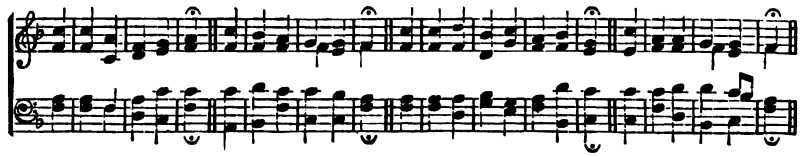
4 Death will come one day to me;
Jesus, cast me not from thee:
Dying, let me still abide
In thy heart and wounded side.

195 ROCK OF AGES. *A. M. Toplady.*

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6l. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 ROCK of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed
Be of sin the perfect cure;
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could ne'er atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

A-men.

SECOND TUNE.

TOPLADY. 7s. 6l. *T. Hastings.*

196 HEBREWS x. 1–15. BADEA. S. M.
I. Watts. *German.*

1 NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

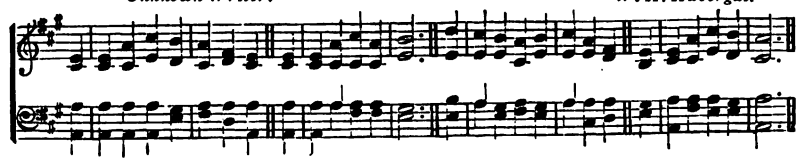
3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back, to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

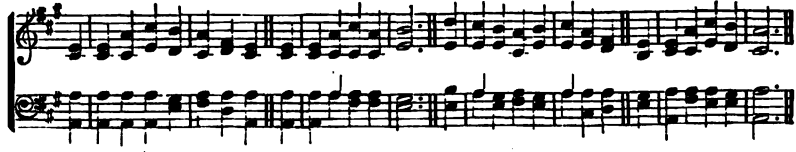
A-men.

197 ISAIAH liii. 6. EVAN. C. M.
Unknown Writer. *W. H. Havergal.*



1 O CHRIST, our ever blesséd Lord,
For man's transgression slain,
We thy redeeming love record
In songs of thankful strain.

197. CONTINUED. EVAN.



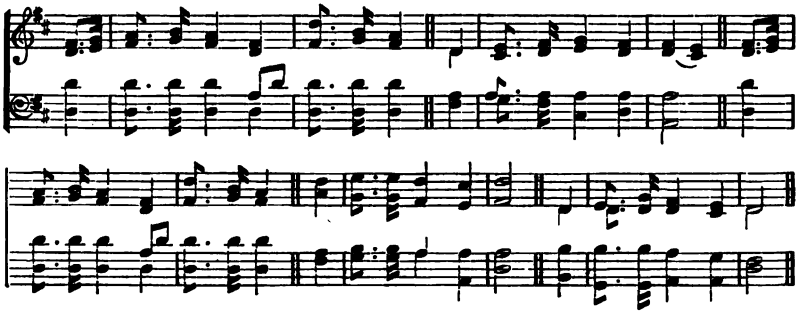
2 We upward lift our longing eyes,
And muse on Calvary;
On thy mysterious sacrifice,
Thy shame and agony.

3 We all like erring sheep had strayed
From God the Father's care;
The guilt of all on thee was laid,
Our burden thou didst bear.

4 O Christ, be thou our present joy,
Our future great reward;
Our only glory may it be,
To glory in the Lord!

5 O may we, through thy cross and pain,
With all who thee adore,
A blessed resurrection gain,
And life for evermore!

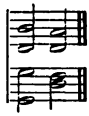
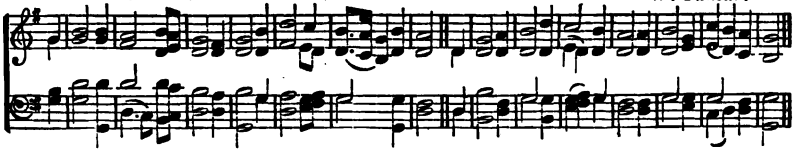
198 "A FOUNTAIN OPENED." COWPER. C. M.

W. Cowper. *L. Mason.*

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins:
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
|: Lose all their guilty stains. :|

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
‖: Wash all my sins away. :‖

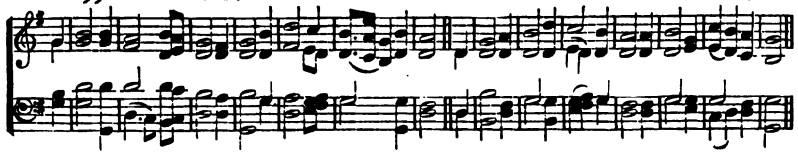
3 Dear, dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power.
Till all the ransomed church of God
‖: Are saved, to sin no more. :‖

4 Since first, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
‖: And shall be, till I die. :‖

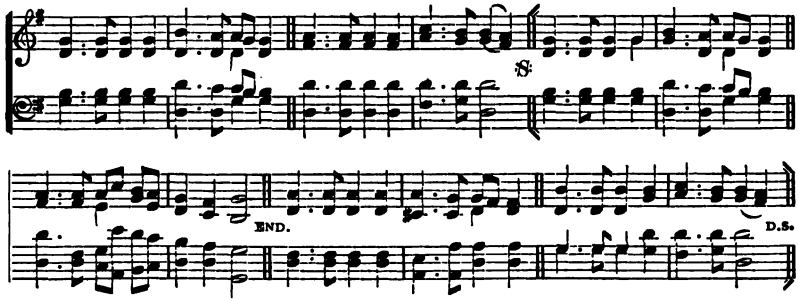
5 And when this feeble, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
‖: I'll sing thy power to save. :‖

199 PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION. BARBY. C. M.
I. Watts. *W. Tansur.*

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—O amazing love!—
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

199. CONTINUED. BARBY.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

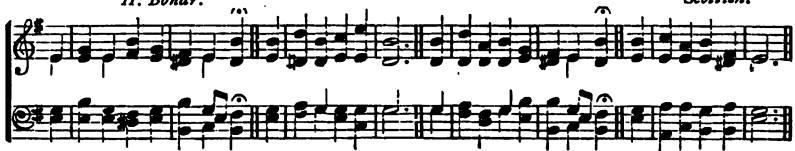
5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

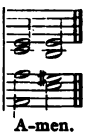
200 BEFORE THE CROSS. FRIENDSHIP. 8–7. D.
J. Allen and W. Shirley. *From Mozart.*

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Truly blesséd is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye

2 Here it is I find my heavén,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I'm much forgivén;
I'm a miracle of grace.

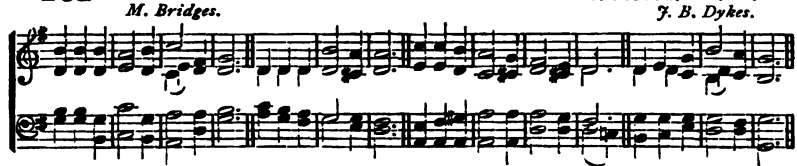
Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

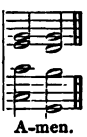
201 BENEATH THE CROSS. MARTYRS. C. M.
H. Bonar. *Scottish.*

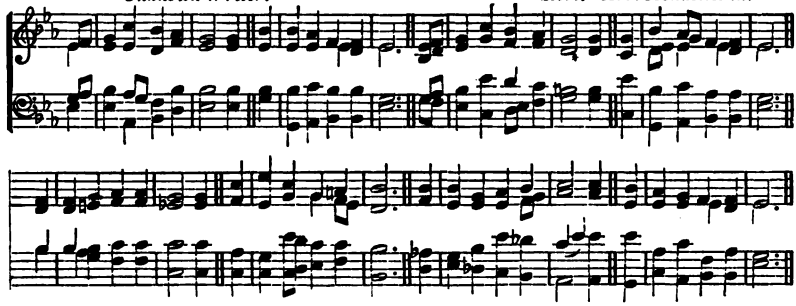


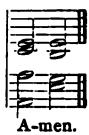
1 OPPRESSED with noon-day's scorching heat,
To yonder cross I flee;
Beneath its shelter take my seat:
No shade like this for me!
2 Beneath that cross clear waters burst—
A fountain sparkling free;
And there I quench my desert thirst;
No spring like this for me!
3 A stranger here, I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent:
No home like this for me!
4 For burdened ones a resting-place,
Beside that cross I see;
I here cast off my weariness:
No rest like this for me!

A-men.

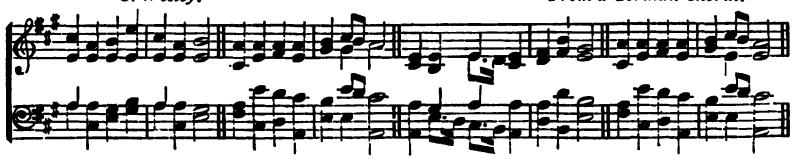
202 DYING TO SIN. ST. AGNES. C. M.
M. Bridges. *J. B. Dykes.*



1 BEFORE the cross of him who died
Behold I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified
And Christ be all in all.
2 Let every thought and work and word
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

A-men.

203 LOOKING TO THE CROSS. BARTHOLDY. 7-6. D.
Unknown Writer. *Störl. Arr. Mendelssohn.*

1 WHEN human hopes all wither,
And friends no aid supply,
Then whither, Lord, ah! whither
Can turn my straining eye?
'Mid storms of grief still rougher,
'Mid darker, deadlier shade,
That cross where thou didst suffer,
On Calvary was displayed.

2 On that my gaze I fasten,
My refuge that I make;
Though sorely thou may'st chasten,
Thou never canst forsake.
Thou on that cross didst languish
Ere glory crowned thy head!
And I, through death and anguish,
Must be to glory led.

A-men.

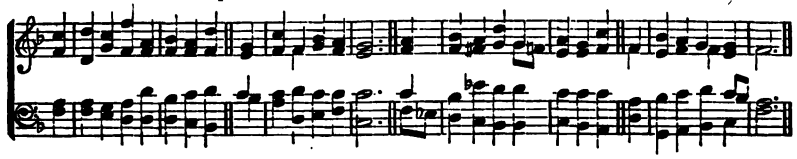
204 THE LORD IS RISEN. NUREMBURG. 7s.
C. Wesley. *From a German Choral.*

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day:
He endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

2 Lo! he rises, mighty King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Lo! he claims his native sky!
Grave, where is thy victory?

3 Sinners, see your ransom paid,
Peace with God forever made:
With your risén Saviour rise;
Claim with him the purchased skies.

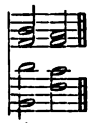
4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day:
Loud the song of victory raise;
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

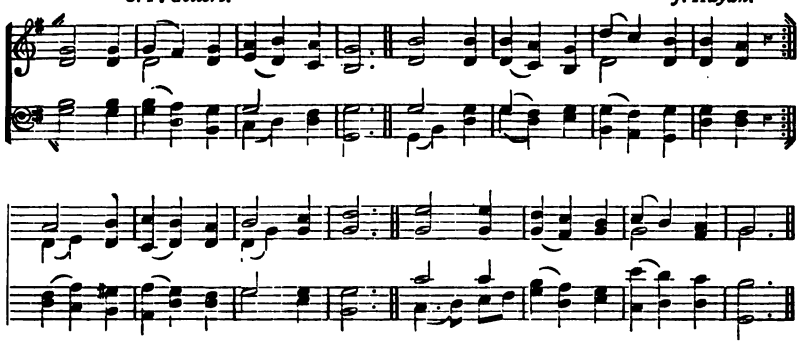
A-men.

205 OUR PASSOVER. ANNUNCIATION. C. M.
Tr. R. Campbell. *G. M. Garrett.*

1 YE choirs of New Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ,
The paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy:

2 How Judah's Lion burst his chains,
And bruised the serpent's head;
And cried aloud, through death's domains,
To wake th' imprisoned dead.

3 Right gloriously he triumphs now
To him all power is given;
To him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.

4 And we, as these his deeds we sing,
His soldiers, him implore,
Within his palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

A-men.

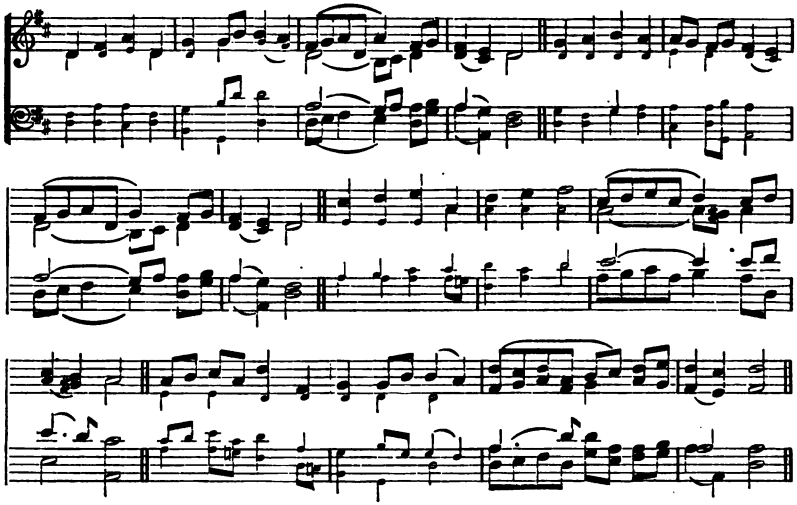
206 MY HOPE AND TRUST. M'ILVAINE. 78,78; 77.
C. F. Gellert. *J. Haydn.*

1 JESUS lives, and so shall I.
Death! thy sting is gone for ever!
He who deigned for me to die
Lives, the bands of death to sever.
He shall raise me with the just:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

2 Jesus lives and reigns supreme;
And, his kingdom still remaining,
I shall also be with him,
Ever living, ever reigning.
God has promised; be it must:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

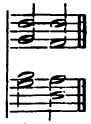
3 Jesus lives, and by his grace
Victory o'er my passions giving,
I will cleanse my heart and ways,
Ever to his glory living.
Me he raises from the dust:
Jesus is my Hope and Trus.

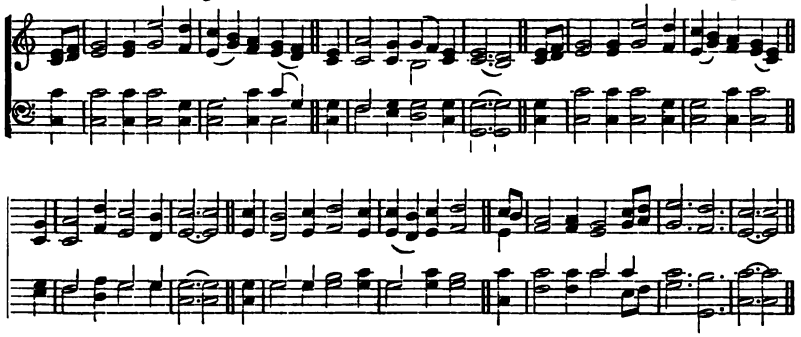
4 Jesus lives! I know full well,
Nought from him my heart can sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Joy, nor grief, henceforth, forever.
None of all his saints is lost;
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

5 Jesus lives, and death is now
But my entrance into glory.
Courage, then, my soul, for thou
Hast a crown of life before thee;
Thou shalt find thy hopes were just—
Jesus is the Christian's Trust.

207 THE LORD'S DAY. WORGAN. 7s.
Unknown Author. *Dr. Worgan.*

1 JESUS Christ is risen to-day—Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day—Hallelujah!
Who did once, upon the cross,—Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss.—Hallelujah!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing—Hallelujah!
Unto Christ, our heavenly King;—Hallelujah!
Who endured the cross and grave,—Hallelujah!
Sinners to redeem and save.—Hallelujah!

3 But the pain which he endured—Hallelujah!
Our salvation hath procured;—Hallelujah!
Honor, then, to him, and praise,—Hallelujah!
Rising on this Day of days!—Hallelujah!

208 THE LORD IS RISEN. HASTINGS. 86,86; 88.

T. Hastings. *T. Hastings.*

1 HOW calm and beautiful the morn,
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the Crucified was borne,
And vailed in midnight gloom!
O weep no more the Saviour slain;
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

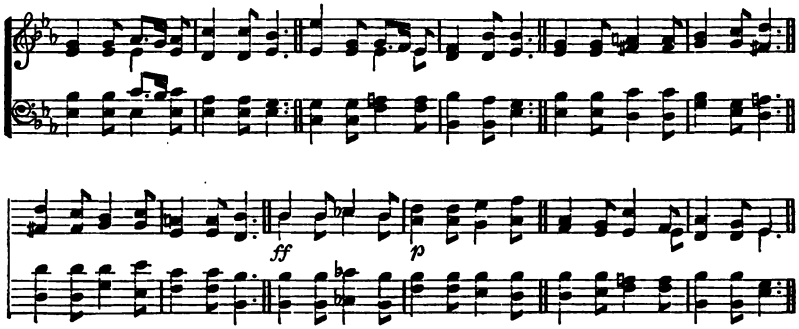
2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
"Behold the place—he is not here,"
The tomb is all unbarred:
The gates of death were closed in vain;
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend;
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your advocate and friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day!
'T is Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
O, weep no more your comforts slain;
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

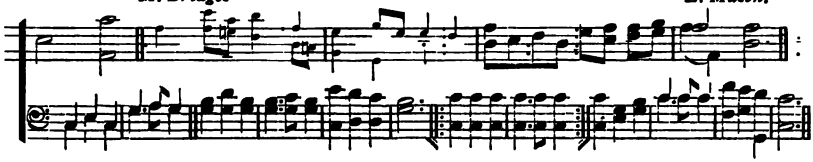
5 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shine upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since he has risen who once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

209 THE STONE ROLLED AWAY. ARIMATHEA. 7s.

T. Scott. *C. F. Roper.*

1 ANGEL, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up thy mighty prey!
See, he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.

2 'Tis the Saviour! Angel, raise
Shouts of everlasting praise:
Let the world's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.

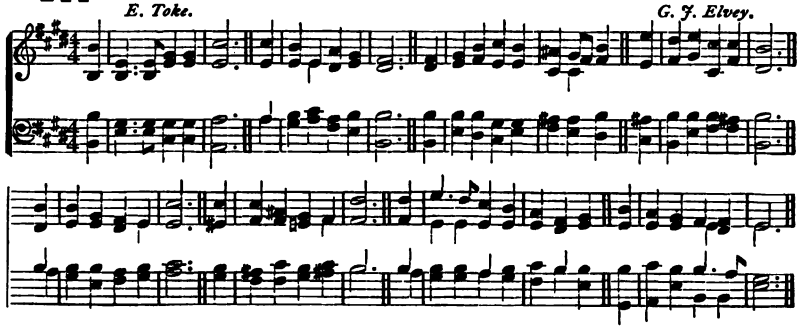
3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,—
Now to glory see him rise
In long triumph through the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.

210 CHRIST ENTHRONED. DORT. 6-4.
M. Bridges *L. Mason.*

1 RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise
Into thy native skies,—Assume thy right:
And where, in many a fold, The clouds are backward roll'd—
Pass through those gates of gold, And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell Thy radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire, Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,—Thou Lamb once slain!

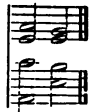
3 Enter, incarnate God!
No feet but thine have trod The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow! Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour, triumphant, go And take thy crown!

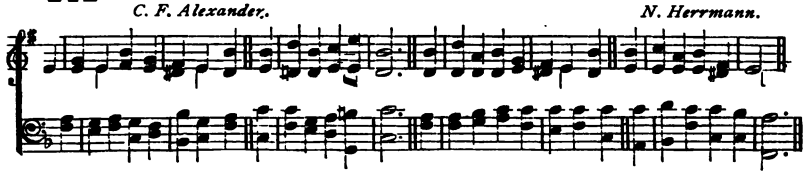
4 Lion of Judah—Hail!—
And let thy name prevail From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years—Claim for thine own the spheres,
For thou hast bought with tears Thy heritage.

211 ASCENDED ON HIGH. ASCENSION. S. M. D.
E. Toke. *G. J. Elvey.*

1 THOU art gone up on high,
To realms beyond the skies;
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise;

But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

Thou art gone up on high;
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let this path of tears
Lead us at last to thee.

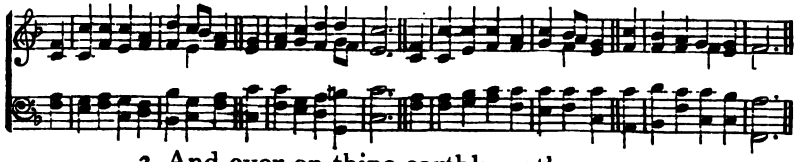
Thou art gone up on high;
But thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.
Lord, by thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At thy right hand on high.

212 JOHN xiv. 2-4. ABNEY. C. M.
C. F. Alexander. *N. Herrmann.*



1 TH' eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doors are opened wide;
The King of glory is gone up
Unto his Father's side.

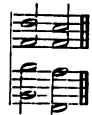
2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now thou art,
And look upon thy face.

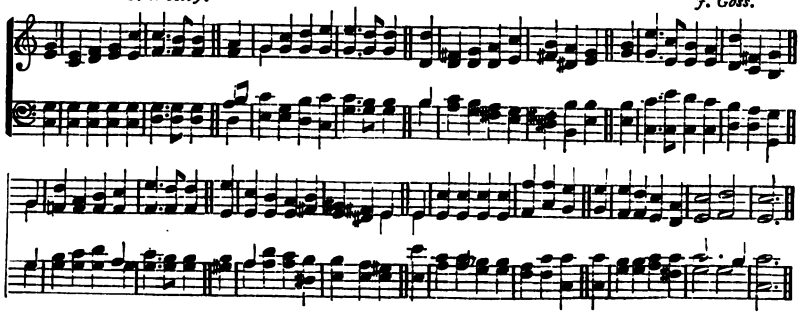
212. CONTINUED. ABNEY.



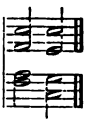
3 And ever on thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That vails thee from our eyes.

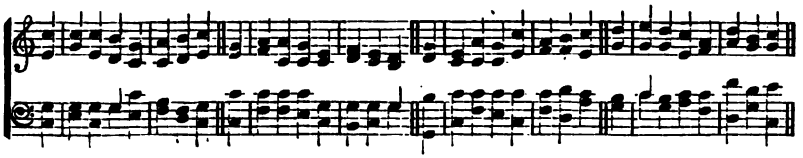
4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,
And let thy grace be given,
That, while we linger yet below,
Our hearts may be in heaven;—

5 That, where thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore in thee.

A-men

213 THE KING OF GLORY. *C. Wesley.* JANUA CŒLI. L. M. D. *J. Goss.*

1 OUR Lord is risén from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky,
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

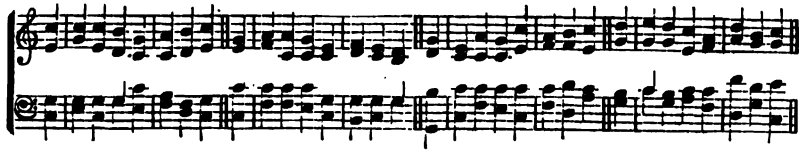
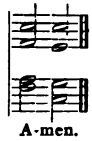
2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.
"Who is the King of glory, who?"
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame;
That sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew;
And JESUS is the conqueror's name.

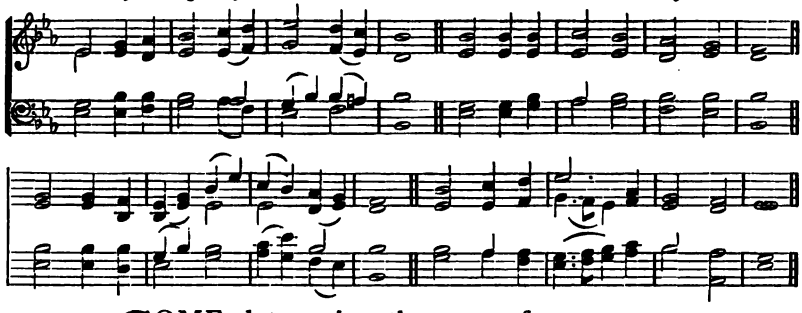
3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
"Who is the King of glory, who?"
The Lord of boundless power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, forever blessed.

A-men.

214 WORTHY THE LAMB. HULL. L. M.
I. Watts. *German.*

1 WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Honor immortal must be paid
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

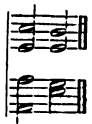
214. CONTINUED. HULL.

4 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

215 THE SONG OF SONGS. DUKE STREET. L. M.
J. Montgomery. *J. Hatton.*

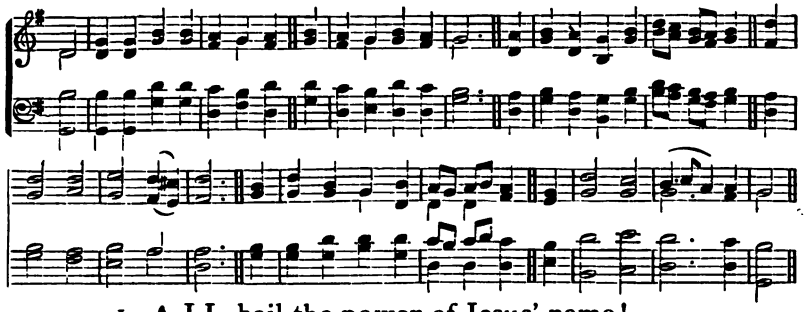


1 COME, let us sing the song of songs,
The saints in heaven began the strain,
The homage which to Christ belongs:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

2 Slain to redeem us by his blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God,
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

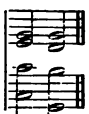
3 To him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor and majesty and might;
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

4 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with him we reign;
This song, our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

216 "CROWN HIM." CORONATION. C. M.

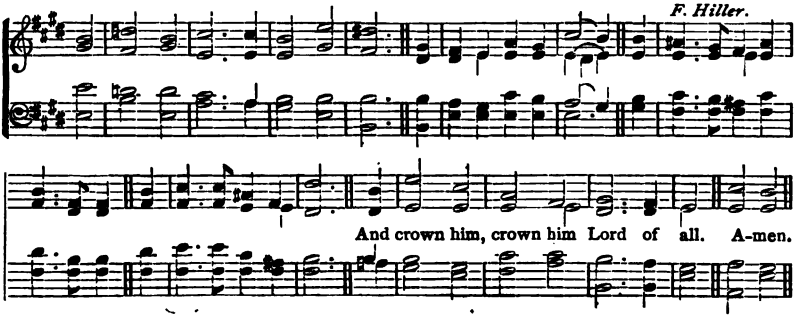
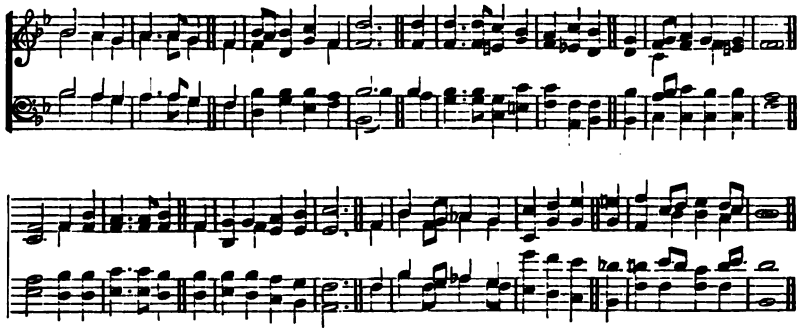
E. Perronet. *O. Holden.*

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
‖: Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all. :‖

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
‖: Hail him who saves you by his blood
And crown him Lord of all. :‖

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,—
‖: Go, spread your trophies at his feet
And crown him Lord of all. :‖

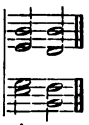
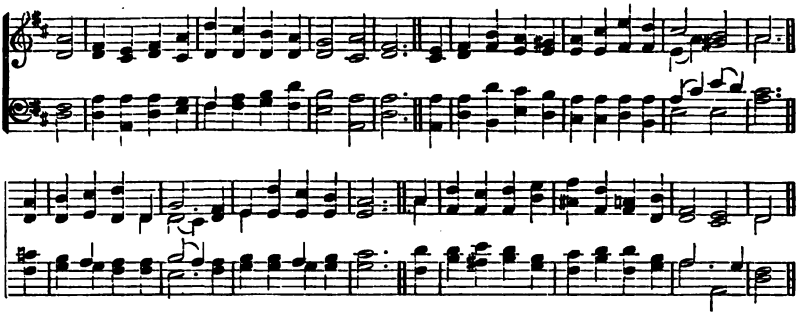
4 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
‖: To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all. :‖

A-men.

SECOND TUNE. CROWN HIM.

F. Hiller.

217 "EXALTED AND EXTOLLED." DIADEMATA. S. M. D.
M. Bridges. *J. Barnby.*

1 CROWN him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
With his most precious blood
From sin he set us free:
We hail him as our matchless King
Through all eternity.

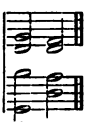
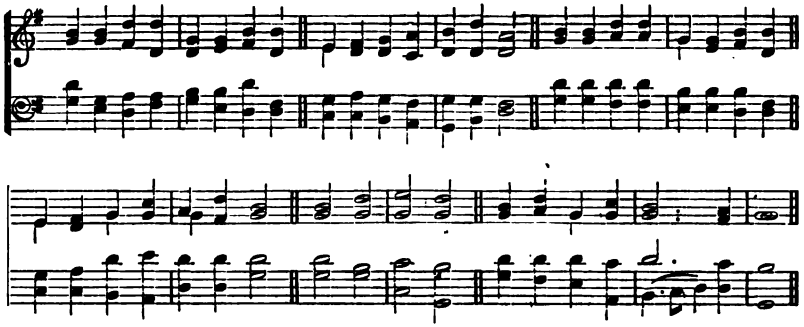
2 Crown him, the Lord of love:
Behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown him the Lord of peace:
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round his pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown him the Lord of heaven,
One with the Father known,
One with the Spirit through him given
From yonder glorious throne!
To thee be endless praise,
For thou for us hast died:
Be thou, O Lord, through endless days
Adored and magnified.

218 WORTHY THE LAMB. OLIVERS. 66,84. D.
J. Olivers. *Dr. J. Stainer.*

1 THE goodly land I see, With peace and plenty blest;
A land of sacred liberty And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow, And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life forever grow With mercy crowned.

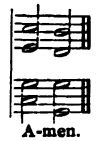
2 There dwells the Lord our King, The Lord our righteousness;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin, The Prince of peace,
On Zion's sacred height, His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious, with his saints in light, Forever reigns.

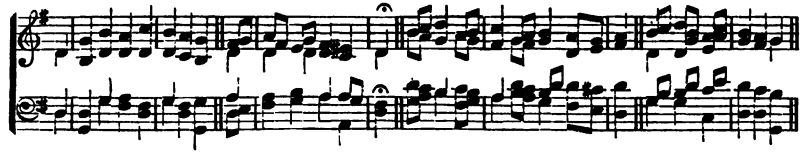
3 Before the Saviour's face The ransomed nations bow,
O'erwhelmed at his almighty grace, Forever new:
He shows his prints of love; They kindle to a flame,
And sound through all the worlds above, 'Worthy the Lamb!'

4 The whole triumphant host Give thanks to God on high:
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!" They ever cry.
Hail, Abrah'm's God and mine! (I join the heavenly lays)
All might and majesty are thine, And endless praise!

219 "JESUS CROWNED WITH GLORY." VICTORIA. 8-7-4.
Thomas Kelly. *W. H. Monk.*

1 LOOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious:
See the Man of sorrows now,
From the fight returned victorious;—
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him—crown him!—
Crowns become the victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels! crown him:
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him—crown him!—
Crown the Saviour, King of kings.

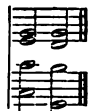
3 Sinners in derision crowned him,—
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels! crowd around him,—
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him—crown him!—
Spread abroad the victor's fame.

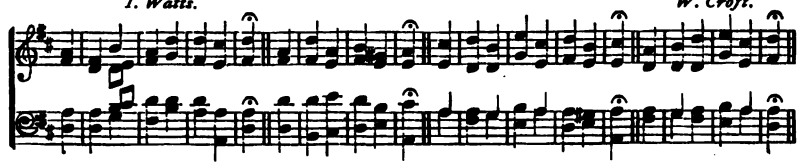
4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;—
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown him—crown him,—
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

A-men.

220 CHRIST ENTHRONED. MEDFIELD. C. M.
J. Newton. *Mather.*

1 HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

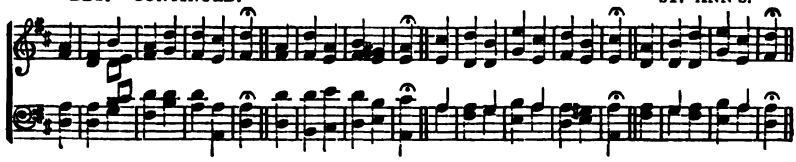
2 While harps unnumbered sound his praise
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

3 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this almighty Rock they run,
And find a pleasing shade.

4 How glorious he! how happy they,
In such a glorious Friend!
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

A-men.

221 REVELATIONS v. 8–14. ST. ANN'S. C. M.
I. Watts. *W. Croft.*

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

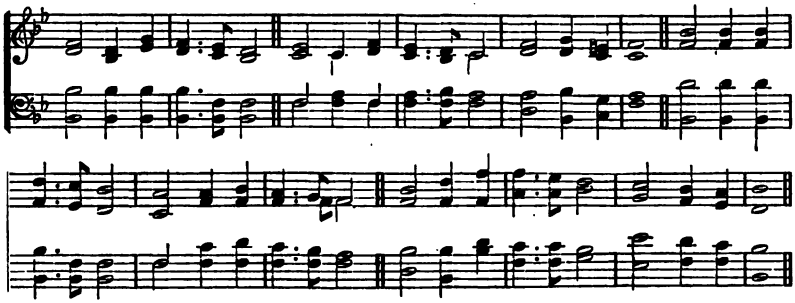
2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

221. CONTINUED. ST. ANN'S.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

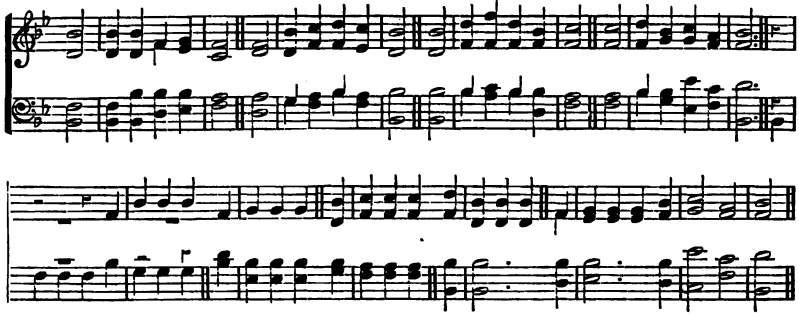
5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

A-men.

222 WORTHY THE LAMB. SWANTON. 6-4.
J. Allen. *L. Mason.*

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,—"Praise ye his name!"
Angels his love adore, Who all our sorrows bore,
Saints cry for ever more,—"Worthy the Lamb."

2 Ye who surround the throne,
Cheerfully join in one, Praising his name:
Ye who have felt his blood Sealing your peace with God,
Sound through the earth abroad,—"Worthy the Lamb."

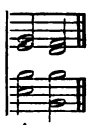
3 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease Praising his name:
Still will we tribute bring, Hail him our gracious King;
And through all ages sing,—"Worthy the Lamb."

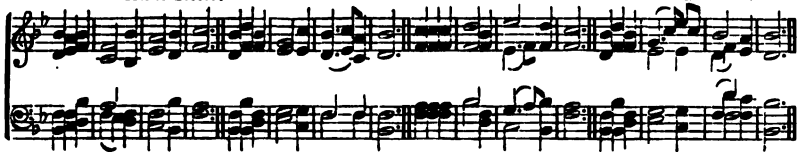
223 OUR SURETY. LENOX. H. M.
C. Wesley. *J. Edson.*

1 ARISE, my soul, arise; Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice In my behalf appears;
‖: Before the throne my Surety stands, :‖
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love, His precious blood, to plead;
‖: His blood atoned for all our race, :‖
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears, Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers, They strongly plead for me:—
‖: Forgive him, O forgive, they cry, :‖
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray, His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away The presence of his Son:
‖: His Spirit answers to the blood, :‖
And tells me I am born of God.

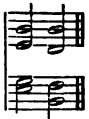
5 My God is reconciled; His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child; I can no longer fear:
‖: With confidence I now draw nigh, :‖
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

A-men.

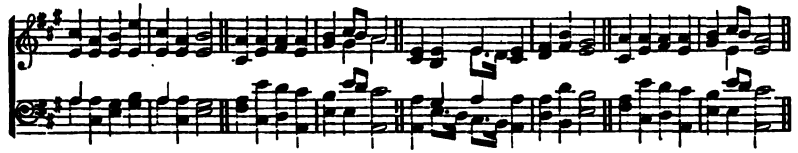
224 OUR INTERCESSOR. MENDON. L. M.
Anne Steele. *German.*

1 HE lives, the great Redeemer lives,—
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

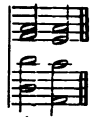
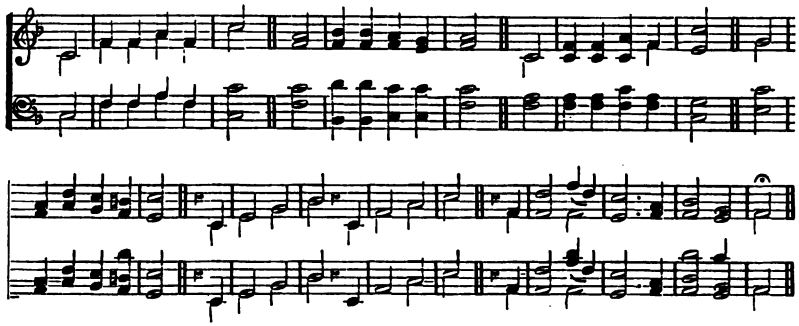
3 Hence then, ye black, despairing thoughts:
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

A-men.

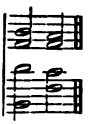
225 JESUS REIGNS. NUREMBURG. 7s.
L. Bacon. *From a German Choral.*

1 WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with glorious power!

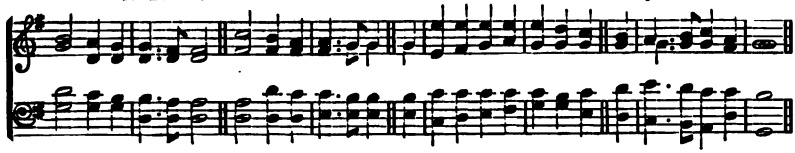
2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Praise your Saviour, praise your King;
Let it sound from shore to shore,—
'Jesus reigns for evermore!'

3 Hark! the desert lands rejoice;
And the islands join their voice;
Joy! the whole creation sings,—
'Jesus is the King of kings!'

226 PHILIPPIANS iv. 4. *C. Wesley.* RHINE. H. M. *T. Hastings.*

1 REJOICE! the Lord is King—Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing, And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 His kingdom cannot fail; He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3 He all his foes shall quell, Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope! Jesus, the judge, shall come,
And take his servants up To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice—
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

227 HASTING UNTO THE DAY. ADVENT. S. M.
H. Bonar. *J. B. Calkin.*



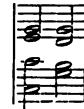
1 COME, Lord, and tarry not! Bring the long-looked-for day;
O, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

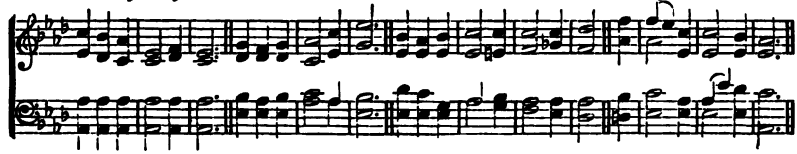
2 Come, for thy saints still wait; Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
Dost thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for creation groans, Impatient of thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

4 Come, and make all things new, Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded paradise,—
Creation's second birth.

5 Come and begin thy reign Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!

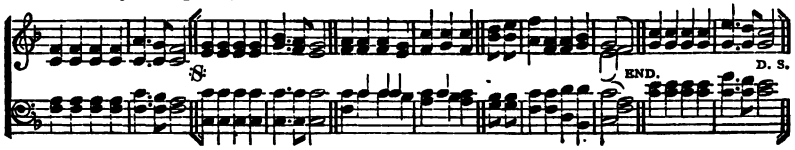

A-men.

228 THY KINGDOM COME. GREENWOOD. S. M.
John Johns. *J. Sweetser.*

1 COME, kingdom of our God, Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

2 Over our spirits first Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

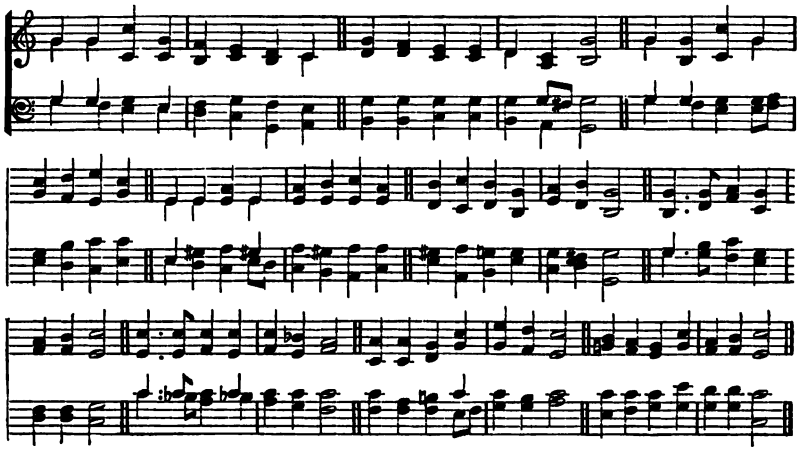
3 Come, kingdom of our God! And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

229 HALLELUJAH! BENEVENTO. 7s. D.
J. Montgomery. *S. Webbe.*

1 HARK! the song of Jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore!
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
From the center to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens are passed away.
Then the end: beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all!

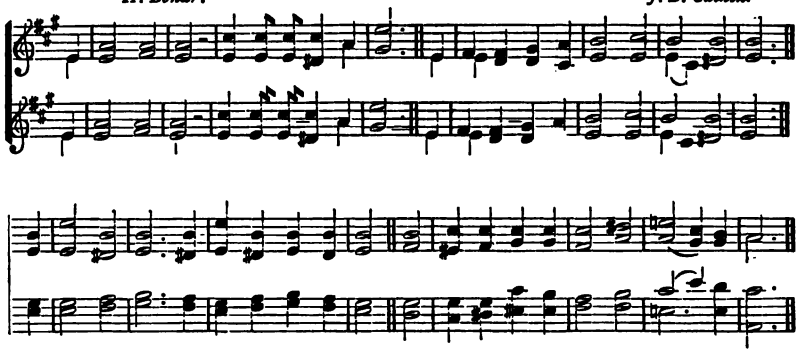
230 THOU ART COMING. EXPECTATION. P. M.
F. R. Havergal. *W. H. Monk.*

1 THOU art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King,
In thy beauty all-resplendent
In thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing;
Coming! In the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not thy golden bells?

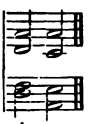
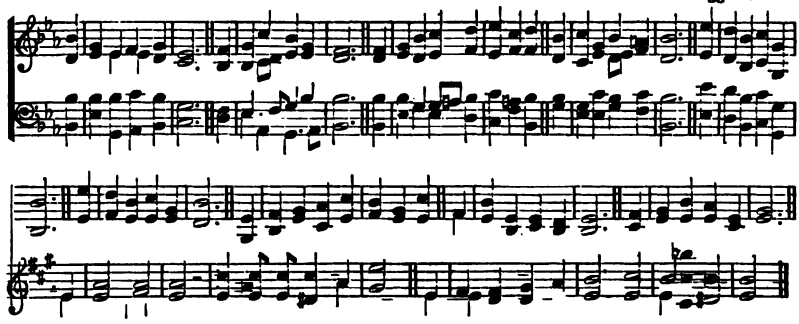
2 Thou art coming, thou art coming;
We shall meet thee on thy way,
We shall see thee, we shall know thee,
We shall bless thee, we shall show thee
All our hearts could never say;
What an anthem that will be,
Bringing out our love to thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At thine own all-glorious feet.

3 Thou art coming; at thy table
We are witnesses for this;
While remembering hearts thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss,

Showing not thy death alone,
And thy love exceeding great,
But thy coming, and thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

4 O the joy to see thee reigning,
Thee, my own beloved Lord!
Every tongue thy name confessing,
Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Brought to thee with one accord;
Thee, my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned,
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned.

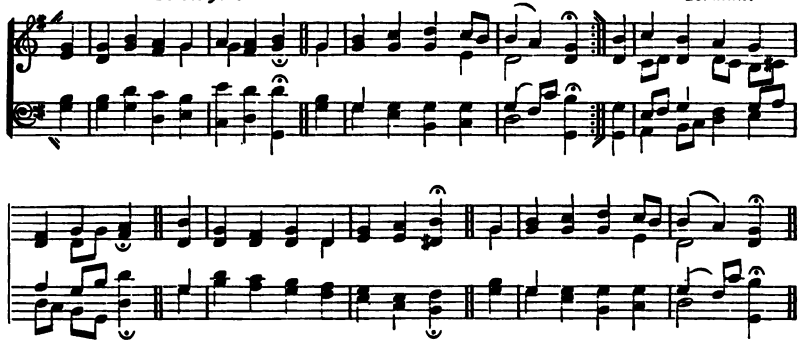
231 THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH. WINCHCOMBE. 10s.
H. Bonar. *J. B. Calkin.*

1 THE Bridegroom comes; Bride of the Lamb, awake!
The midnight cry is heard; thy sleep forsake.
The marriage-day has come; lift up thy head,
Put on thy bridal robe, the feast is spread.

2 Shake off earth's dirt, and wash thy weary feet;
Arise, make haste, go forth, the Bridegroom greet.
Sing the new song! thy triumph has begun;
Thy tears are wiped away, thy night is done!

232 WAITING FOR THE LORD. VIGILATE. S. M. D.
H. Bonar. *C. Steggall.*

1 THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps, a mourner yet.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!

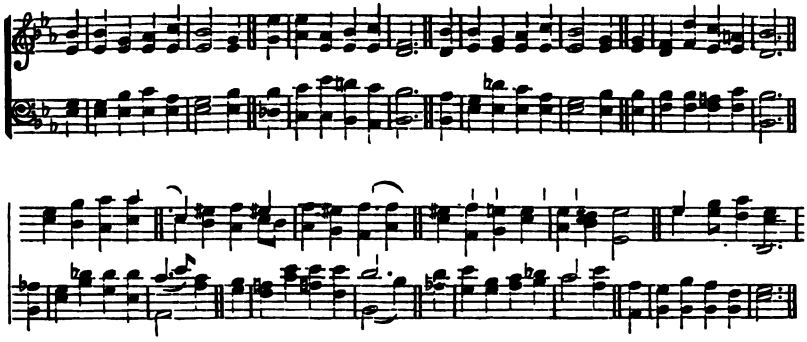
2 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side.
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn—
We laid them but to slumber there
Till the last glorious morn.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!

3 We long to hear thy voice,
To see thee face to face,
To share thy crown and glory then,
As now we share thy grace.
Should not the loving Bride
The absent Bridegroom mourn?
Should she not wear the weeds of grief
Until her Lord return?
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!

4 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!

233 2 THESSALONIANS iv. 16, 17. MONMOUTH. 87,87; 887.
W. B. Collyer. *German.*

1 GREAT God! what do I see and hear?—
The end of things created!
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds—the graves restore
The dead which they contained before!
Prepare, my soul, to meet him!

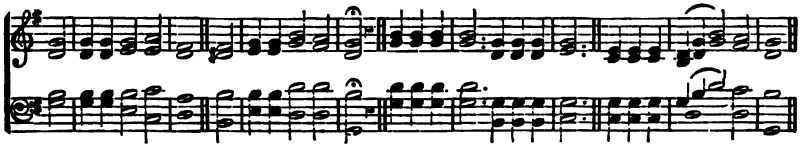
2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day,
On those prepared to meet him.

234 LAURENTI'S HYMN. EXULTATION. 7-6. D.
Tr. J. Borthwick. *H. Smart.*

1 REJOICE, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear,
The evening is advancing,
And midnight now is near;
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon he draweth nigh;
Up, up, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil,
And wait for your salvation—
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near:
Go meet him as he cometh,
With Hallelujahs clear.

3 Ye wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Until in songs of triumph
They meet the angel choir.
The marriage feast is waiting,
The doors wide open stand,
Be ready, then, to meet him,
The Bridegroom is at hand.

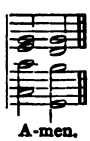
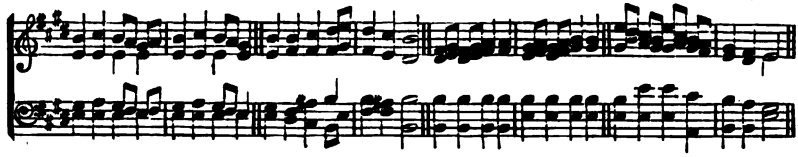
4 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
Arise, thou Sun, so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto thee!

235 SIN—SALVATION. PARAH. S. M.
I. Watts. *L. Mason.*

1 HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light
Over our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the curséd chain.

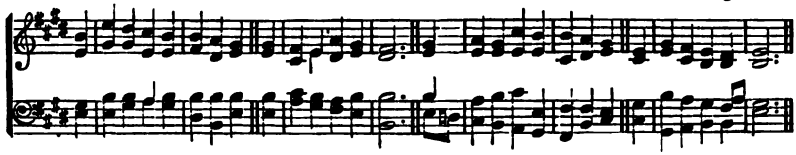
5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

236 A GRATEFUL LAY. SICILIAN HYMN. 8–7.
R. Robinson. *Sicilian.*

1 SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life, thus far, I'm come;
And, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

A-men.

237 ONE ALTOGETHER LOVELY. ST. PETER. C. M.
S. Stennet. *A. R. Reinagle.*

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
On my Redeemer's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

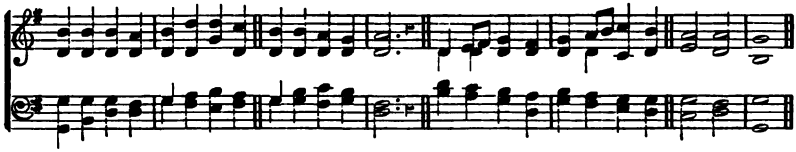
2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men:
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life, and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

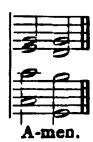
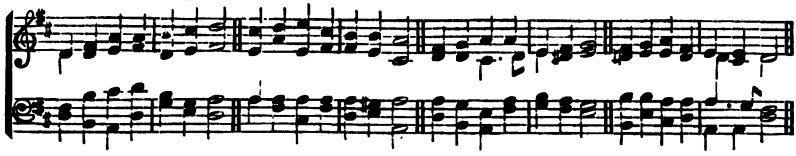
6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine!

238 A GREEK HYMN. STEPHANOS. 85,83.
Tr. J. M. Neale. *W. H. Monk.*

1 ART thou weary, art thou languid, art thou sore distrest?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming, be at rest!"

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him, if he be my Guide?—
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints, and his side."

3 If I find him, if I follow, what his guerdon here?—
"Many a sorrow, many a labor, many a tear."

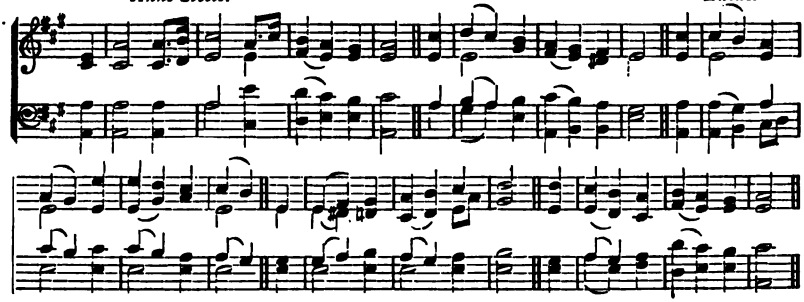
4 If I still hold closely to him, what hath he at last?—
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan passed."

5 If I ask him to receive me, will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven pass away."

239 ISAIAH xii. *W. Cowper.* LUBECK. 7s. *German.*

1 I WILL praise thee every day,
Now thine anger's turned away!
Comfort now and hope arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.

2 Jesus is become at length,
My salvation and my strength;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

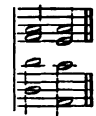
3 Praise ye, then, his glorious name,
Publish his exalted fame!
Still his worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.

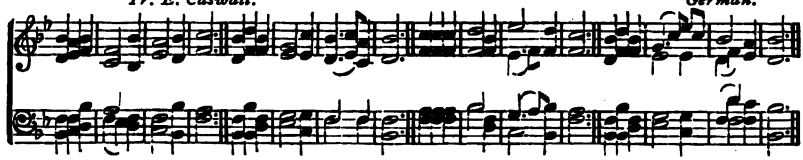
4 Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations roll it round!
Zion, shout, for this is he,
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

240 REDEEMING LOVE. *Anne Steele.* SWANWICK. C. M. *Lucas.*

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
O may his love—immortal flame—
|: Tune every heart and tongue. :|

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
‖: In wonder dies away. :‖

3 For us he left his throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came on earth to bleed and die—
‖: Was ever love like this? :‖

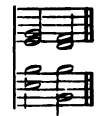
4 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
‖: And join the sacred song. :‖

241 VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS. MENDON. L. M.
Tr. E. Caswall. *German.*

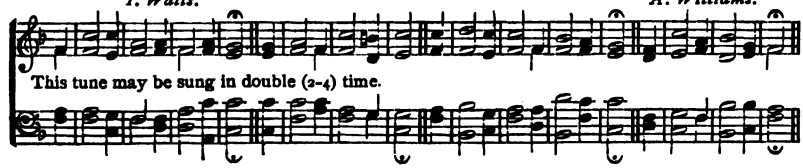


1 COME, O Creator-Spirit blest,
And in our souls take up thy rest;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Great Comforter, to thee we cry;
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
And sweet anointing from above!

3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

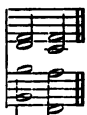
4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

242 COME, HOLY SPIRIT. MEAR. C. M.
I. Watts. *A. Williams.*



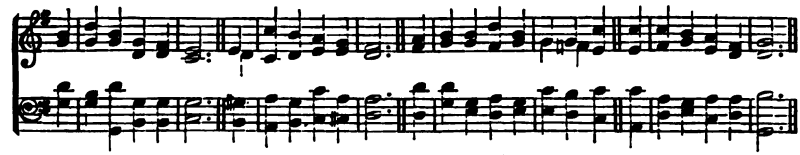
1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

A-men.

243 THE SPIRIT'S WORK. EASTNOR. S. M.
J. Hart. *A. King.*



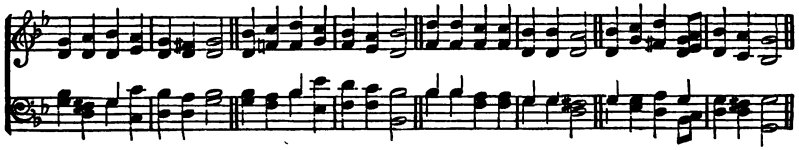
1 COME Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Our minds from bondage free.
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

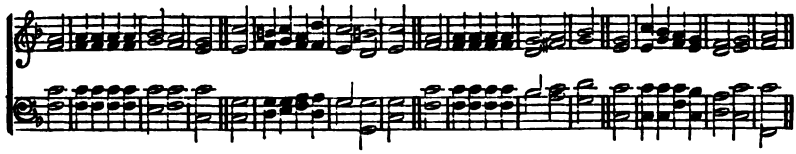
244 TO THE HOLY GHOST. NORWICH. 7s.
A. Reed. *English.*

1 HOLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all-divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme,—and reign alone.

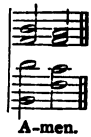
245 WAITING FOR THE PROMISE. ASHWELL. L. M.
J. Montgomery. *L. Mason.*

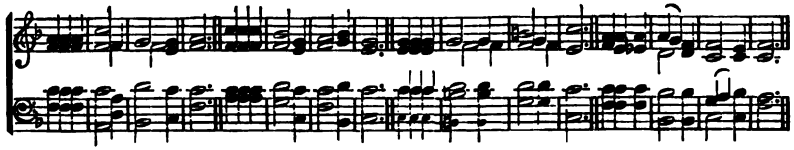


1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

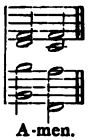
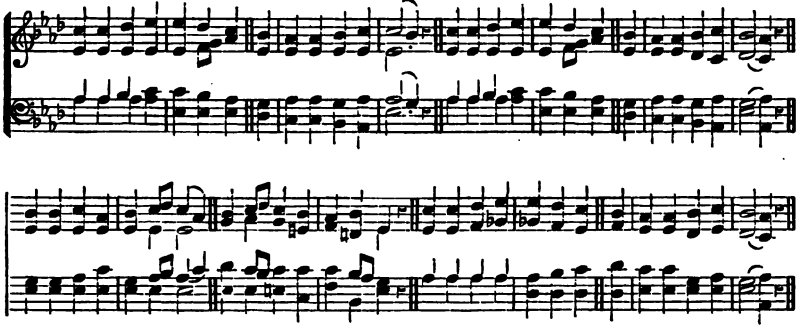
3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light
Confusion—order, in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations, far and nigh;
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

A-men.

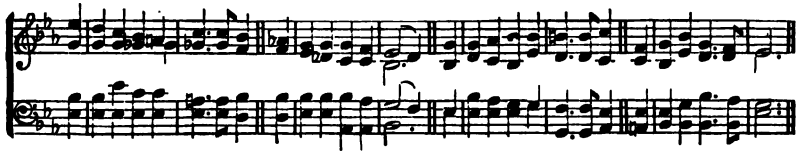
246 ENLIGHTENING GRACE. QUEBEC. L. M.
B. Beddome. *H. Baker.*

1 COME, blesséd Spirit! source of light!
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night—
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes, display
The glorious truth thy word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Thy book unfold, and loose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

247 THE WITNESSING SPIRIT. LUDWIG. 76,76; 77,76.
C. Wesley. *From Beethoven.*

1 BLESSED Comforter, come down,
And live and move in me;
Make my every deed thy own,
In all things led by thee;
Bid each evil thought depart,
Now with me vouchsafe to dwell;
Faithful Witness, in my heart
Thy perfect love reveal.

2 Let me in thy love rejoice,
Thy shrine, thy pure abode;
Tell me, by thine inward voice,
I am a child of God:
Lord, I choose the better part,
Lord, I wait thy peace to feel;
Send the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

248 THE SPIRIT OF ADOPTION. REFUGE. C. M.
I. Watts. *J. Barnby.*

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

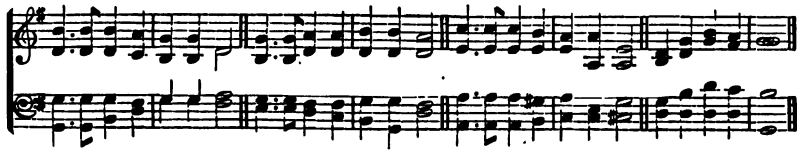
2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

A-men.

249 THE COMFORTER. PENTECOST. 77,75.
G. Rawson. *A. S. Sullivan.*



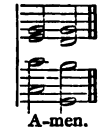
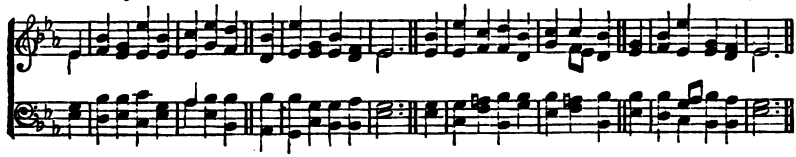
1 HOLY GHOST, the Infinite!
Shine upon our nature's night
With thy blesséd inward light,
Comforter Divine!

2 We are sinful: cleanse us, Lord;
We are faint: thy strength afford;
Lost,—until by thee restored,
Comforter Divine!

3 Like the dew, thy peace distill;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine!

4 In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine!

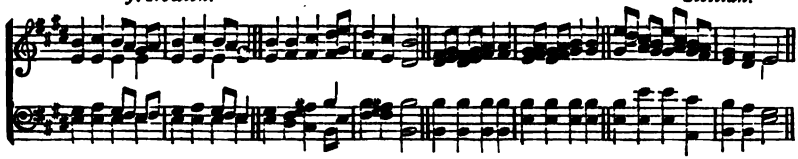
5 In us "Abba, Father," cry—
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,—
Comforter Divine!

6 Search for us the depths of God;
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of thine abode,
Comforter Divine!

250 MAGNIFICAT. LONDON. C. M.
J. Mason. *Scottish.*

1 MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice
In God, my Saviour and my God;
I hear his joyful voice.

2 I need not go abroad for joy,
Who have a feast at home,
My sighs are turned to happy songs,
The Comforter is come.

3 Down from on high the blessed Dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love;
This is my heavenly feast.

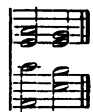
251 "REVIVE THY WORK." SICILIAN HYMN. 8–7.
J. Newton. *Sicilian.*

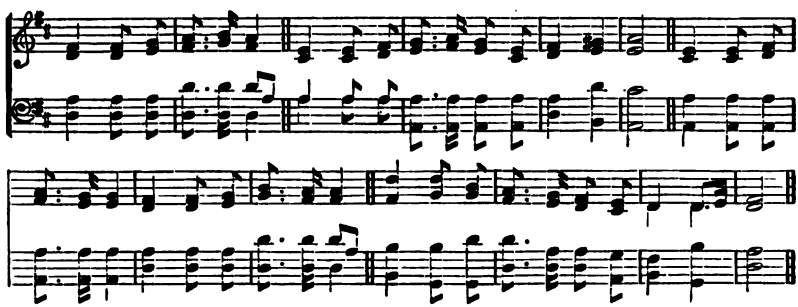


1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;—
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's enticing snares.

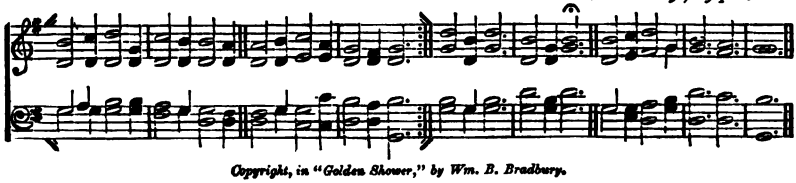
4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

A-men.

252 KING ROBERT'S HYMN. BAYLEY. 6–4.
Tr. R. Palmer. *E. L. White.*

1 COME, Holy Ghost,—in love
Shed on us from above Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good thou art; Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart: O come to-day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful guest, With soothing power;
Rest, which the weary know, Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow, Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill; Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but thine; Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine, And make us blest!

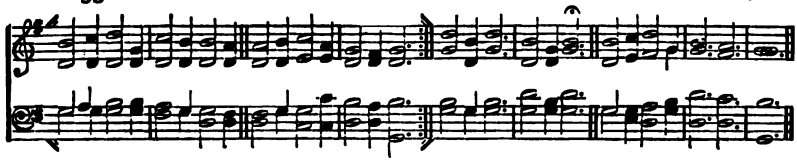
4 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess, His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward; Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord, Eternal joy!

253 "EVEN ME." EVEN ME. 87,87; 337.
E. Codner. *W. B. Bradbury; by per.*

Copyright, in "Golden Shower," by Wm. B. Bradbury.

1 PASS me not, O God, our Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me—
Even me; even me.
Let thy mercy light on me.

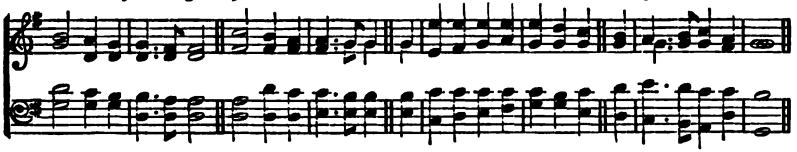
2 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and cling to thee;
For I'm longing for thy favor;
While thou 'rt calling, call thou me—
Even me; even me.
While thou 'rt calling, call thou me.

3 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;

253. CONTINUED. EVEN ME.

Witnesser of Jesus' merit!
Speak some word of power to me—
Even me; even me.
Speak some word of power to me.

4 Love of God—so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ—so rich and free;
Grace of God—so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me!—
Even me; even me.
Magnify it all in me.

254 SEEKING REST. ADVENT. S. M.
J. Montgomery. *J. B. Calkin.*

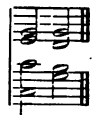
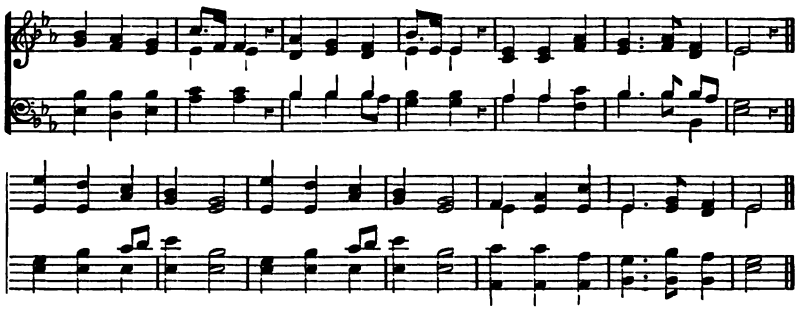


1 O WHERE shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

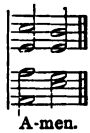
3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

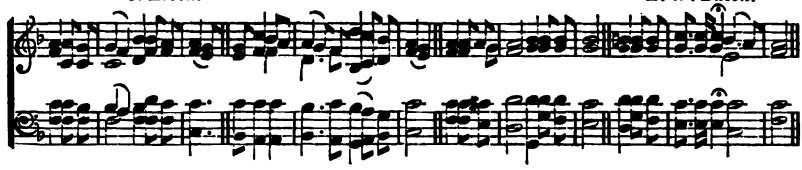
4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

255 A SORE LAMENT. GARNET. P. M.
T. Hastings. *T. Hastings.*

1 FORGIVE my folly, O Lord most holy;
Cleanse me from every stain;
For thee I languish; pity my anguish,
Nor let my sighing be vain.

2 Deeply repenting, sorely lamenting
All my departures from thee;
And now returning, thine absence mourning
Lord, show thy mercy to me.

3 Sinful, unworthy, trembling before thee,
Here at thy cross will I kneel;
Thy love once bleeding, now interceding,
Shall for my ransom avail.

4 Through thy rich merit, by thy free Spirit,
Comfort my desolate soul:
Heavenly Physician, in kind compassion
Now bid the wounded be whole.

256 THE PUBLICAN'S PRAYER. MISERERE. L. M.
C. Elven. *L. W. Bacon.*



1 WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me!

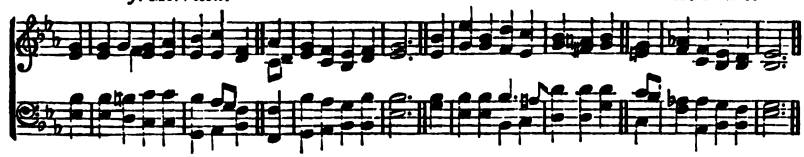
3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God be merciful to me!

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me!

A-men.

257 HOSEA vi. 1-3. EUSTON ROAD. C. M.
J. Morrison. *H. Smart.*



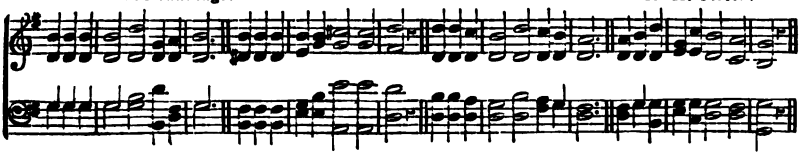
1 COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return!
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
His arm, though it be strong to smite,
Is also strong to save.

3 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him and rejoice:
His coming like the morn shall be;
Like morning songs his voice.

4 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;

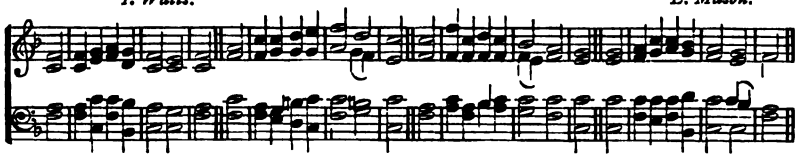
5 So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

258 CONSECRATION. HARMONY GROVE. L. M.
P. Doddridge. *H. K. Oliver.*

1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 'Tis done; the great transaction's done:
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

259 PHILIPPIANS iii. 7–9. UXBRIDGE. L. M.
I. Watts. *L. Mason.*

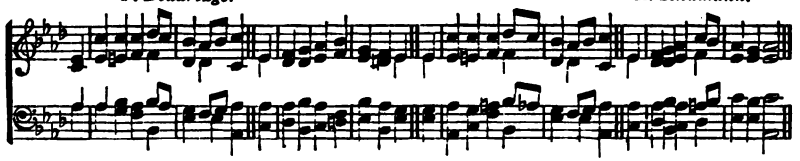


1 NO more, my God, I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done:
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

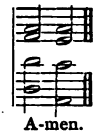
3 Yes,—and I must, and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

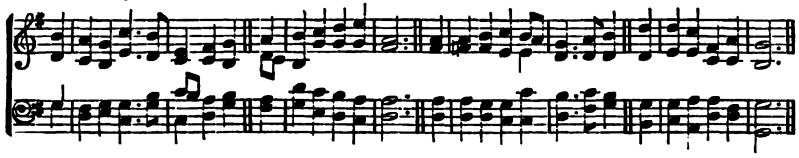
260 PHILIPPIANS i. 21. CHESTER. L. M.
P. Doddridge. *R. Schumann.*

1 MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good,
Nor future days or powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live;
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love's constraining power.

A-men.

261 THE MERCY-SEAT. FAITH. C. M.
J. Newton. *J. B. Dykes.*

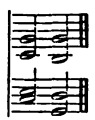


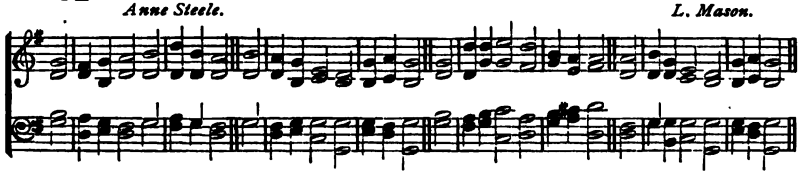
1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea—
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

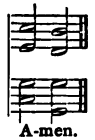
4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

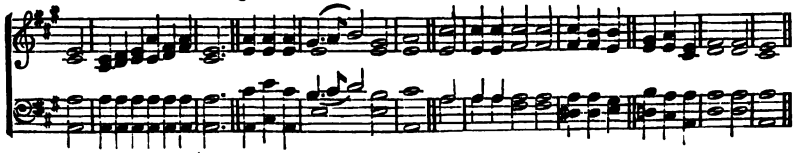
5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

A-men.

262 THE SOUL'S REPOSE. ROCKINGHAM. L. M.
Anne Steele. *L. Mason.*

1 NOW I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

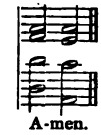
2 O be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

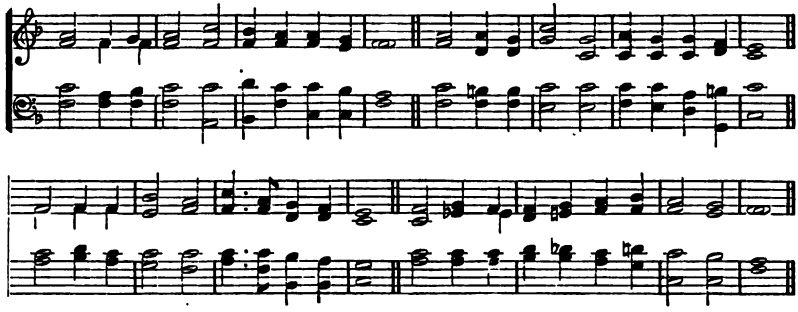
3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

4 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

A-men.

263 "I CAN—I WILL." HERMON. C. M.
W. M. Bunting. *L. Mason.*

1 WHILE yet the life-proclaiming word
Doth through my conscience thrill,
Breathe life; and lo! divinely stirred,
I can repent, I will.

2 Thou that to will in me hast wrought,
Haste, work in me to do;
And, lest the purpose leave my thought,
Now my whole heart renew.

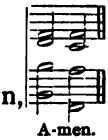
3 Dying Redeemer, to thy breast,
A dying soul I flee;
Bid me be reconciled, and blest,
And born of God, through thee.

264 WEARY AND HEAVY-LADEN.

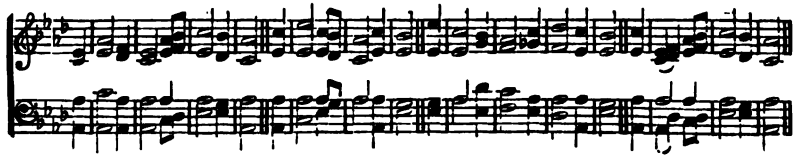
S. J. Stone. — LANGRAN. 10s. *J. Langran.*

1 WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heav'n and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home;
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

4 'Twas he who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heav'n, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.

5 Yea, thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord:
Thine all the merit, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.

265 A RETURNING WANDERER. MARTYRDOM. C. M.
Anne Steele. *H. Wilson.*



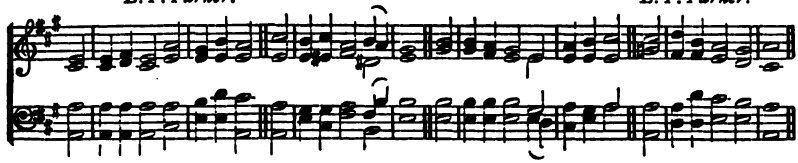
1 O THOU whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;—

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—"Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

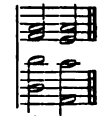
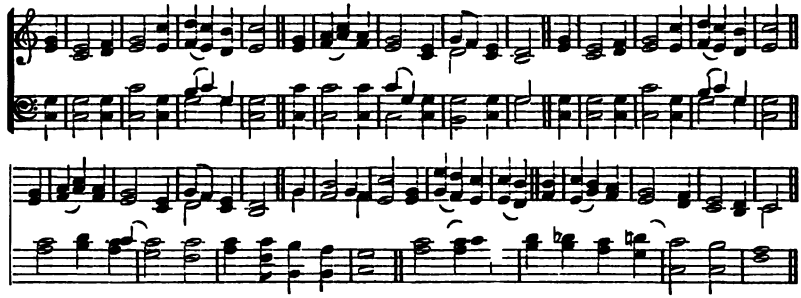
4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

A-men.

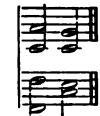
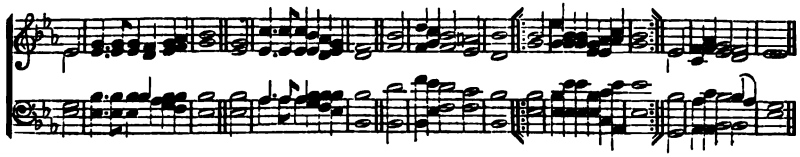
266 "I WILL ARISE." ARDEN. C. M.
E. P. Parker. *E. P. Parker.*

1 A STRANGER in a barren land,
Weary and faint I roam;
Why did I scorn a Father's yoke,
Or leave my happy home?

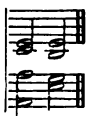
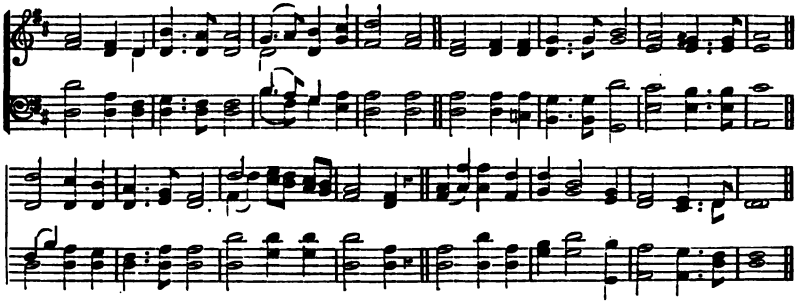
2 I will arise, I will return
And seek my Father's face;
Tell him my sorrow, sin, and shame,
And plead his pardoning grace.

3 O Father, thy poor, sinful child
Returns, at length, to thee!
Unworthy to be called thy son;
Let me thy servant be!

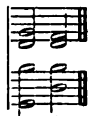
4 He meets me yet a great way off,
And clasps me to his breast;
He takes me to his home again,
And gives the wanderer rest.

267 RETURNING TO JESUS. ST. PETERSBURG. L. M. 61.
C. Wesley. *Russian.*

1 WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod:
Yet not in hopeless grief I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

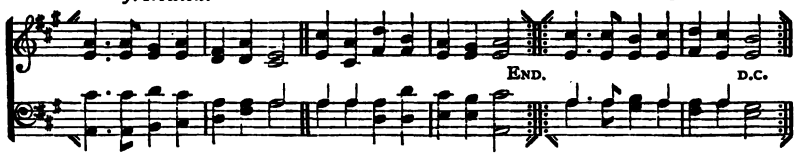
2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,—
More full of grace than I of sin,—
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms, and take me in!
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love thy faithless servant still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallén spirit to restore;
O, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

268 SAVED BY HOPE. MERIBAH. C. P. M.
Anne Steele. *L. Mason.*

1 BRIGHT scenes of bliss,—unclouded skies,
Invite my soul;—O, could I rise,
Nor leave a thought below,
I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
And say, to every tempting snare,—
Heaven calls, and I must go:—

2 Heaven calls,—and can I yet delay?
Can aught on earth engage my stay?
Ah! wretched lingering heart!
Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and light,
Assist and guide my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.

269 THE MERCY-SEAT. CONSOLATION. 11,10; 11,10.
T. Moore. *S. Webbe.*

1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish:
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

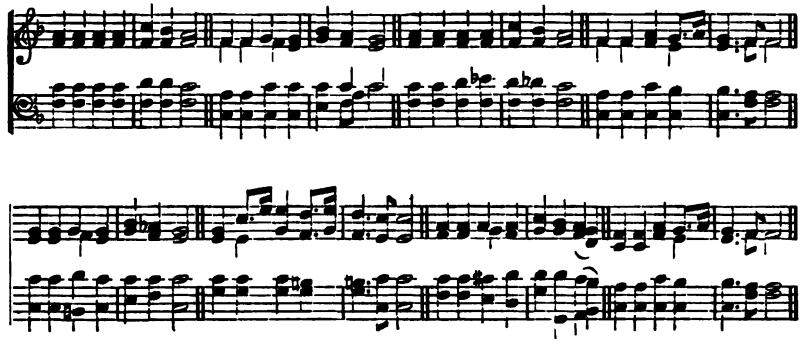
2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love: come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

270 LONGING FOR REST. SPANISH HYMN. 7s. D.

J. Newton. *Unknown.*

1 DOES the Gospel-word proclaim
Rest for those that weary be?
Then, my soul, put in thy claim—
Sure that promise speaks to thee;
Marks of grace I cannot show,
All polluted is my best;
But I weary am, I know,
And the weary long for rest.

2 Burdened with a load of sin,
Harassed with tormenting doubt,
Hourly conflicts from within,
Hourly crosses from without;
All my little strength is gone,
Sink I must without supply;
Sure upon the earth is none
Can more weary be than I.

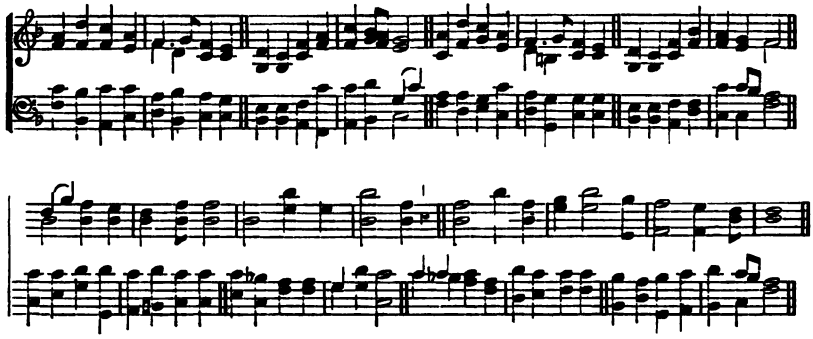
3 In the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting-place;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace:
Tempest-tossed I long have been,
And the flood increases fast;
Open, Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast!

271 PILGRIMAGE BEGUN. CLEVELAND. 7s. D.
G. Crabbe. *From Blumenthal.*

1 PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait:
Knock—he knows the sinner's cry;
Weep—he loves the mourner's tears;
Watch, for saving grace is nigh;
Wait, till heavenly light appears.

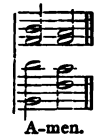
2 Hark, it is the Saviour's voice!
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!
Now within the gate, rejoice,
Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest.
Safe, from all the lures of vice;
Owned, by joys the contrite know;
Bought by love, and life the price;
Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

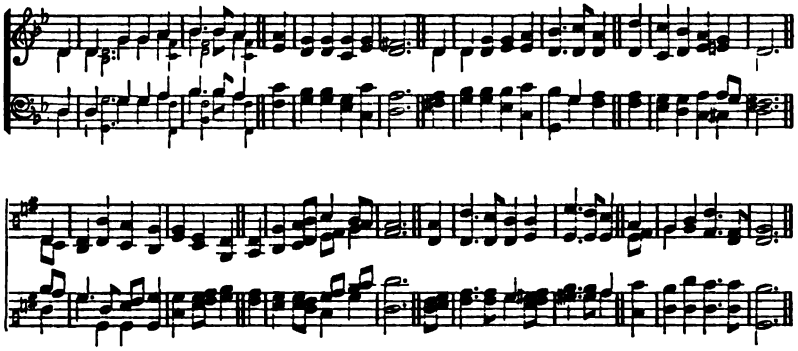
3 Holy pilgrim, what for thee
In a world like this remains?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubts, and pains:
Fear—the hope of heaven shall fly,
Shame, from glory's view retire;
Doubt, in full belief shall die,
Pain, in endless bliss expire.

A-men.

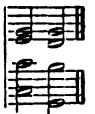
272 BEARING THE CROSS. BETHABARA. 8–7. D.
H. F. Lyte. *H. Smart.*

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, henceforth, my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,—
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,—
God and heaven are still my own!

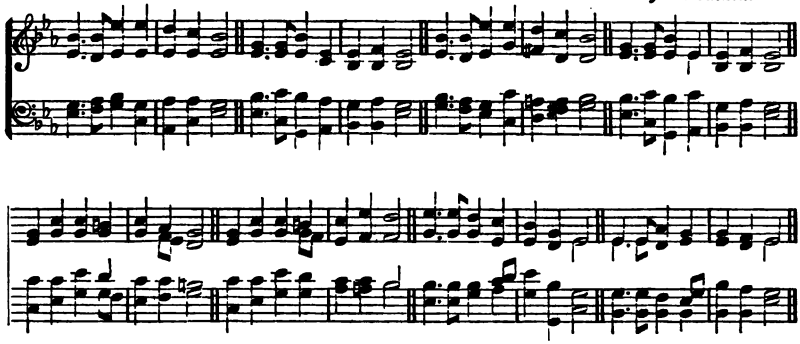
2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me:—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
O while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;—
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will give me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me—
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

A-men.

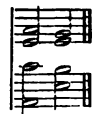
273 THE VOICE OF JESUS. VOX DILECTI. C. M. D.
H. Bonar. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast:"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

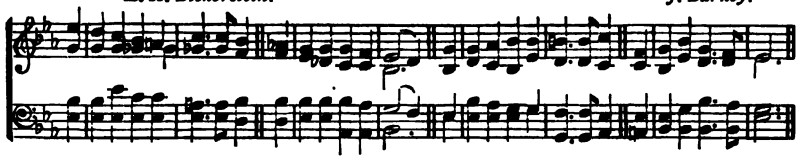
2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water! thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream:
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light:
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

A-men.

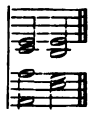
274 CRY FOR GUIDANCE. RAMOTH. 7s. D.
A. E. Evans. *J. B. Calkin.*

1 LORD, to thee alone we turn,
To thy cross for succor fly;
There, as penitents, to learn
How to live, and how to die.
Sinful, we before thee fall,
Helpless, for thy help we plead;
Hear us, as on thee we call,
Aid us in our time of need.

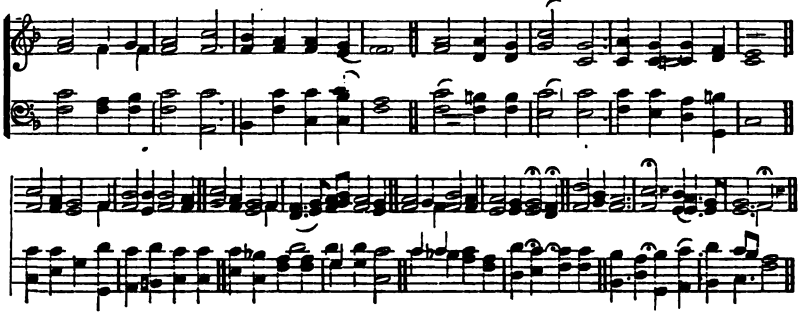
2 In the midst of sin and strife,
In the depths of mortal woe,
Teach us, Lord, to live a life
Meet for sojourners below.
Though the road be often dark,
Though our feet in weakness stray,
Lead us, Saviour, as the Ark
Led thy chosen on their way.

3 Weak, and weary, and alone,
When the vale of death we tread,
Then be all thy mercy shown,
Then be all thy love displayed.
Guard us in that gloomy hour,
Guide us to the land of rest,
Where, secure from Satan's power,
We shall lean upon thy breast.

A-men.

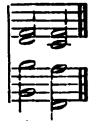
275 FLEEING FOR REFUGE. REFUGE. C. M.
E. H. Bickersteth. *J. Barnby.*

1 O JESUS, Saviour of the lost,
My Rock and Hiding-place,
By storms of sin and sorrow tossed,
I seek thy sheltering grace.

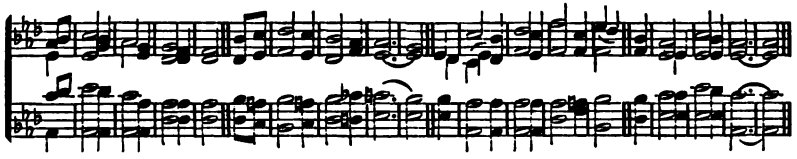
2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord! I cry,
Pursued by foes, I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die;
An outcast, take me home.

3 Once safe in thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain;
There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.

A-men.

276 THE SACRIFICES OF GOD. OFFERTORY. 77,77; 88,88.
J. S. B. Monsell. *R. Redhead.*

1 HOLY off'rings rich and rare,
Offérings of praise and prayer,
Purer life and purpose high,
Claspéd hands, uplifted eye,
Lowly acts of adoration,
To the God of our salvation—
On his altar laid we leave them;
Christ, present them! God receive them.

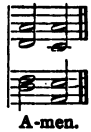
2 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be
Could we cling more close to thee,
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help thy grace in its prevailings—
On thine altar laid we leave them;
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

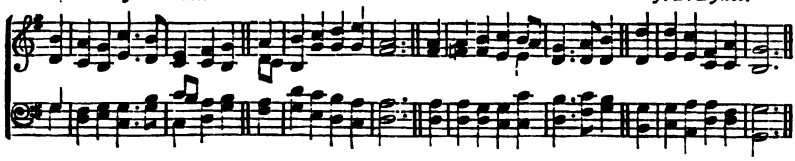
3 Homage of each humble heart,
Ere we from thy house depart;
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy;
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender—
On thine altar laid we leave them,
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

277 A PENITENT PRAYER. MANOAH. C. M.
Anne Steele. *From Rossini.*



1 O GRACIOUS God in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

2 Increase my faith—increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

3 O keep me in the heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

278 JOEL ii. 13. FAITH. C. M.
J. Chandler. *J. B. Dykes.*



1 O SINNER, bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer,
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

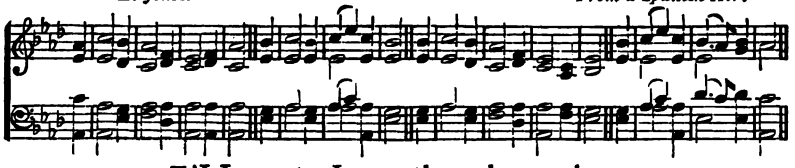
2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee;
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.

3 O let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the lifted rod.

4 O righteous Judge, if thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

A-men.

279 ESTHER iv. 16. BALERMA. C. M.
E. Jones. *From a Spanish Air.*



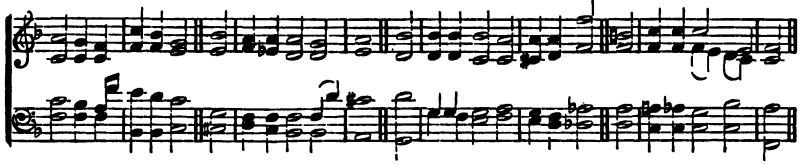
1 I'LL go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

2 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

3 Surely he will admit my plea,
Will surely hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

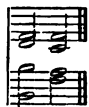
4 I can but perish, if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

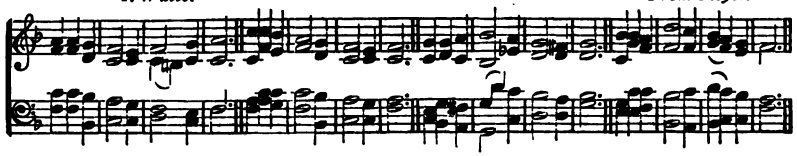
280 COMING TO THE ARK. MONTGOMERY. S. M.
J. Montgomery. *L. W. Bacon.*

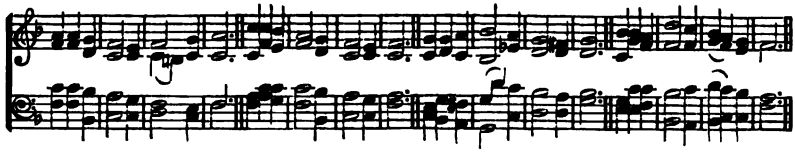


1 O CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God;
Behold the open door;
O haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

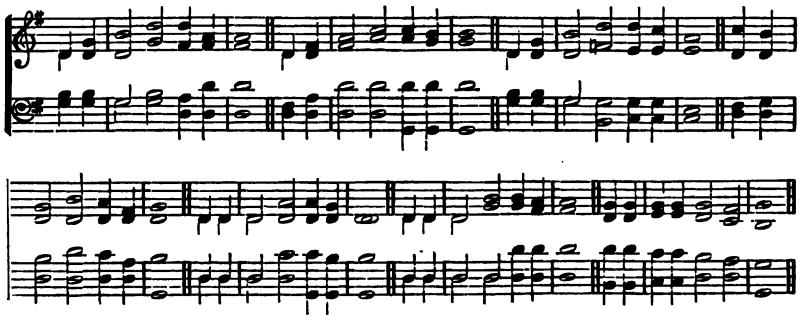
3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

A-men.

281 AT THE CROSS. GRACE CHURCH. L. M.
I. Watts. *From Pleyel.*

1 HERE, at thy cross, my gracious Lord,
I lay my soul beneath thy love:
Here be it sprinkled with thy blood,
Nor ever from thy feet remove!

281. CONTINUED. GRACE CHURCH.

2 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved, for 'tis my last defence,
If I must perish, here to die.

3 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

4 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim:
Hosanna to my Saviour God!
And loudest praises to his name.

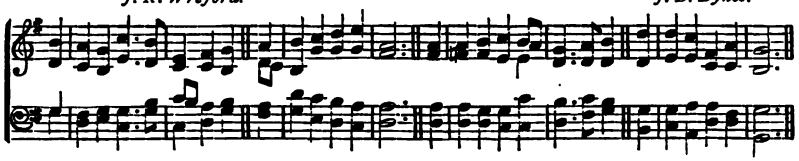
282 "PITY, LORD." *Unknown Writer.* DUFFIELD. 7s. 6l. *L. W. Bacon.*

1 PITY, Lord, the child of clay,
Who can only weep and pray—
Only on thy love depend:
Thou who art the sinner's friend—
Thou, the sinner's only plea—
‖: Jesus, Saviour, pity me!

2 From thy flock, a straying lamb,
Tender Shepherd, though I am;
Now upon the mountain cold,
Lost, I long to gain the fold,
And within thine arms to be:
‖: Jesus, Saviour, pity me! :‖

3 O where stillest streams are poured,
In green pastures, lead me, Lord!
Bring me back, where angels sound
Joy to the poor wanderer found;
Evermore my Shepherd be:
‖: Jesus, Saviour, pity me! :‖

A-men.

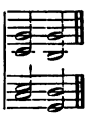
283 MARK ix. 24. FAITH. C. M.
J. R. Wreford. *J. B. Dykes.*

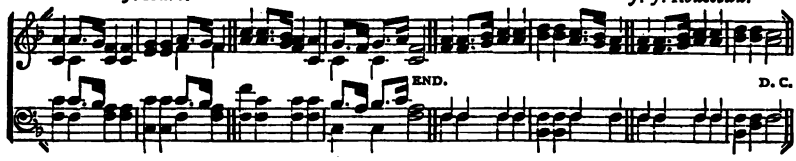


1 LORD, I believe; thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

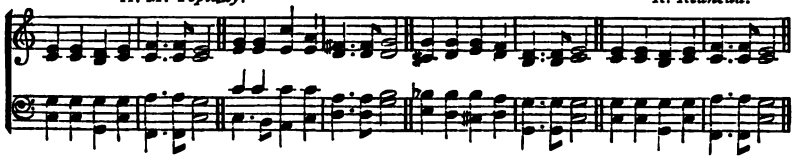
3 Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak:
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek!

4 Yes! I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief,
Lord! to thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help thou mine unbelief!"

A-men.

284 "VENTURE ON HIM." GREENVILLE. 8-7-4.
J. Hart. *J. J. Rousseau.*

1 COME, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous, Sinners, Jesus came to call.

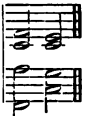
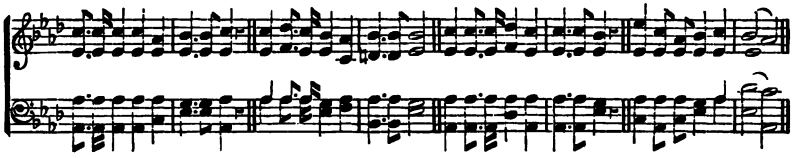
2 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him:
Hear him cry before he dies,
It is finished! Sinners, will not this suffice?

3 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus Can do helpless sinners good.

285 JOHN iii. 14, 15. HOLYROOD. 7s.
A. M. Toplady. *R. Redhead.*

1 WEARY sinner! keep thine eyes
On th' atoning Sacrifice;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee.

2 Surely Christ thy griefs hath borne;
Weeping soul, no longer mourn:
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him;
Find him mighty to redeem:
At his feet thy burden lay;
Look thy doubts and cares away.

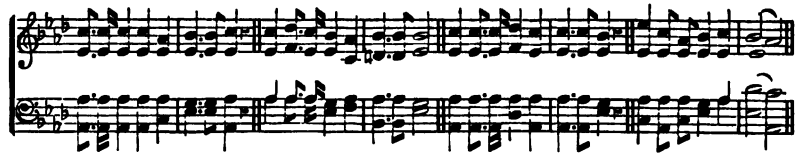
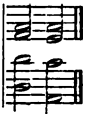
4 Lord, come thou with power to heal;
Now thy mighty arm reveal:
At thy feet myself I lay;
Take, O take my sins away!

286 JUST AS I AM. PARK CHURCH. 888,4.
C. Elliot. *From Gounod. B. P. L.*

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

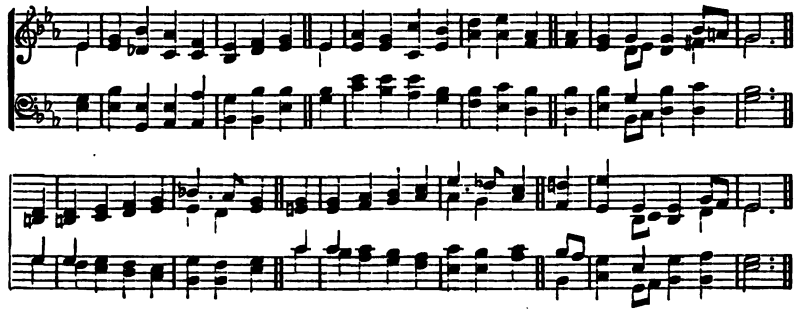
3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

286. CONTINUED. PARK CHURCH.

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

A-men.

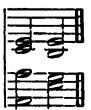
287 THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

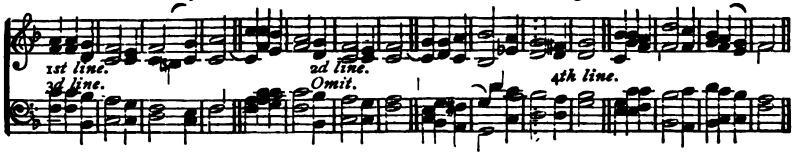
A. M. Toplady. MERRICK. C. P. M. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood:
That righteousness my robe shall be,
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,

His consolations send:
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,—
"Thy Maker is thy friend."

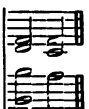
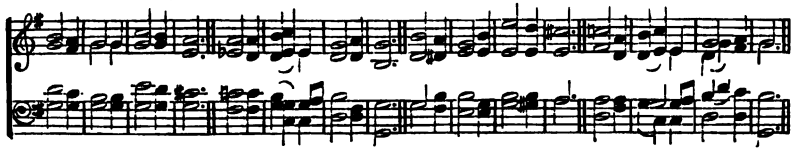
4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

288 THE ONLY SAVIOUR. HAMBURG. L. M.
C. Wesley. *Gregorian. Arr. Mason.*



1 JESUS, the sinner's friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.

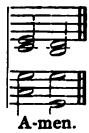
2 Pity and save my sin-sick soul,
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am till thou art mine.

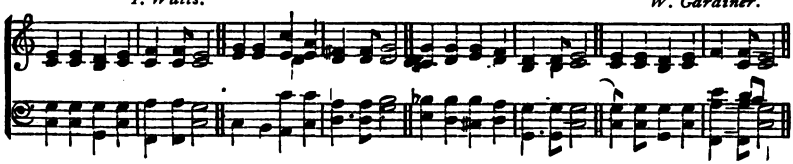
3 At length I own it can not be
That I should fit myself for thee,
Here now to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but thou art love;
I give up every plea beside—
Lord, I am lost, but thou hast died.

289 LEARNING OF CHRIST. MIZPEH. 7s.
W. H. Furness. *From Beethoven.*

1 FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live and learn to die?
Who, O God, my guide shall be?
Who shall lead thy child to thee?

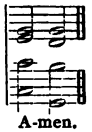
2 Blesséd Father, gracious One!
Thou hast sent thy holy Son;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.

3 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live and learn to die:—

4 Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above;
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee, my Saviour, near.

A-men.

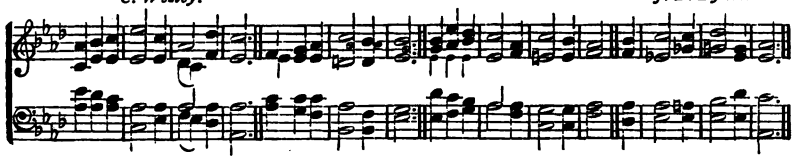
290 MARK ix. 24. DEDHAM. C. M.
I. Watts. *W. Gardiner.*

1 LO, there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho! ye despairing sinners! come,
And trust upon the Lord."

2 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord!
O help my unbelief.

3 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour, and my all.

291 CHRIST A REFUGE.

C. Wesley.

BEATITUDE. C. M.

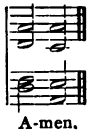
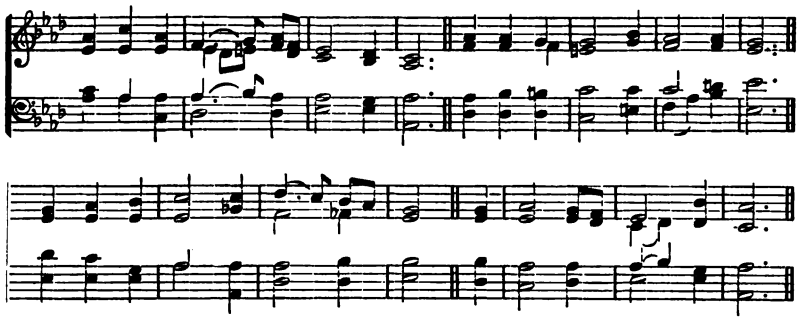
J. B. Dykes.

1 NOW to the haven of thy breast,
O Son of man, I fly;
Be thou my refuge and my rest,
For O, the storm is high.

2 Protect me from the furious blast;
My shield and shelter be:
Hide me, my Saviour, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

3 As welcome as the water-spring
Is to a barren place,
Jesus, descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet, refreshing grace.

4 As o'er a parched and weary land,
A rock extends its shade,
So hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
And screen my naked head.

5 In all the times of my distress,
Thou hast my succor been;
And, in my utter helplessness,
Restraining me from sin.

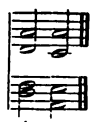
6 How swift to save me didst thou move
In every trying hour!
O, still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

292 THE FRIEND UNSEEN. SOUTHARD. 888,6.
C. Elliot. *Arr. L. W. Bacon.*

1 O HOLY Saviour! Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee!

2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I'll not repine;
For, as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to thee.

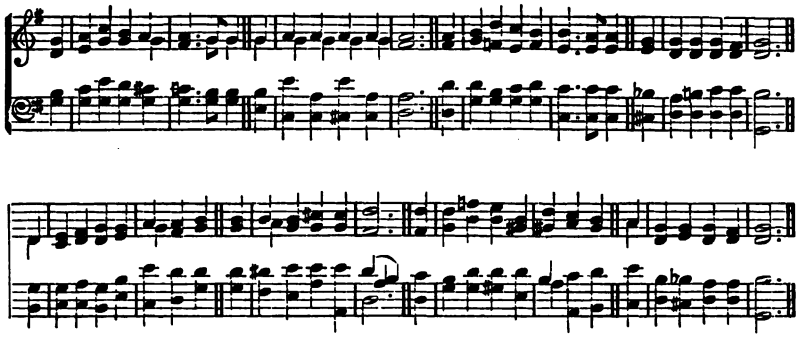
3 Though far from home, fatigued, opprest,
Here have I found a place of rest;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
Because I cling to thee.

4 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to thee.

5 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

6 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

A-men.

293 A HIDING-PLACE. ST. LEONARD'S. C. M. D.
T. Raffles. *H. Hiles.*



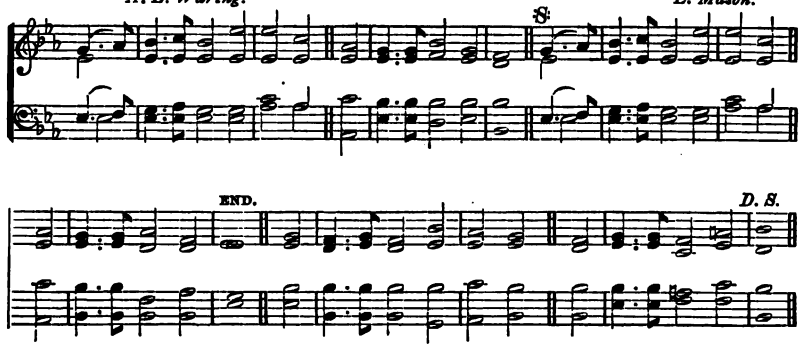
1 THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord!
In thee I put my trust,
Encouraged by thy holy word,—
A feeble child of dust.
I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea;
And 'tis enough the Saviour died,
The Saviour died for me!

2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the vail.
From strife of tongues, and bitter words,
My spirit flies to thee;
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me!

3 And when thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away;—
Then, though it be in accents weak,
My voice shall call on thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak,
"My Saviour died for me."

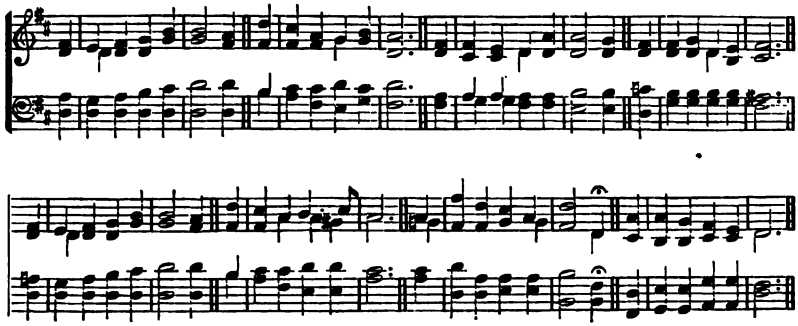
A-men.

294 CONFIDING IN GOD. TULLY. 7-6. D.

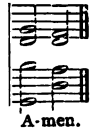
A. L. Waring. *L. Mason.*

1 IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

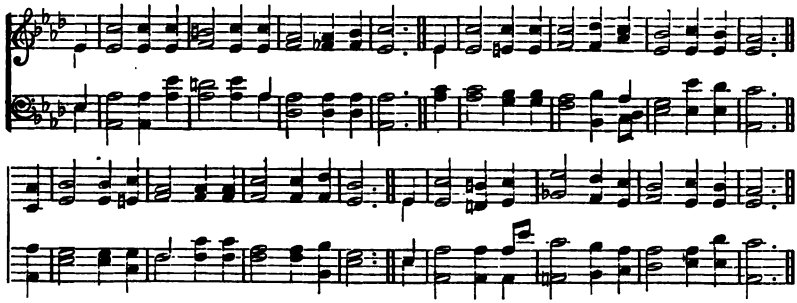
2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me.
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

295 MATTHEW vi. 30. HULLAH. 7-6. D.
J. Newton. *J. Hullah.*

1 IN holy contemplation,
Now let our souls pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

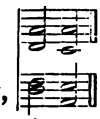
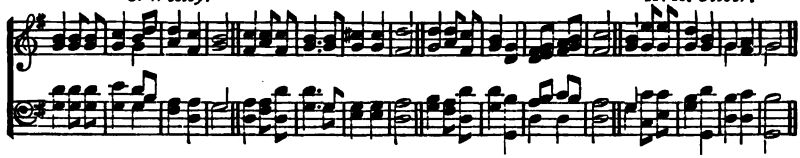
2 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

3 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

A-men.

296 LOOKING TO JESUS. PAULINA. 11s.
Unknown Writer. *Donizetti. Arr. L. W. B.*

1 O EYES that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more!
The light of his countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

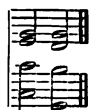
2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;
I know that his presence my safeguard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" he saith unto me.

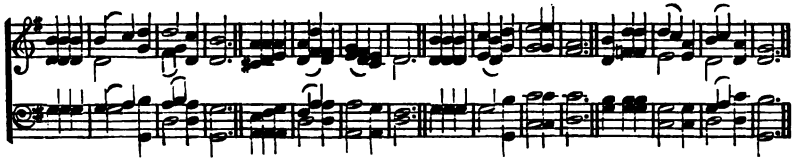
3 Still looking to Jesus, O may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round:
They bear me away in his presence to be:
I see him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;
Shall know how his love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

297 JOHN vi. 68. FEDERAL STREET. L. M.
C. Wesley. *H. K. Oliver.*

1 WHITHER, O, whither should I fly,
But to my loving Father's breast!
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest!

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

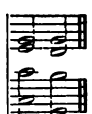
3 I have no skill the snare to shun;
But thou, O God, my wisdom art:
I ever into ruin run;
But thou art greater than my heart.

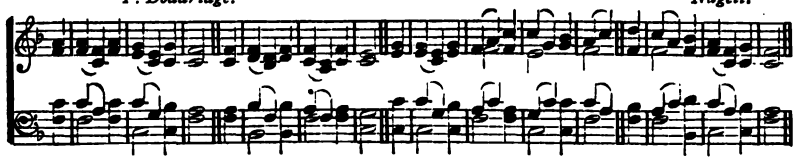
4 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

A-men.

298 SAVED BY HOPE. ROSE HILL. L. M.
Unknown Writer. *G. F. Root.*

1 O GOD, thy grace and blessing give
To us who on thy name attend,
That we this mortal life may live
Regardful of our journey's end.

2 Teach us to know that Jesus died
And rose again our souls to save;
Teach us to take him as our guide,
Our help, from childhood to the grave.

3 Then shall not death with terror come,
But welcome as a bidden guest,
The herald of a better home,
The messenger of peace and rest.

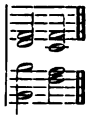
4 And when the awful signs appear
Of judgment and the throne above,
Our hearts still fixed, we shall not fear;
God is our trust; and God is love.

A-men.

299 PSALM lv. 22. *P. Doddridge.* DENNIS. S. M. *Nägeli.*

1 HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care."

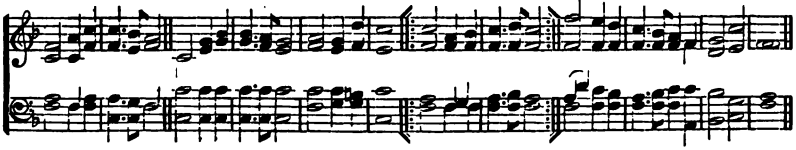
2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Through each succeeding day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

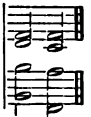
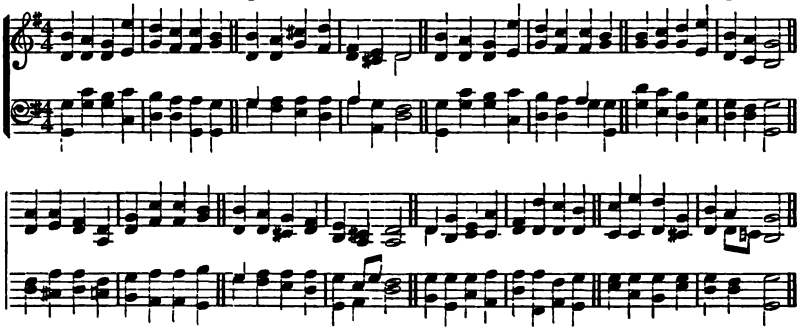


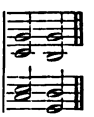
A-men.

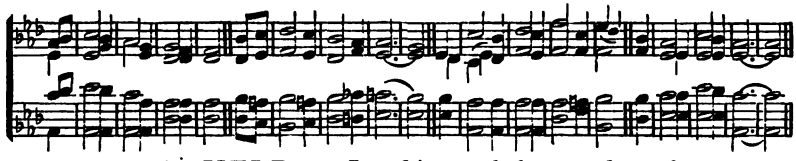
300 "MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE." *R. Palmer.* OLIVET. 6-4. *L. Mason.*

1 MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me, O may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be—A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away
Nor let me ever stray From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love, Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above—A ransomed soul.

301 "GENTLY, LORD." CHRISTI GRATIA. 8–7. D.
Thomas Hastings. *A. R. Reinagle.*

1 GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears:
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

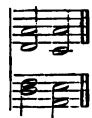
2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,—
Suffer not our souls to fear:
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on thy bosom rest,
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

302 "LORD HELP US." MANOAH. C. M.
H. H. Milman. *From Rossini.*

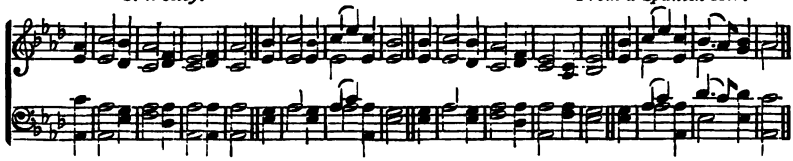


1 O HELP us, Lord!—each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought and word and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O help us when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more!

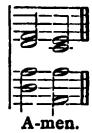
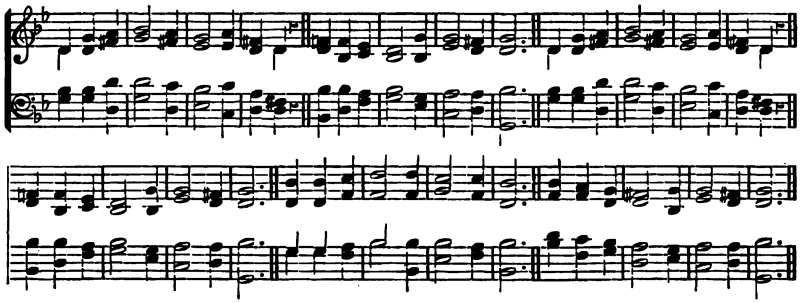
3 O help us, through the power of faith,
More firmly to believe!
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O help us, Jesus! from on high;
We know no help but thee;
O help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be!

A-men.

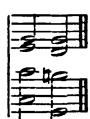
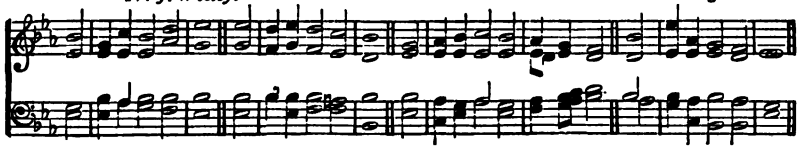
303 JOHN xiii. 8, 9. BALERMA. C. M.
C. Wesley. *From a Spanish Air.*

1 FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side:
This all my hope, and all my plea—
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own:
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

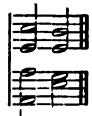
4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

304 NEUMARCK'S HYMN. WEIMAR. 98,98; 88.
Tr. C. Winkworth. *G. Neumarck.*

1 IF thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in him through all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee,
And bear thee through the evil days;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that naught can move.

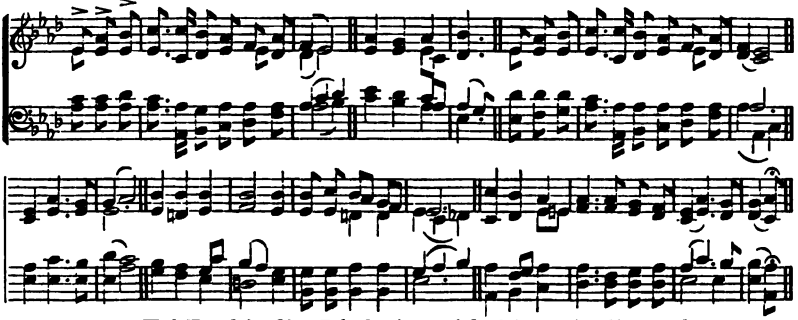
2 What can these anxious cares avail thee—
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help if thou bewail thee
O'er each dark moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

3 God knows full well the hour of gladness
Shall be the needful thing for thee.
When he has tried thy soul with sadness
And from all guile has found thee free,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own his loving care.

305 PAUL GERHARD'S HYMM.. DOVER. S. M.
Tr. J. Wesley. *English.*

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day

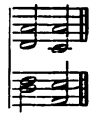
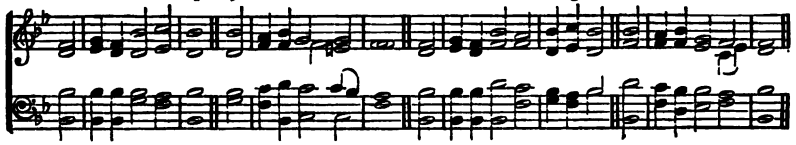
3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
Bid every care begone.

4 What, though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!

A-men.

306 LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT. LUX BENIGNA. 10,4; 10,4; 10,10.
J. H. Newman. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 LEAD, kindly Light! amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;

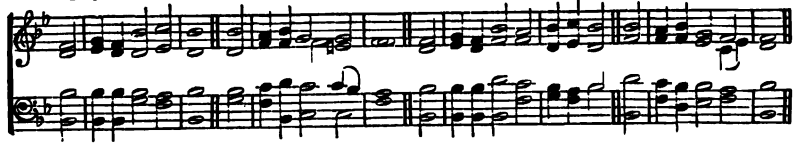
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on:
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

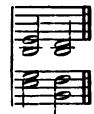
3 So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awile!

307 FAITH IN DARKNESS. OLMUTZ. S. M.
A. M. Toplady. *Gregorian. Arr. Mason.*

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.

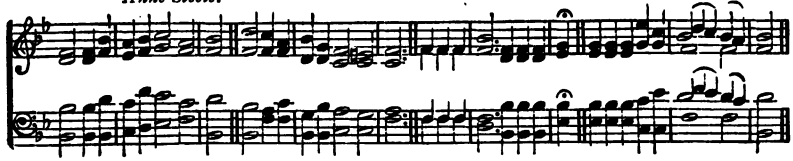
3 His grace will to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine,
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

307. CONTINUED. OLMUTZ.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

A-men.

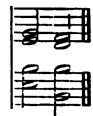
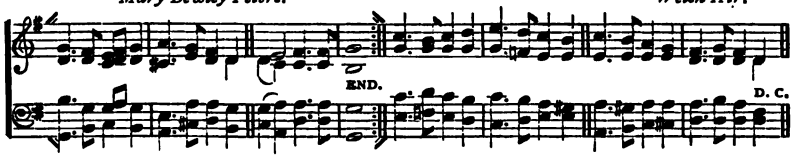
308 A FIRM FOUNDATION. AMES. L. M.
Anne Steele. *S. Neukomm.*



1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift my eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build, and rest secure.

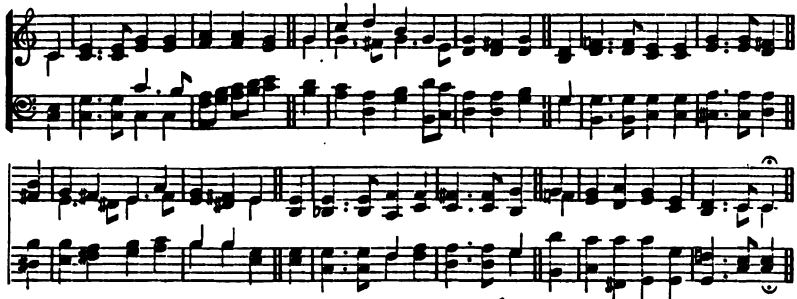
3 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immovable the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

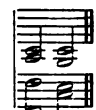
4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

309 ALL WILL BE WELL. WALES. 84,84; 88,84.
Mary Bewley Peters. *Welsh Air.*

1 THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well:
Free and changeless is his favor!
All, all is well:
Precious is the blood that healed us;
Perfect is the grace that sealed us;
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us;
All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well:
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well:
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well:
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

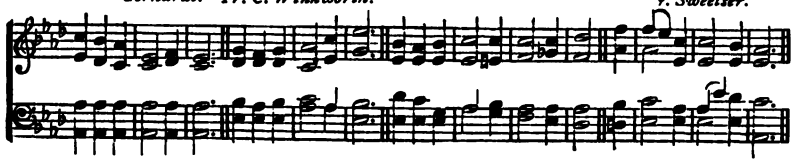
310 ETERNAL MERCY. *J. Wesley, Transl.*

MELITA. L. M. 61. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 THOUGH waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone;
Though joys be withered all, and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies,—
Father, thy mercy never dies.

2 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though heart may fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

A-men.

311 FEAR CAST OUT. *Gerhardt. Tr. C. Winkworth.*

GREENWOOD. S. M. *J. Sweetser.*



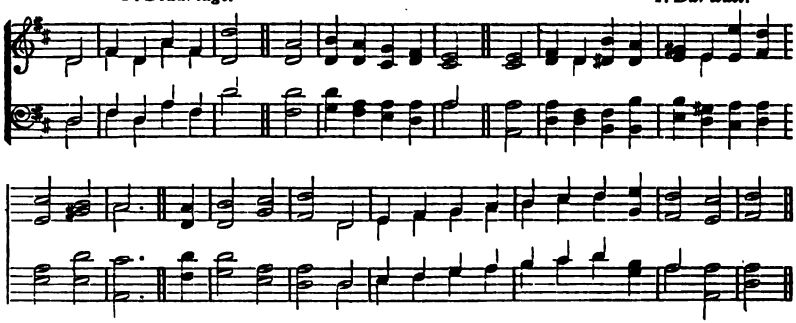
1 SINCE Jesus is my Friend,
And I to him belong,
It matters not what foes intend,
However fierce and strong.

2 He whispers, in my breast,
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How he who seeks in God his rest
Shall ever find him near;

3 How God hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.

4 My heart for gladness springs,
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it laughs and sings,
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

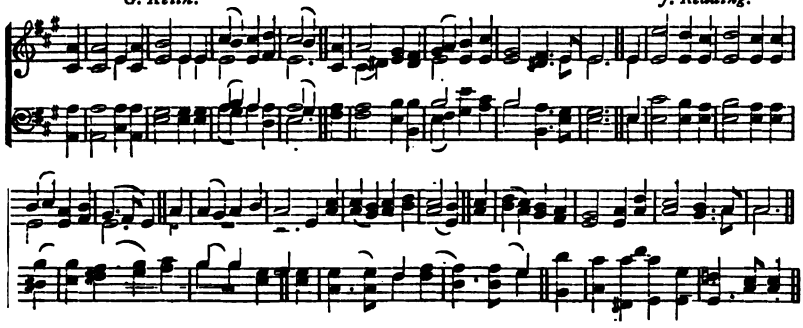
5 The sun that glads mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

312 2 CORINTHIANS i. 20. DARWALL. H. M.
P. Doddridge. *I. Darwall.*

1 THE promises I sing, Which sovereign love hath spoke;
Nor will th' eternal King, His words of grace revoke;
They stand secure | Not Zion's hill
And steadfast still; | Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away When once the Judge appears
And sun and moon decay, That measure mortal years;
But still the same, | The promise shines
In radiant lines | Through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground And dissipate the spheres;
Midst all the shock | I stand serene,
Of that dread scene, | Thy word my rock.

313 "HE'LL NEVER FORSAKE." PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

G. Keith. *J. Reading.*

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,—
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

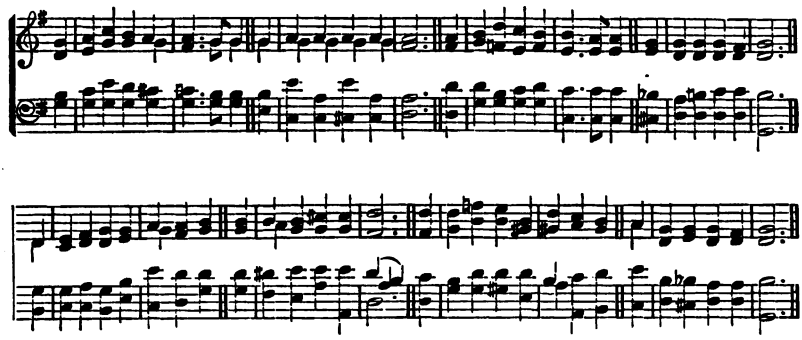
2 Fear not, he is with thee, O be not dismayed;
For he is thy God, and will give thee his aid:
He'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by his gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters he calls thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall ne'er overflow;
His presence shall guide thee, his mercy shall bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

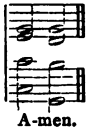
4 When through fiery trials thy pathway is laid,
His grace all-sufficient shall lend thee its aid;
The flame shall not hurt thee; he does but design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

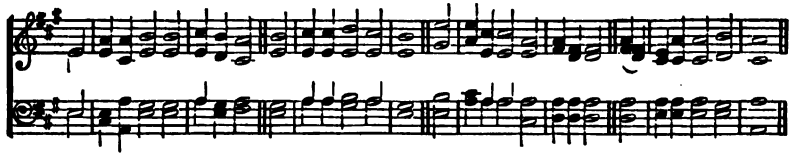
5 His people, through life, shall abundantly prove
His sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
When age with gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in his bosom be borne.

6 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
He will not—he will not desert to its foes:
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
He'll never—no never—no never forsake.

314 PSALM lxxi. 17, 18. ST. LEONARD'S. C. M. D.
Unknown Writer. *H. Hiles.*

1 AND wilt thou now forsake me, Lord?
I feel it cannot be;
No earthly tongue can ever tell
What thou hast been to me.
Through all the changing scenes of life
Thy love hath sheltered me;
And wilt thou now forget thy child?
I feel it cannot be.

2 Thy love hath been my heritage
Through many a weary year;
I've trusted in thy promises,
And thou hast dried each tear.
In life or death, I take my stand
Where I have ever stood,
Beneath the shelter of thy cross,
And trusting in thy blood.

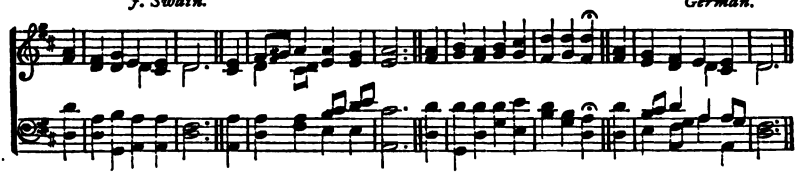
3 And then, when youth, and health, and strength,
And energy have fled,
The shades of evening peacefully
Shall close around my head.
And when in all the helplessness
Of death I turn to thee,
Thou wilt not then forsake me, Lord,
I feel it cannot be.

A-men.

315 PRESERVING GRACE. AZMON. C. M.
I. Watts. *From Gläser.*

1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

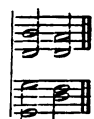
2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

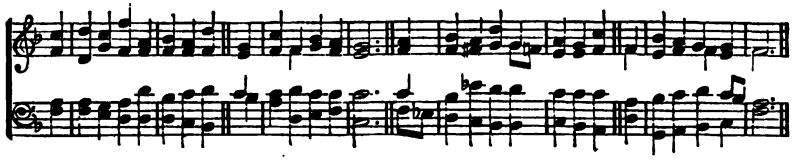
3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove,
His favorites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

A-men.

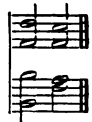
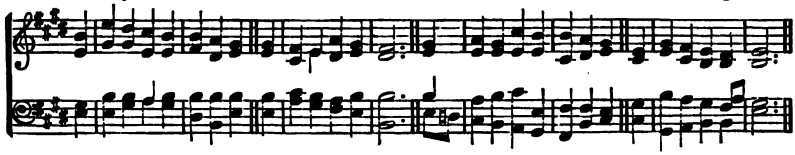
316 MY CROWN. SWABIA. S. M.
J. Swain. *German.*

1 I STAND on Zion's mount
And view my starry crown;
No power on earth my hope can shake
Nor hell can thrust me down.

2 The lofty hills, and towers,
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be levelled low in dust,
Their very names shall die.

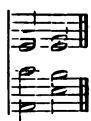
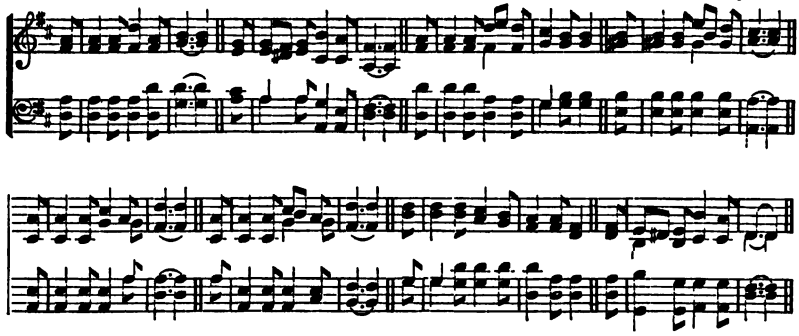
3 The vaulted heavens shall fall,
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But firmer than the heavens, the Rock
Of my salvation stands.

A-men.

317 SALVATION. ANNUNCIATION. C. M.
I. Watts. *G. M. Garrett.*

1 SALVATION!—O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay:
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

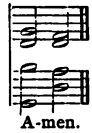
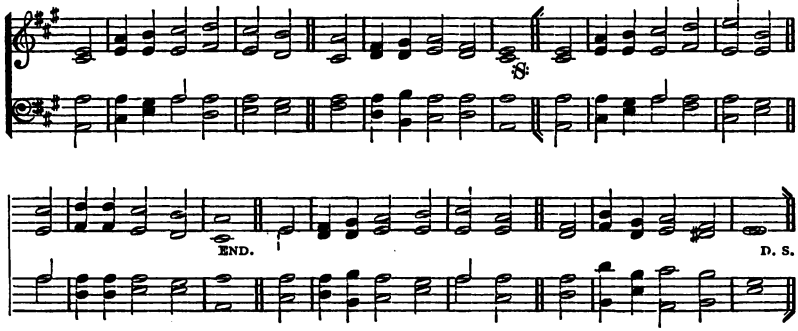
3 Salvation!—let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

318 AMAZING GRACE. ST. PETER. C. M.
J. Newton. *A. R. Reinagle.*

1 AMAZING grace,—how sweet the sound,—
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
But grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

319 THE LOST SHEEP. GOOD SHEPHERD. S. M. D.
H. Bonar. *Henry.*

1 I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

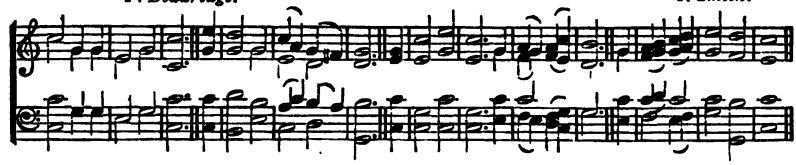
2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that wash'd me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole:
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas he that brought me to the fold—
'Tis he that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam,
I love my heavenly Father's voice—
I love, I love his home.

320 JOHN XV. 16. *Y. Conder.* ELWIN. 7–6. D. *L. Mason.*

1 'TIS not that I did choose thee,
For, Lord, that could not be;
This heart would still refuse thee,
But thou hast chosen me:
Thou from the sin that stained me
Hast made me pure and free;
Of old thou hast ordained me,
That I should live to thee.

2 'Twas sovereign mercy called me,
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthralled me,
To heavenly glories blind,
My heart owns none above thee;
For thy rich grace I thirst;
This knowing, if I love thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

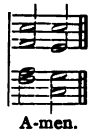
321 SAVED BY GRACE. SILVER STREET. S. M.
P. Doddridge. *I. Smith.*

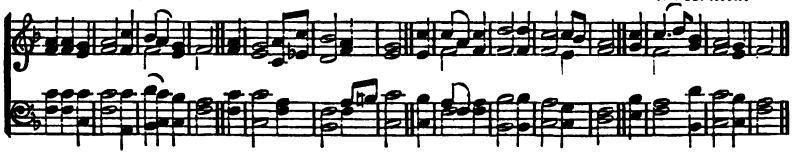


1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

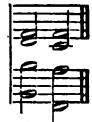
4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

A-men.

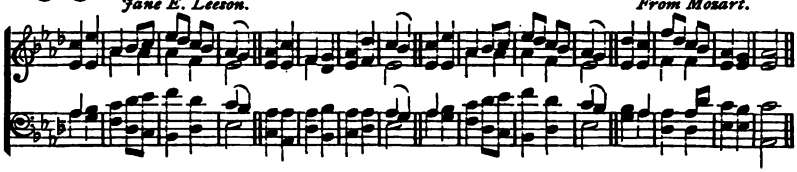
322 BY THE GRACE OF GOD. BETHLEHEM. C. M.
H. Bonar. *W. Arnold.*

1 ALL that I was, my sin and guilt,
My death was all my own,—
All that I am, I owe to thee,
My gracious God, alone.

2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice,
Is thine, and only thine.

3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine;
The light of life, in which I walk,
The liberty, is thine.

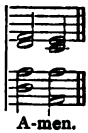
4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live—I live!

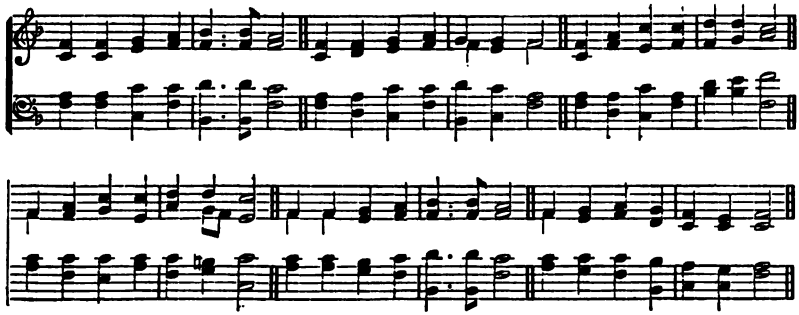
5 All that I am, ev'n here on earth;
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to thee.

A-men.

323 HE FIRST LOVED US. WALDO. 7s.
Jane E. Leeson. *From Mozart.*

1 SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

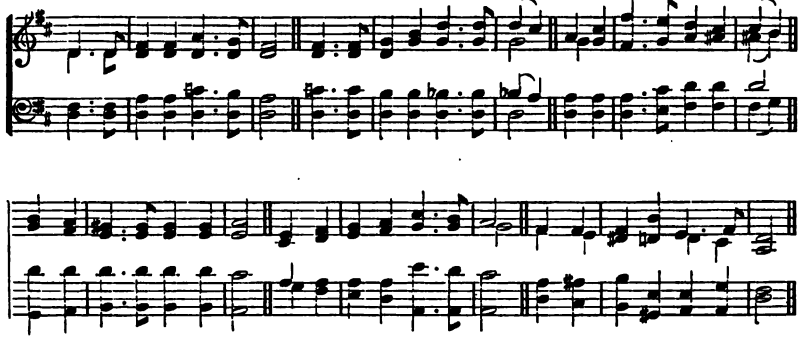
4 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

A-men.

324 HOW MUCH I OWE. GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6l.
R. M. McCheyne. *R. Redhead.*

1 WHEN this passing world is done,—
When has sunk yon glorious sun;
When, from off the mount of God,
We review the path we've trod;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe!

2 When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall;
When I see them start and shrink,
On the fiery deluge brink;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe!

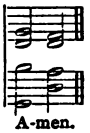
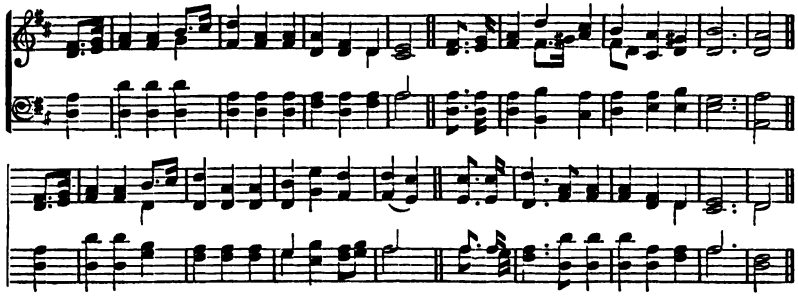
3 When I stand before the throne,
Clothed in beauty not my own;
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe!

4 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harps' melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe!

325 GOD OF ALL COMFORT. CYPRUS. 7s. 6l.
R. M. McCheyne. *From Mendelssohn.*

1 CHOSEN not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified—
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

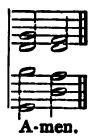
2 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;
But, when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light;
Blesséd Jesus! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

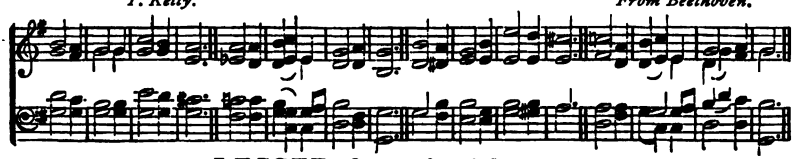
3 Oft the nights of sorrow reign—
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain;
But a night thine anger burns—
Morning comes, and joy returns:
God of comforts! bid me show
To thy poor how much I owe.

4 When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I'm captive led;
Oft I fall, but still arise—
Jesus comes—the tempter flies:
Blesséd Jesus! bid me show
Weary sinners all I owe.

326 CANTICLES i. 7, 8. *T. Hastings.* STILL WATER. 11–9. *T. Hastings.*

1 O TELL me, thou life and delight of my soul,
Where the flock of thy pasture are feeding;
I seek thy protection, I need thy control,
I would go where my Shepherd is leading.

2 O tell me the place where thy flock are at rest,
Where the noontide will find them reposing;
The tempest now rages, my soul is distressed,
And the pathway of peace I am losing.

3 O why should I stray with the flocks of thy foes,
'Mid the desert where now they are roving,
Where hunger and thirst, where affliction and woes,
And temptations their ruin are proving?

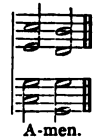
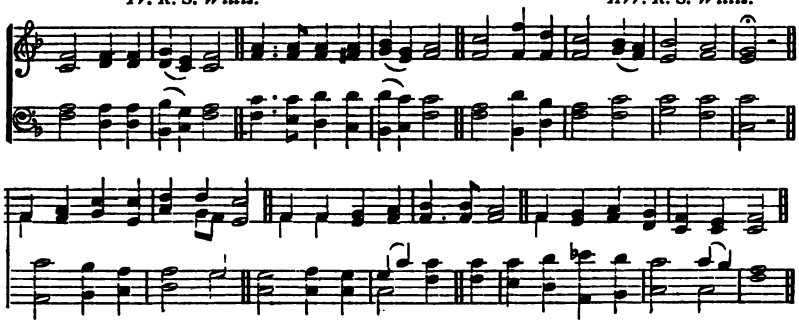
4 O when shall my foes and my wandering cease,
And the follies that fill me with weeping?
Thou Shepherd of Israel, restore me that peace
Thou dost give to the flock thou art keeping.

327 1 CORINTHIANS XV. 10. *T. Kelly.* MIZPEH. 7s. *From Beethoven.*



1 BLESSED fountain, full of grace—
Grace for sinners, grace for me!
To this source alone I trace
What I am and hope to be:—

2 What I am, as one redeemed,
Saved and rescued by the Lord;
Hating what I once esteemed,
Loving what I once abhorred;

3 What I hope to be ere long,
When I take my place above,
When I join the heavenly throng,
When I see the God of love.

4 Then I hope like him to be,
Who redeemed his saints from sin,
Whom I now obscurely see,
Through a veil that stands between

328 ANCIENT GERMAN HYMN. CRUSADERS' HYMN. 56,8; 55,8.
Tr. R. S. Willis. *Arr. R. S. Willis.*

1 FAIREST Lord Jesus! Ruler of all nature!
O thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honor,
Thee, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

2 Fair are the meadows, Fairer still the woodlands!
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine, Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling starry host;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

329 1 PETER i. 8. RAPHAEL.
R. Palmer. *From Donizetti.*

1 JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine!
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blesséd face and mine!

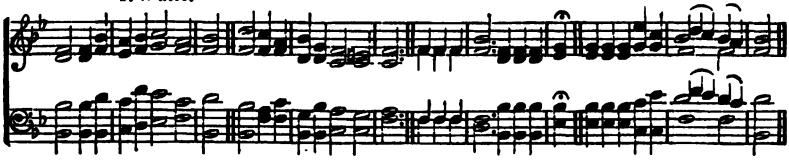
2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love thee, dearest Lord!—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All glorious as thou art!

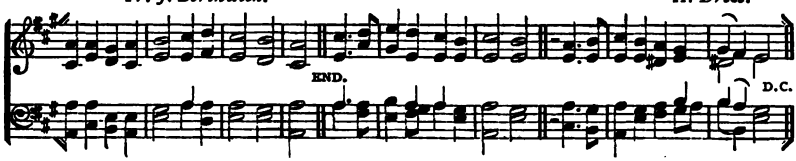
A-men.

330 THE WARFARE. AMES. L. M.
I. Watts. *S. Neukomm.*

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain 's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

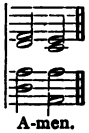
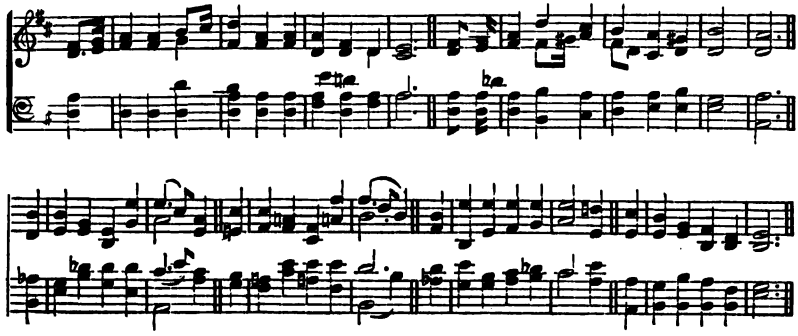
3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

331 HYMN OF ZINZENDORF. ZINZENDORF. 55,88,55.
Tr. J. Borthwick. *A. Dresse.*

1 JESUS, still lead on Till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless:
Guide us by thy hand To our Fatherland!

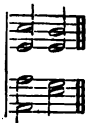
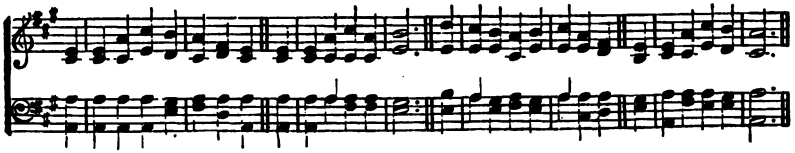
2 If the way be drear, If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe, To our home we go!

3 When we seek relief From a long-felt grief;
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring:
Show us that bright shore Where we weep no more!

4 Jesus, still lead on, Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand In our Fatherland!

332 STAND UP FOR JESUS. EXULTATION. 7-6. D.
G. Duffield. *H. Smart.*

1 STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

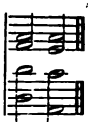
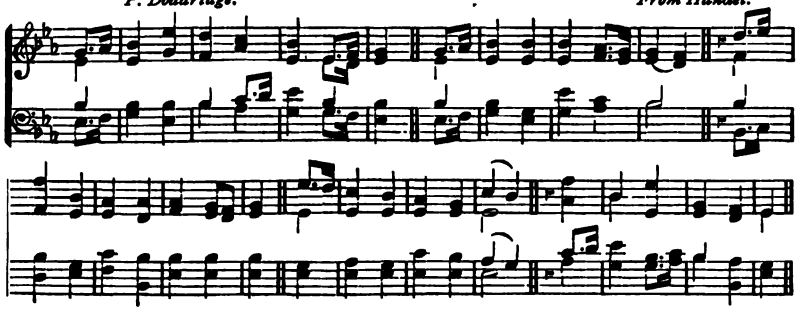
3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there!

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!

333 JOHN xxi. 15–17. EVAN. C. M.
P. Doddridge. *W. H. Havergal.*

1. DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

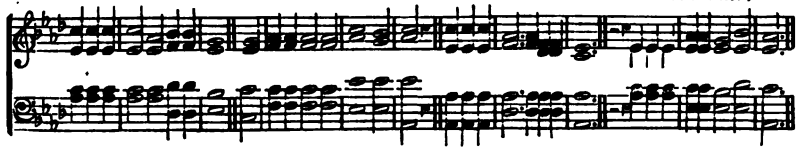
5 Thou knowést that I love thee, Lord;
But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

334 THE RACE. CHRISTMAS. C. M.
P. Doddridge. *From Handel.*

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
|: And an immortal crown. :|

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
|: And onward urge thy way. :|

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
|: To thine aspiring eye. :|

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
|: I'll lay my honors down. :|

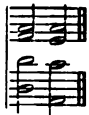
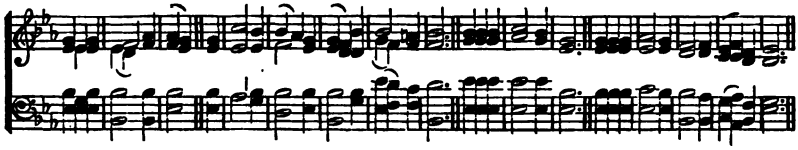
A-men.

335 AWAKE, OUR SOULS. MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.
I. Watts. *C. Zeuner.*

1 AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

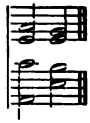
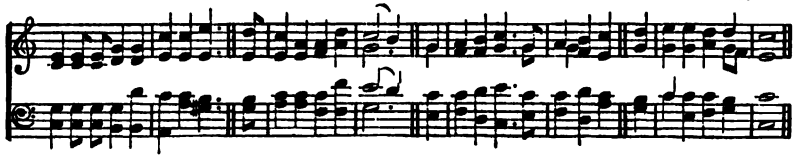
2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint:—

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

336 AN OPEN DOOR. LAWRENCE. 66,4; 66,4.
Nicholls. *L. W. Bacon, Arr.*

1 O THOU best gift of heaven,
Thou who thyself hast given,—For thou hast died!
This thou hast done for me:
What have I done for thee, Thou crucified?

2 I long to serve thee more;
Reveal an open door, Saviour, to me:
Then, counting all but loss,
I'll glory in thy cross, And follow thee.

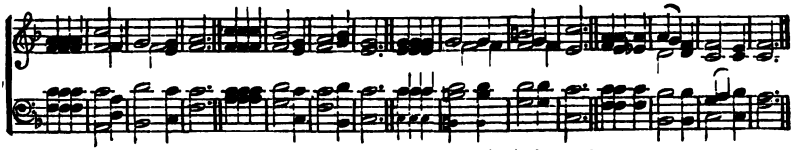
3 Do thou but point the way,
And give me strength t' obey; Thy will be mine:
Then can I think it joy
To suffer or to die, Since I am thine.

337 2 TIMOTHY i. 12. NATIVITY. C. M.
I. Watts. *H. Lahee.*

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my hope to shame,
Nor let my soul be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

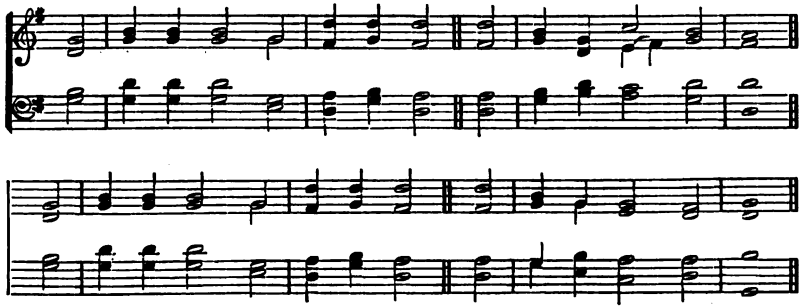
A-men.

338 DISCIPLESHIP. QUEBEC. L. M
W. Gladden. *H. Baker.*

1 O MASTER, let me walk with thee,
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move,
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

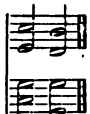
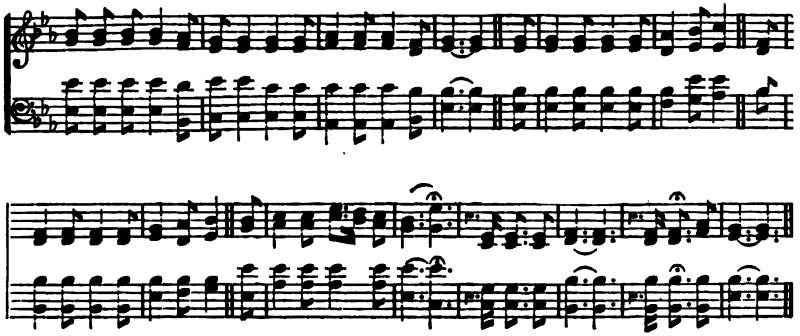
3 Teach me thy patience; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, let me live!

339 "HINDER ME NOT." MARLOW. C. M.
J. Ryland. *English.*

1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not! shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty and through trials too
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,—
Hinder me not,—come, welcome, death!
I'll gladly go with thee.

340 NOTHING BUT LEAVES. HARVEST.
Mrs. L. E. Akerman. *S. J. Vail.*

1 NOTHING but leaves! the Spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
That yield, from years of strife,
‖: Nothing but leaves. :‖

2 Nothing but leaves! no gathered sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain;
We sow our seeds, lo! tares and weeds,
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds!
We reap, with toil and pain,
‖: Nothing but leaves. :‖

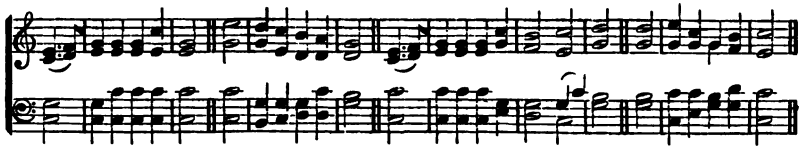
3 Nothing but leaves! sad memory weaves
No vail to hide the past;
And as we trace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
Sadly we find at last
‖: Nothing but leaves. :‖

4 Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
Bearing but withered leaves?
Ah! who shall, at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat,
Lay down, for golden sheaves,
‖: Nothing but leaves? :‖

341 THE WARFARE.

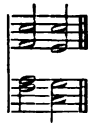
G. Heath.

LABAN. S. M.

L. Mason.

1 MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

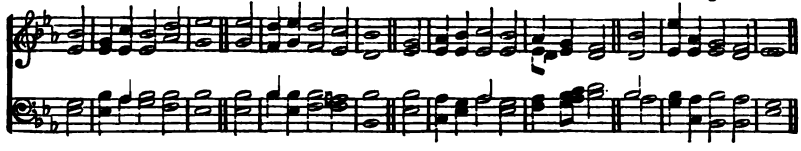
4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

A-men.

342 THE RACE.

L. Swain.

DOVER. S. M.

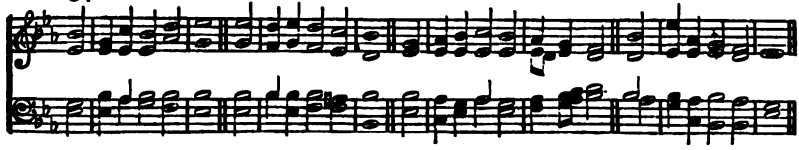
English.



1 MY soul, it is thy God
Who calls thee by his grace;
Now loose thee from each cumbering load,
And bend thee to the race.

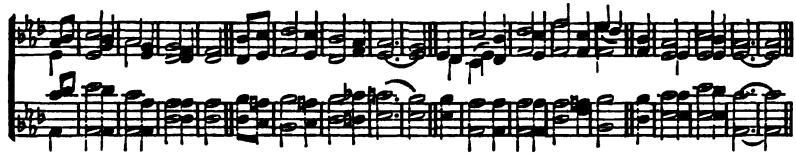
2 Make thy salvation sure;
All sloth and slumber shun;
Nor dare a moment rest secure,
Till thou the goal hast won.

342. CONTINUED. DOVER.



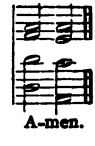
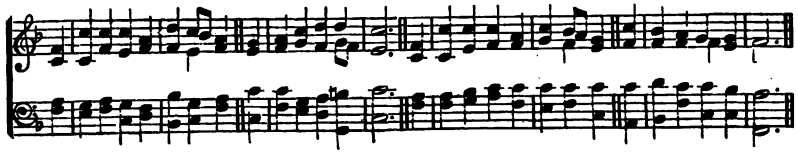
3 Thy crown of life hold fast;
Thy heart with courage stay;
Nor let one trembling glance be cast
Along the backward way.

4 Thy path ascends the skies,
With conquering footsteps bright;
And thou shalt win and wear the prize,
In everlasting light.

343 FOLLOWING JESUS. MANOAH. C. M.
W. Croswell. *From Rossini.*

1 LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

344 ENDURING HARDNESS. ABNEY. C. M.
I. Watts. *N. Herrmann.*

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

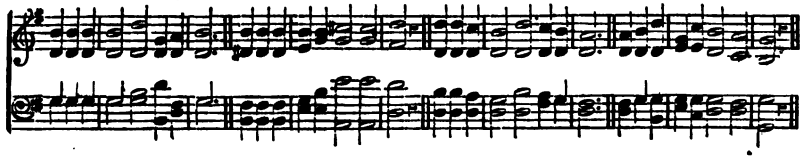
2 Are there no woes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

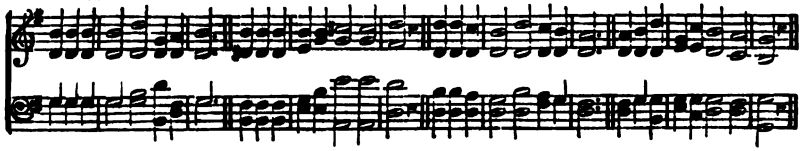
3 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

4 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

A-men.

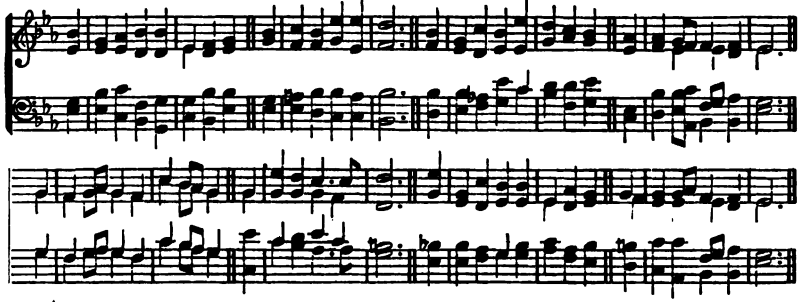
345 MARK viii. 38. HARMONY GROVE. L. M.
J. Grigg. *H. K. Oliver.*

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

345. CONTINUED. HARMONY GROVE.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

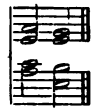
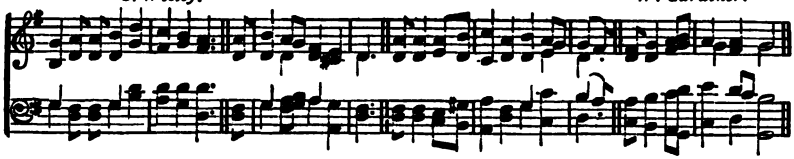
3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No;—when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

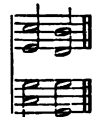
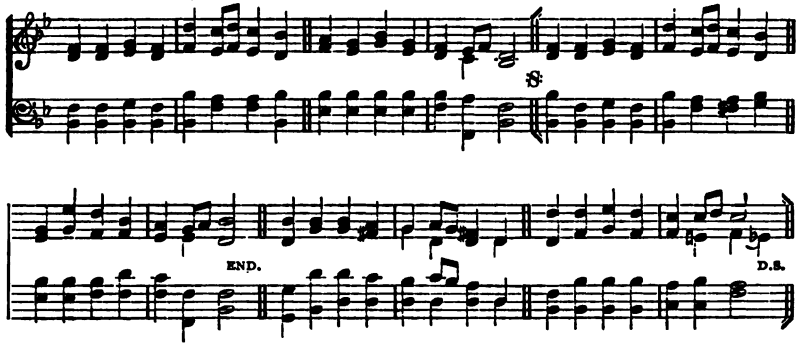
346 CHRIST'S SERVANT AND SOLDIER. HERTFORD. C. M. D.
Unknown Writer. *H. J. Gauntlett.*

1 THE Saviour by whose name I'm called
Will grant me strength within,
To own his name before the world,
And fight the fight with sin.

So will I sing, O blesséd be
The Lord, who is my strength!
The weakest child who calls on thee
Shall overcome at length.

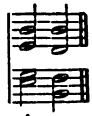
2 The swift may stumble in the race,
The strong in battle fail,
But they who ever seek thy face,
Shall in thy might prevail.
And O, when on each brow shall shine
Thy gift, a fadeless crown,
What joy to own the glory thine,
And lowly cast it down!

347 PERFECTED IN CHRIST. DEDHAM. C. M.
C. Wesley. *W. Gardiner.*

1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

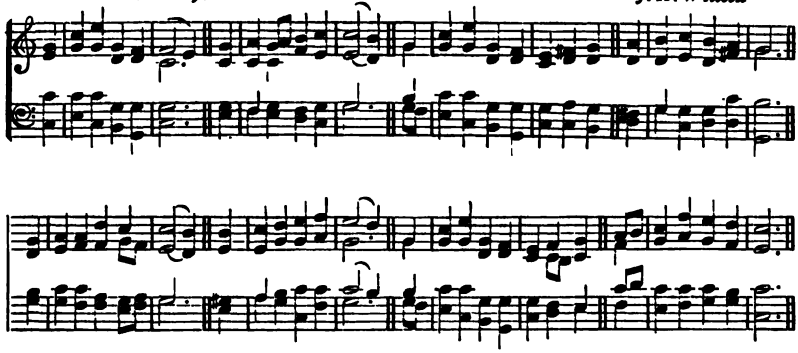
2 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

3 Help us to build each other up,
Our heart and life improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

4 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

348 CHRIST IN US. BEECHER. 8–7. D.
C. Wesley. *J. Zundel.*

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest:
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Speedily return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!

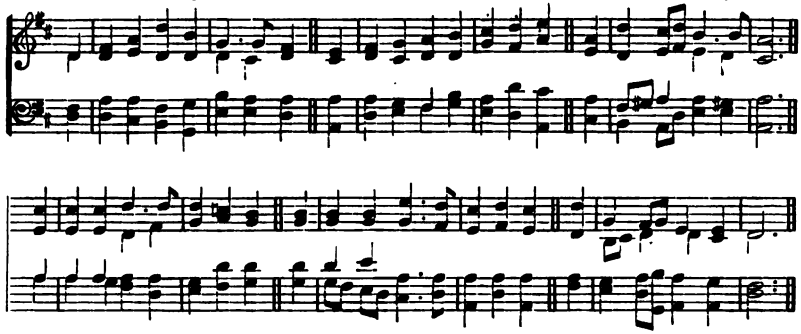
3 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee!
Changed from glory into glory
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

A-men.

349 A PERFECT HEART. TRINITY COLLEGE. S. M. D.
C. Wesley. *J. H. Willcox*

1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly.

2 Give me a true regard,—
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern,
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

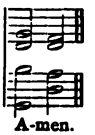
3 I rest upon thy word,—
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

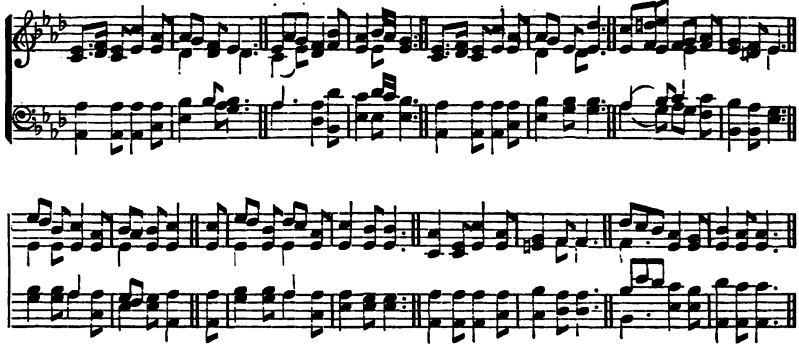
A-men.

350 THE LOVE OF GOD. MAGDALENE. C. P. M.
C. Wesley. *W. Hayes.*

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,—
The love of Christ to me.

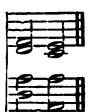
2 Stronger his love than death or hell:
No mortal can its riches tell,
Nor first-born sons of light:
In vain they long its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,—
The length, the breadth, the height.

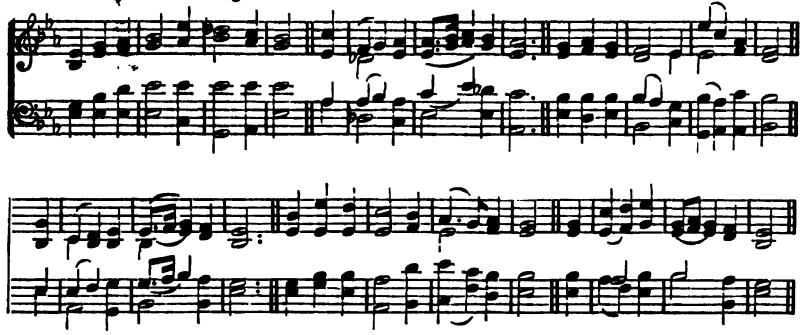
3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor, stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine—
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
In transport at my Saviour's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear my Saviour's voice.

A-men.

351 THE HIDDEN LIFE. AFFECTION. 76,76; 78,76.
C. Wesley. *From Mozart. J. K. Paine.*

1 THOU, O Lord, in tender love,
Dost all my burdens bear:
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there.
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
'Midst busy multitudes alone;
Sweetly waiting at thy feet,
Till all thy will be done.

2 Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil!
Kept in peace by Jesus' name,
Supported by his smile,
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

3 To the desert or the cell,
Let others blindly fly,
In this evil world I dwell
Unhurt, unspotted I.
Here I find a house of prayer,
To which I inwardly retire;
Walking unconcerned in care,
And unconsumed in fire.

A-men.

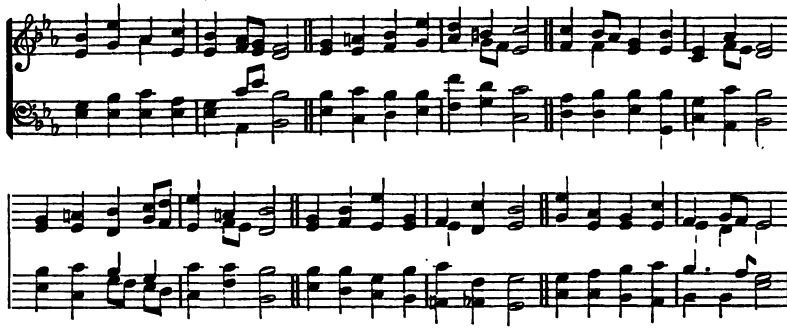
352 SUBMISSION. BRUNSWICK. C. M. 61.
A. L. Waring. *From Handel.*

1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see:
I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

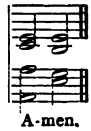
4 And if some things I do not ask,
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee;
More careful—not to serve thee much,
But please thee perfectly.

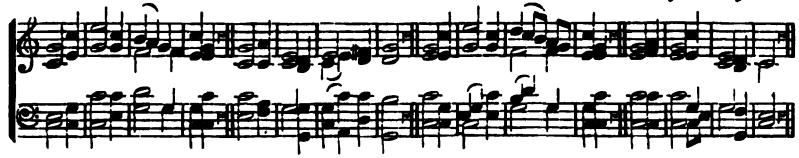
A-men.

353 PHILLIPPIANS ii. 5. TINTERN. 7s. 6l.
C. Elliot (?). *A. H. Brown.*

1 EVER patient, gentle, meek,
Holy Saviour, was thy mind;
Vainly in myself I seek
Likeness to my Lord to find;
Yet that mind which was in thee
May be, must be formed in me.

2 Days of toil, 'mid throngs of men,
Vexed not, ruffled not thy soul;
Still collected, calm, serene,
Thou each feeling couldst control:
Lord, that mind which was in thee
May be, must be formed in me.

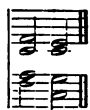
3 Though such griefs were thine to bear,
For each sufferer thou couldst feel;
Every mourner's burden share,
Every wounded spirit heal:
Saviour, let thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in thee.

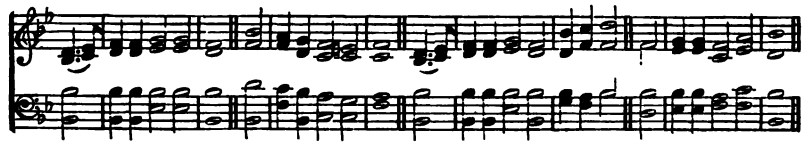
4 When my pain is most intense,
Let thy cross my lesson prove;
Let me hear thee, ev'n from thence,
Breathing words of peace and love:
Saviour, let thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in thee.

A-men.

354 FULL SALVATION. RATHBUN. 8–7.
R. Grant. *J. Conkey.*

1 KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.

2 Think what Spirit dwells within thee:
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee:
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

4 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

A-men.

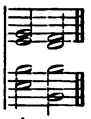
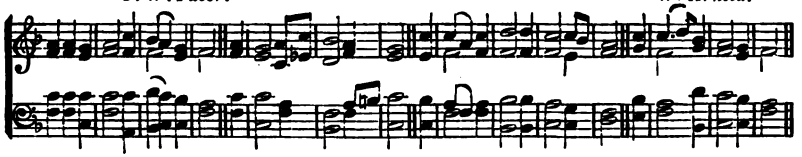
355 "STILL WITH THEE." HAVERHILL. S. M.
J. D. Burns. *L. Mason.*

1 STILL with thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee:

2 With thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God, in prayer:

3 With thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
Speak softly to my heart:

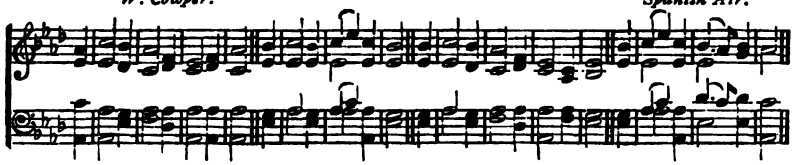
4 With thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind:
The setting as the rising sun
With thee my heart would find.

5 With thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose;
Calm in the shadow of thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close

6 With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

356 ISAIAH lvii. 15. BETHLEHEM. C. M.
F. W. Faber. *W. Arnold.*

1 THY home is with the humble, Lord:
The simple are the best;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there thy rest.

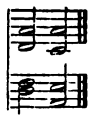
2 Dear Comforter, eternal Love,
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for thee.

3 Who made this breathing heart of mine
But thee, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy rest!

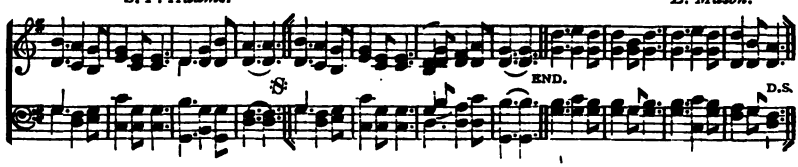
357 WALKING WITH GOD. *W. Cowper.* BALERMA. C. M. *Spanish Air.*

1 O FOR a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

A-men.

358 JACOB'S VISION. *S. F. Adams.* BETHANY. 10,10; 12,10. *L. Mason.*

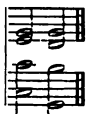
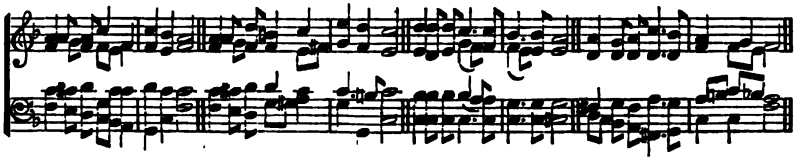


1 NEARER, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,—nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

2 Though, like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be, nearer, my God, to thee,—
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear, steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me, in mercy given;
Angels to beckon me nearer, my God, to thee,–
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

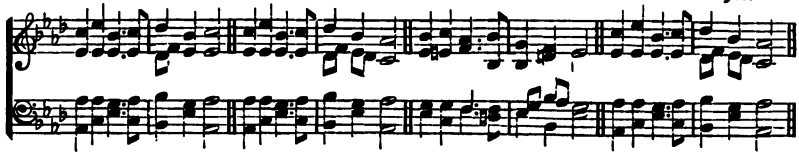
4 Then with my waking thoughts, bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs, Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing, cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,—nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

359 CRAVING GRACE. SWEDEN. L. M.
W. Cowper. *H. Hiles.*

1 I THIRST, but not, as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasure there.

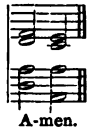
2 It was the sight of thy dear cross,
First weaned my soul from earthly things;
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools, and pomp of kings.

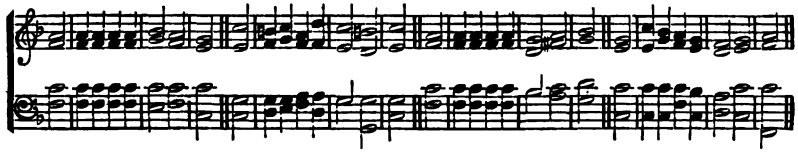
3 I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn like me
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.

4 For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of my Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

360 WHOLLY CHRIST'S. PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.
Unknown Writer. *I. Pleyel.*

1 JESUS, take me for thine own;
To thy will my spirit frame;
Thou shalt reign, and thou alone,
Over all I have and am.

2 Making thus the Lord my choice,
I have nothing more to choose,
But to listen to thy voice,
And my will in thine to lose.

3 Then, whatever may betide,
I shall safe and happy be;
Still content and satisfied,—
Having all in having thee.

361 PERFECT PEACE. ASHWELL. L. M.
C. Wesley. *L. Mason.*

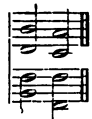
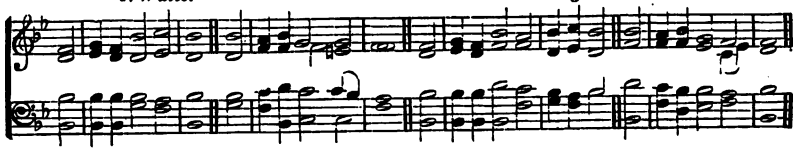


1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I can not rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

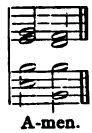
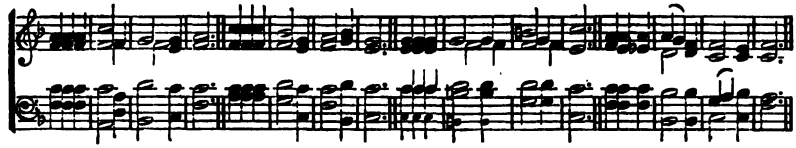
4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

362 1 JOHN iii. 1–6. OLMUTZ. S. M.
I. Watts. *Gregorian. Arr. Mason.*

1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

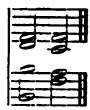
2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.

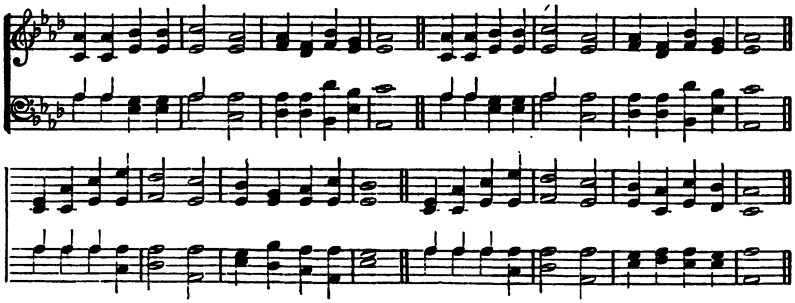
3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

363 EPHESIANS iii. 17–21. QUEBEC. L. M.
I. Watts. *H. Baker.*

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlargéd souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine immeasurable grace.

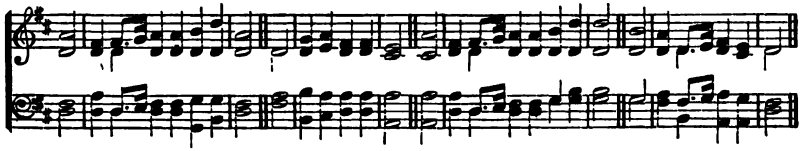
3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church, through Christ his son.

A-men.

364 PURER AND PURER. SEVERN. 6–5. D.
Unknown Writer. *L. Mason.*

1 PURER yet and purer I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer every duty find;
Hoping still and trusting God without a fear,
Patiently believing he will make all clear;

2 Calmer yet and calmer, trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing, to his will resigned,
And to God subduing heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer rising to the light—
Light serene and holy, where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly, sanctified and blest;

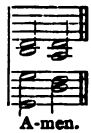
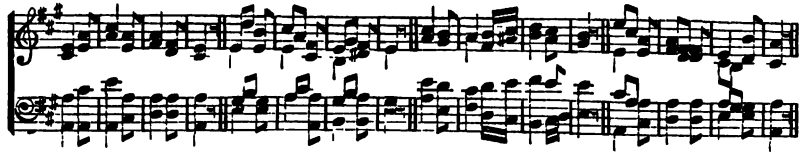
4 Quicker yet and quicker ever onward press,
Firmer yet and firmer step, as I progress:
Oft these earnest longings swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning ne'er can be expressed.

365 "CALM ME." PRESTON. C. M.
H. Bonar. *L. Mason.*

1 CALM me, my God, and keep me calm:
Let thine outstretchéd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

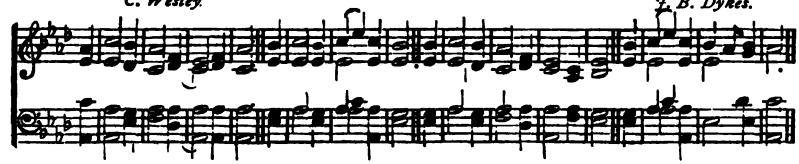
2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street,—

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain,—

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate thy holy name.

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

366 PERFECT PEACE. HORTON. 7s.
Mary A. S. Barber. *X. Von Wartensee. Arr.*

1 PRINCE of Peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,—
Hush my spirit into peace.

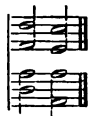
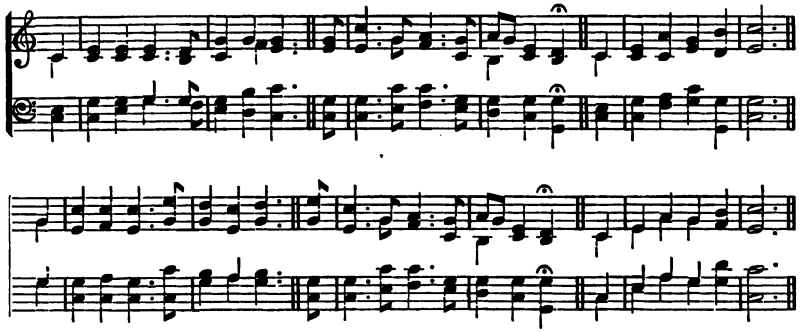
2 Thou has bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God;
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

367 A NEW HEART. BEATITUDE. C. M.
C. Wesley. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!—

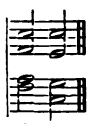
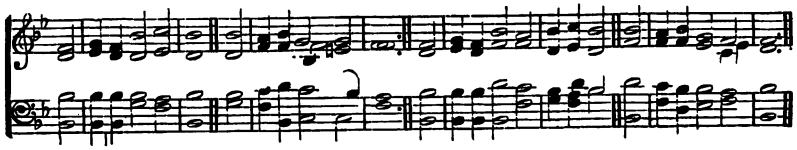
2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither death nor life can part
From him that dwells within:—

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,—
An image, Lord, of thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above:
Write thy new name upon my heart;
Thy name, O God, is love.

368 HOLY TREMBLING. *C. Wesley.* GANGES. C. P. M. *Old Melody.*

1 O GOD, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.

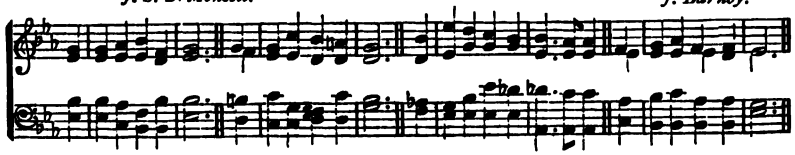
2 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

3 Be this my one great business here,—
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

369 WATCHFULNESS. *C. Wesley.* GORTON. S. M. *From Beethoven.*

1 A CHARGE to keep I have:
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;—

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

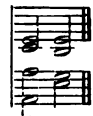
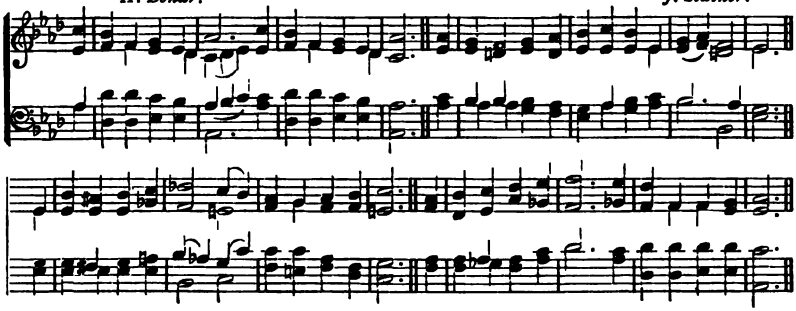
4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

370 GOD'S SWEET MERCY. *J. S. B. Monsell.* MONSELL. S. M. *J. Barnby.*

1 SWEET is thy mercy, Lord;
Before thy mercy-seat
My soul adoring pleads thy word,
And owns thy mercy sweet.

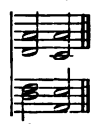
2 Where'er thy name is blest,
Where'er thy people meet,
There I delight in thee to rest,
And find thy mercy sweet.

3 My need and thy desires
Are all in Christ complete;
Thou hast the justice truth requires,
I have thy mercy sweet.

4 Light thou our weary way,
Lead thou our wandering feet,
That while we stay on earth we may
Still find thy mercy sweet.

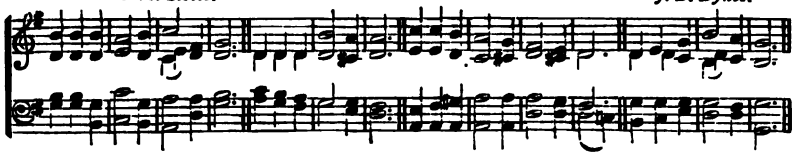
5 Thus shall the heavenly host
Hear all our songs repeat
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:—
Our joy, thy mercy sweet.

371 THY WILL, NOT MINE. VIA LUCIS. 12s.
H. Bonar. *J. Stainer.*

1 THY way, not mine, O Lord, however dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand; choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot; I would not, if I might:
Choose thou for me, my God, so shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine, else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it with joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem; choose thou my good and ill.

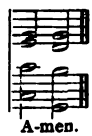
3 Choose thou for me my friends, my sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me, my poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice, in things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength, my Wisdom, and my All.

372 RESIGNATION.

Mrs. Steele.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

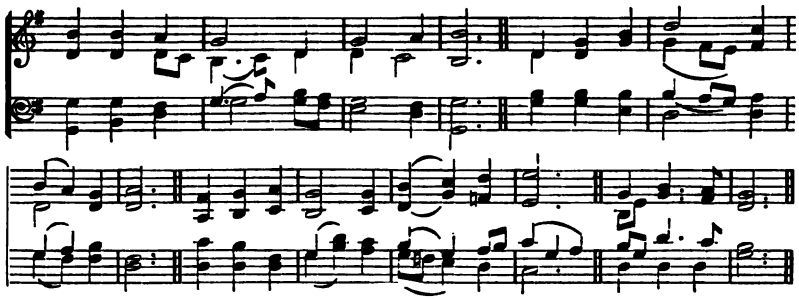
J. B. Dykes.

1 FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

373 THY WILL BE DONE.

Charlotte Elliot.

ALMSGIVING. 88,84.

J. B. Dykes.

1 MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

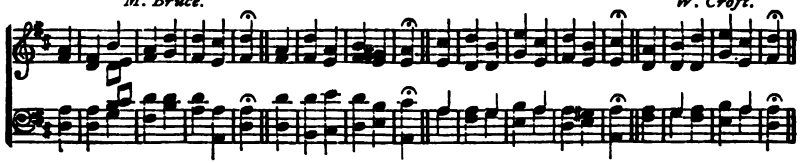
2 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine;
Thy will be done!

3 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest:
Thy will be done!

4 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

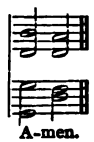
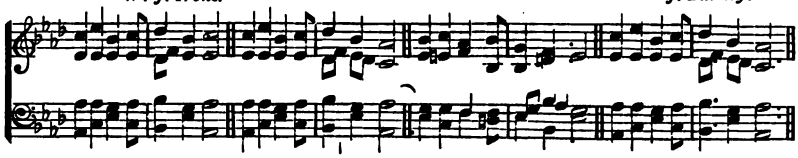
5 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore:
"Thy will be done!"

374 HABAKKUK iii. 17, 18. ST. ANN'S. C. M.

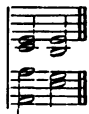
M. Bruce. *W. Croft.*

1 WHAT though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labor of the olive fail,
And fields no food supply;—

2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine pine in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be:—

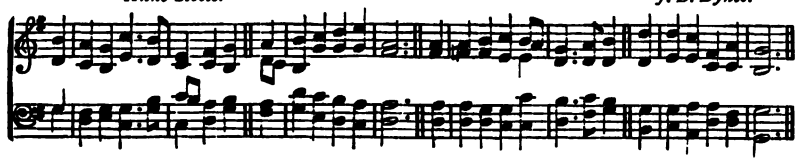
3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him rejoice, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

4 God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy,
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

375 WALKING BY FAITH. REFUGE. C. M.
W. J. Irons. *J. Barnby.*

1 FATHER of love, our guide and friend,
O, lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly rest be won.

2 We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod,
But we can trust our all to thee,
Our Father and our God.

3 And if some darker lot be good,
O, teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That makes the spirit pure.

A-men.

376 A SAFE RETREAT. FAITH. C. M.
Anne Steele. *J. B. Dykes.*

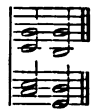


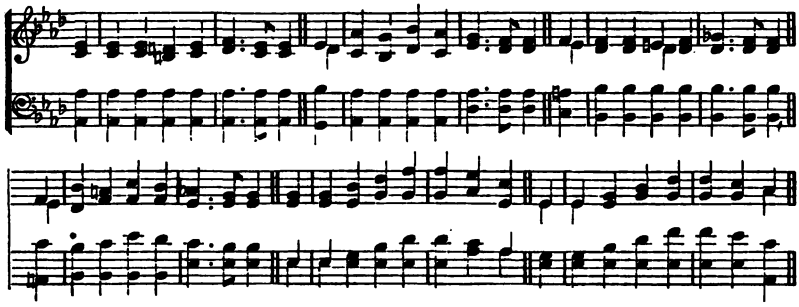
1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise—
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

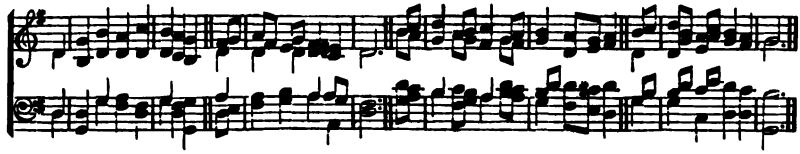
5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

A-men.

377 "IN ALL POINTS LIKE AS WE ARE." ST. CHRYSOSTOM. L. M. 61.
S. Wilberforce. *W. C. Filby.*

1 AS oft with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought, how comforting and sweet,
Christ trod this very path before!
Our wants and weaknesses he knows,
From life's first dawning till its close.

2 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,
So did he in the desert way,
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin;
When worn, and in a feeble hour,
The tempter came with all his power.

3 Just such as I, this earth he trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And, though indeed the very God,
As I am now, so he has been;
My God, my Saviour! look on me
With pity, love, and sympathy.

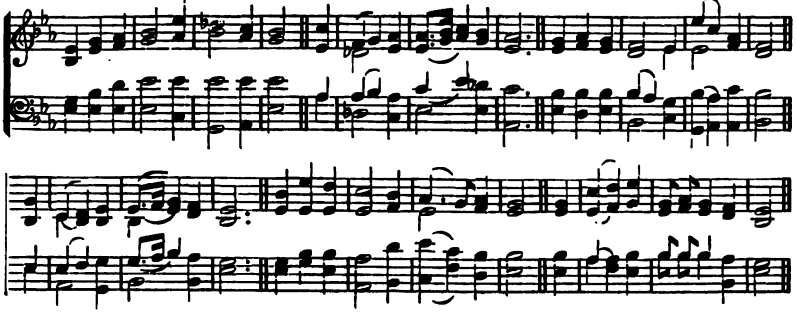
A-men.

378 "THE LORD CAN SAVE." MEDFIELD. C. M.
P. Doddridge. *Mather.*

1 MY God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home,—

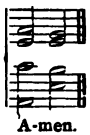
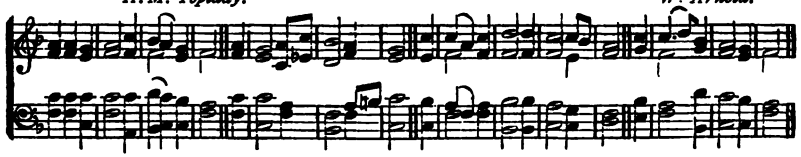
3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
And when my eyelids close in death,
Sustain my fainting heart.

379 JOB i. 21. BRUNSWICK. 86,86; 88.
J. Conder. *Handel.*

1 WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,—
Bow all resigned beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power;—

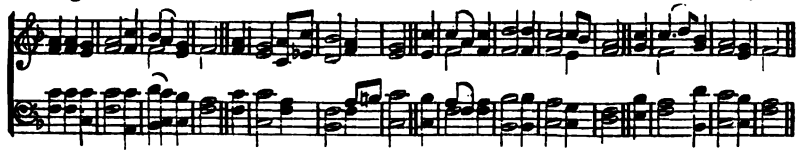
A joy springs up amid distress,—
A fountain in the wilderness.

2 O, to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though trials fix me there,
Is still a privilege most sweet;
For he will hear my prayer;
Though sighs and tears its language be
The Lord is nigh to answer me.

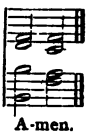
3 Then blesséd be the hand that gave,
Still blesséd when it takes;
Blesséd be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks:
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

380 COMFORT IN SICKNESS. BETHLEHEM. C. M.
A. M. Toplady. *W. Arnold.*

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look by faith abroad,
And long to fly away;

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;

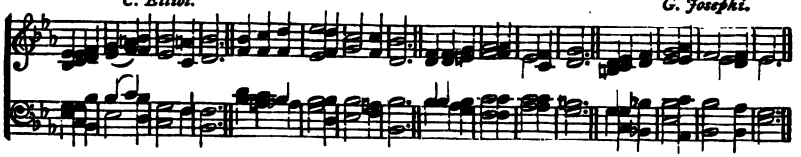
3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own;

380. CONTINUED. BETHLEHEM.

3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covénant of grace
For all things to depend;

4 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

5 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee?

A-men.

381 MATTHEW xi. 28. ANGELUS. L. M.
C. Elliot. *G. Josephi.*

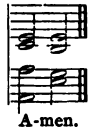
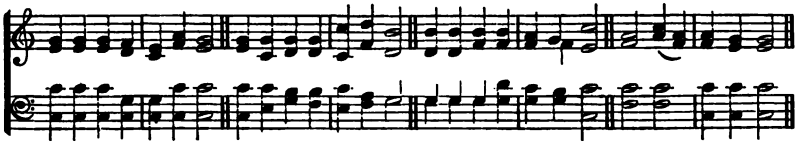


1 WITH tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my soul may flee;
O! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"

3 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see—
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart—
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me."

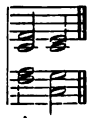
4 "Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion! Come to me."

5 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

382 "COMFORT ME." WOOLSEY. 777.5.
R. Herrick. *L. W. Bacon.*

1 IN the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay,
Saviour, comfort me!

2 When the secret idol's gone
That my poor heart yearned upon,—
Desolate, bereft, alone,
Saviour, comfort me!

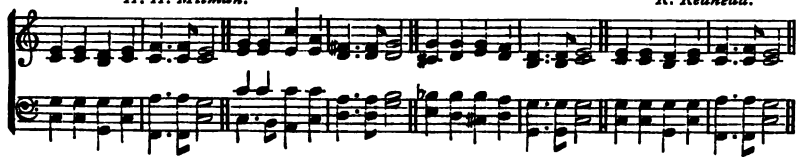
3 Thou, who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in thy love confide;
Saviour, comfort me!

4 Comfort me; I am cast down;
'Tis my heavenly Father's frown;
I deserve it all, I own:
Saviour, comfort me!

5 So it shall be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If thou wilt but tenderly,
Saviour, comfort me!

383 Bearing our Griefs.

H. H. Milman.

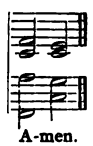
Holyrood. 7s.

R. Redhead.

1 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, son of Mary, hear.

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, son of Mary, hear.

3 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, son of Mary, hear.

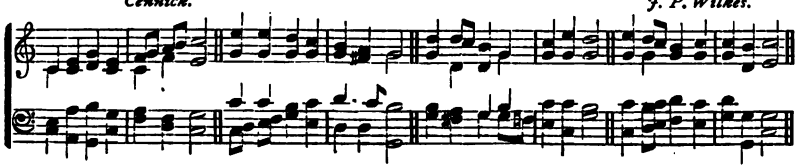
4 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, son of Mary, hear.

5 Thou, the shame, the grief, hast known
Though the sins were not thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, son of Mary, hear.

A-men.

384 Pilgrim's Song.

Cennick.

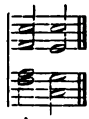
Monkland. 7s.

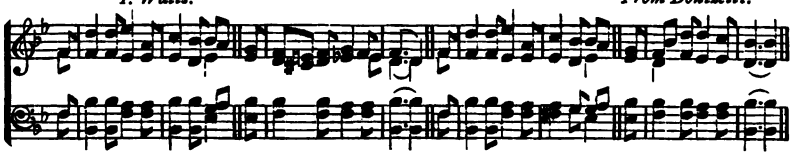
J. P. Wilkes.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

A-men.

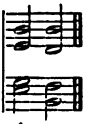
385 OUR JOY AND GLORY. RAPHAEL.
I. Watts. *From Donizetti.*

1 MY God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

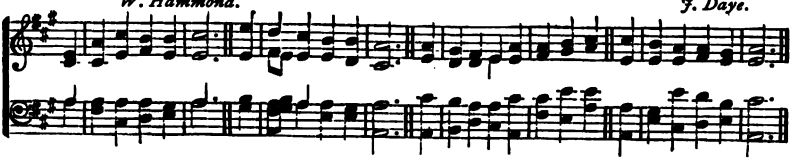
2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet morning-star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, "I am his!"

385. CONTINUED. RAPHAEL.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

A-men.

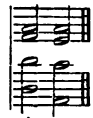
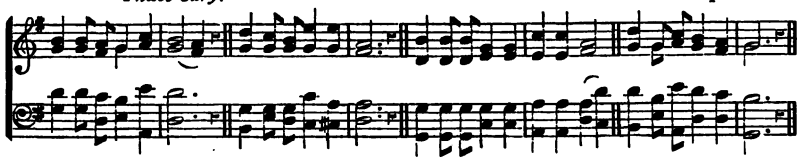
386 AWAKE AND SING. ST. MICHAEL'S. S. M.
W. Hammond. *J. Daye.*

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!

2 Sing of his dying love—
Sing of his rising power—
Sing how he intercedes above,
For us whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ th' eternal King,

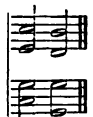
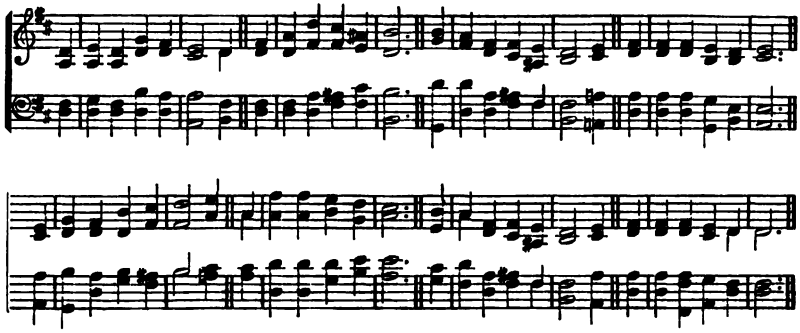
5 Soon shall we hear him say,—
"Ye blesséd children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!

387 NEARER HOME. CARY. S. M.
Phœbe Cary. *From Spohr.*

1 ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
Nearer my home am I to-day
Than e'er I've been before;—

2 Nearer my Father's house
Where many mansions be;—
Nearer my Saviour's great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea;—

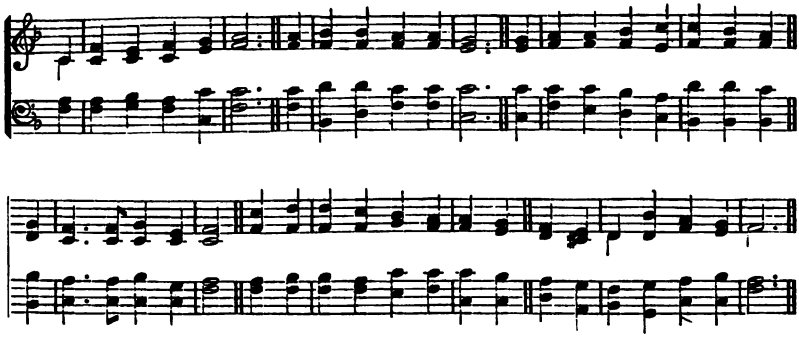
3 Nearer to reach the end
And lay my burden down;
Nearer to leave my weary cross;
Nearer to wear my crown.

4 But through that gloomy vale
Where all is shade and night,
Flows on the deep and unknown stream,
Between me and the light.

5 Father, perfect my trust;
Strengthen my trembling faith;
Help me and hold me, when my feet
Stand on the brink of death.

388 BERNARD'S HYMN. EWING. 7-6. D.
Tr. J. M. Neale. *A. Ewing.*

1 JERUSALEM the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, O I know not
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare!

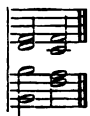
2 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast:
And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever, and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

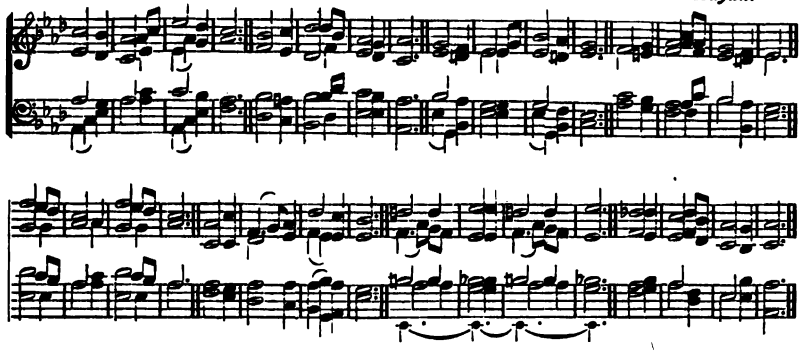
3 O sweet and blesséd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blesséd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

389 THE DESERT MARCH. PILGRIMAGE. 66,86; 87.
T. Kelly. *A. Sullivan.*

1 FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
We are travelling home to Heaven!

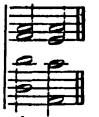
2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
We are travelling home to Heaven!

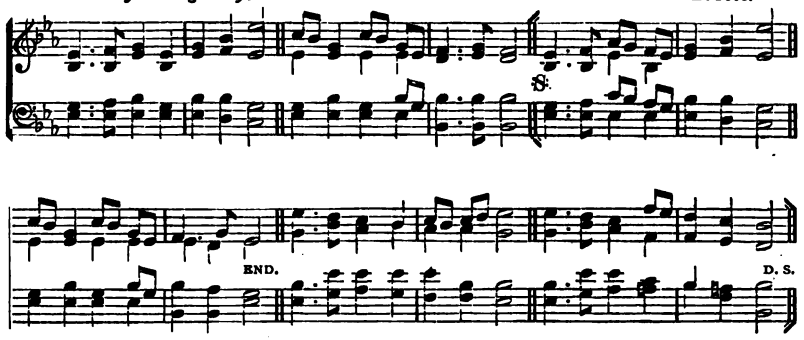
3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And all the strife is o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
We are travelling home to Heaven!

4 There in celestial strains
The ransomed captives sing:
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God himself is King;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
We are travelling home to Heaven!

A-men.

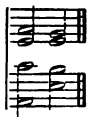
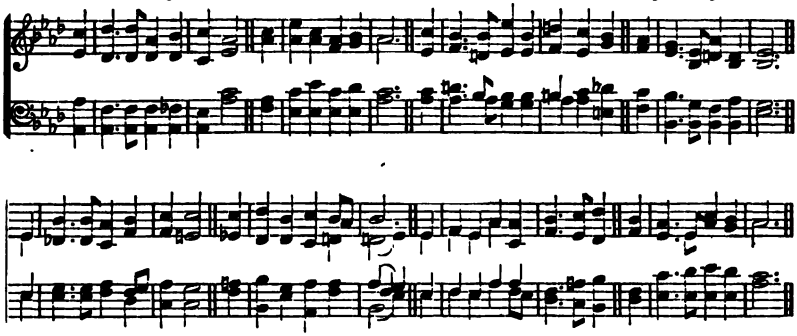
390 THE HEAVENLY SONG. RAPTURE. 7s. D.
J. Montgomery. *From Haydn.*

1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light;
Priests, and kings, and conquerors, they.
Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amid the throne;
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Victory through his cross alone.

2 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords—
"Take the kingdom; it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords."
Round the altar, priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas their Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood that made them so.

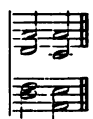
3 Who are these? On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.
They were mortal, too, like us:
Ah, when we, like them shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine, on high!

A-men.

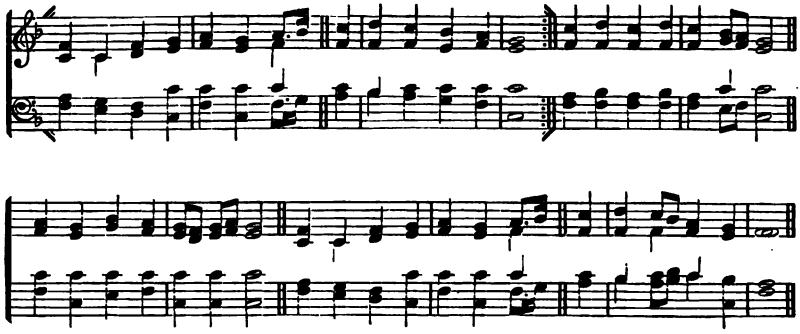
391 REVELATION vii. 9–17. BEULAH. 7s. D.
J. Montgomery. *E. Ives.*

1 WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?—
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain;
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod!—
These from great affliction came:
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquérors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them, the Lamb amid the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

392 AN ABUNDANT ENTRANCE. ALFORD. 76,86. D.
H. Alford. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

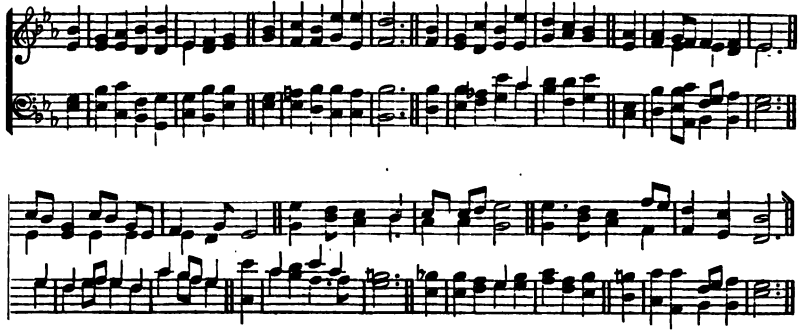
3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

A-men.

393 PILGRIMS' SONG. AMSTERDAM. 7–6. Tr.
J. Cennick. *J. Nares.*

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

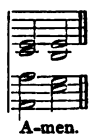
2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

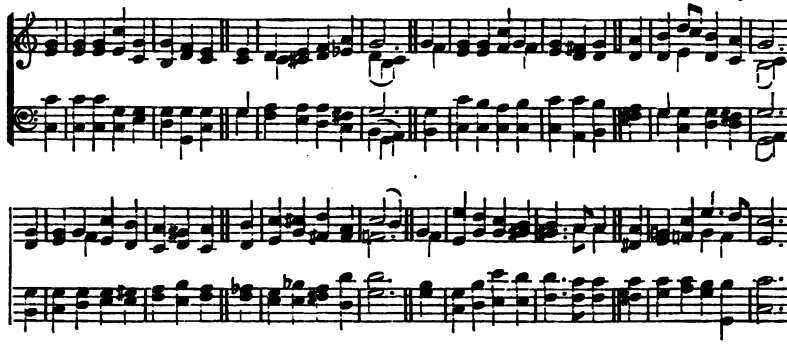
3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
There we'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow and from pain,
To realms of endless peace.

A-men.

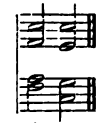
394 THE PROMISED LAND. HERTFORD. C. M. D.
I. Watts. *H. J. Gauntlett.*

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

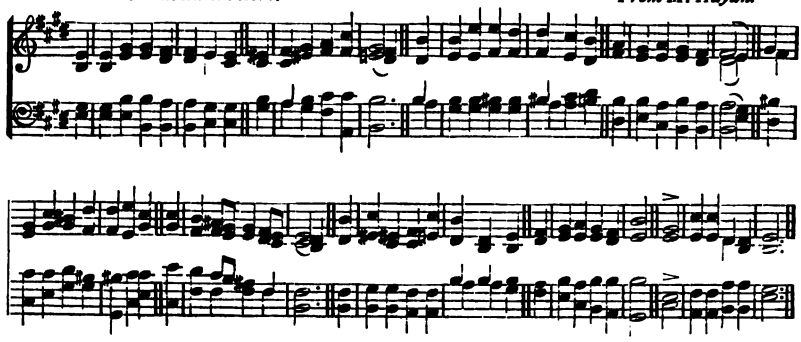
2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 O could we make our doubts remove
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes:—
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

A-men.

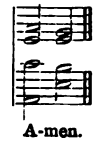
395 ON JORDAN'S BANKS. ANCYRA. C. M. D.
S. Stennet. *T. H. H. Crossley.*

1 ON Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
O, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

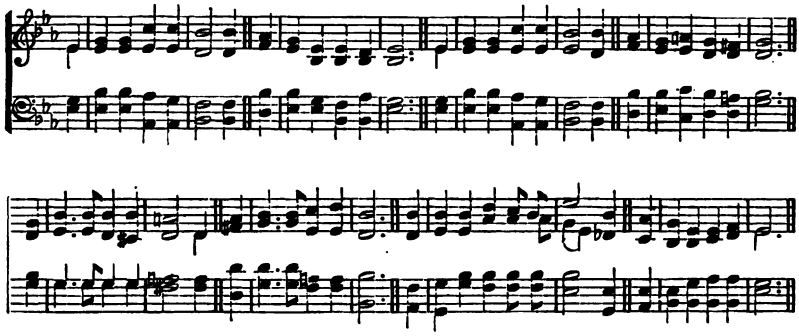
2 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

A-men.

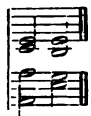
396 THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM. SOLYMA. C. M. D.
Unknown Writers. *From M. Haydn.*

1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace, in thee?
O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
‖: And Sabbaths have no end? :‖

2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin, nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
‖: And realms of endless day. :‖

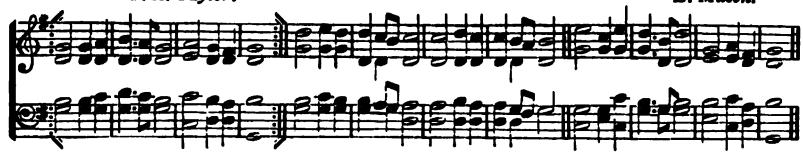
3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
‖: When I thy joys shall see. :‖

A-men.

397 PATRIA CORDIS. HOMELAND. 7-6. D.
H. R. Haweis. *A. Sullivan.*

1 THE Homeland! O the Homeland!
The land of souls freeborn!
No gloomy night is known there,
But aye the fadeless morn;
I'm sighing for that country,
My heart is aching here;
There is no pain in the Homeland
To which I'm drawing near.

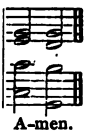
2 My Lord is in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
No sinful thing nor evil
Can ever enter there;
The music of the ransomed
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland,
My eyes are wet with tears.

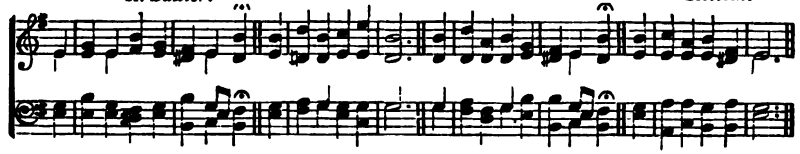
3 For loved ones in the Homeland
Are waiting me to come
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invade their holy home:
O dear, dear native country!
O rest and peace above!
Christ bring us all to the Homeland
Of his eternal love.

A-men.

398 HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

T. R. Taylor. OAK, 10,10; 66,10. *L. Mason.*

1 I'M but a stranger here, Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear, Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland.—Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage, Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage, Heaven is my home,
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last.—Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side, Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified—Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
And there I, too, shall rest.—Heaven is my home.

399 LIVING AND DYING TO THE LORD.

R. Baxter. MARTYRS. C. M. *Scottish.*

1 LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

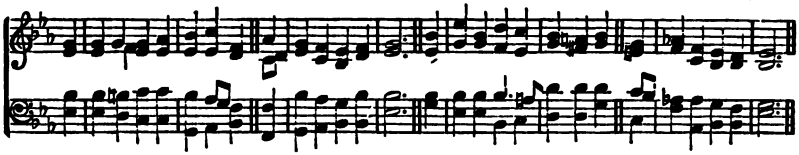
3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by that Door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blesséd face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be!

5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with all triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

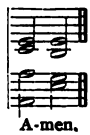
6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

400 REVELATIONS xiv. 13. EUSTON ROAD. C. M.
I. Watts. *H. Smart.*



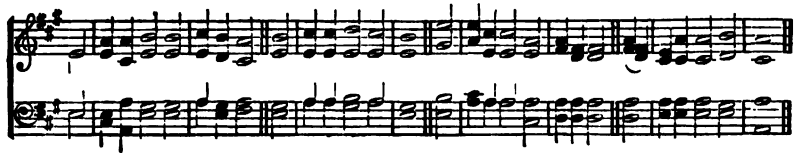
1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

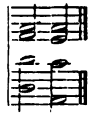
2 They die in Jesus and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

401 SEEKING A COUNTRY.

J. Newton.

AZMON. C. M.

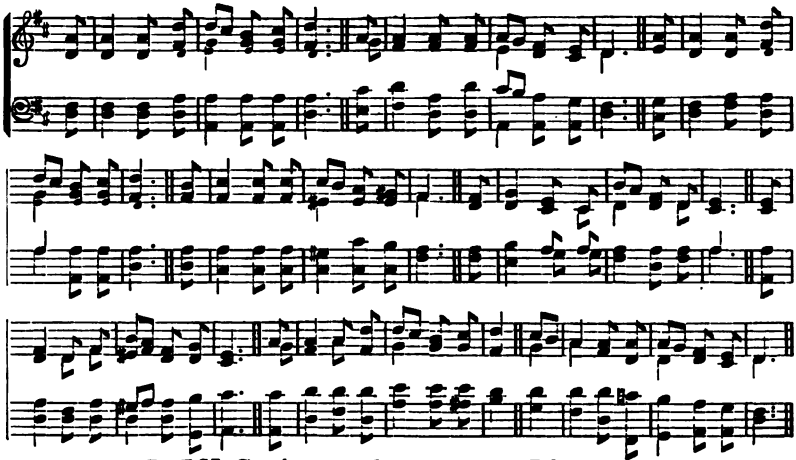
Glüser. Arr. Mason.

1 WE seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day;
Through floods and flames the passage lies,
But Jesus guards the way.

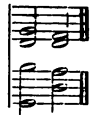
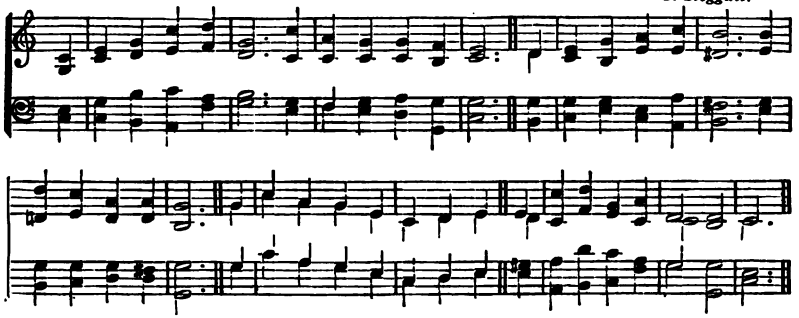
2 The swelling flood, and raging flame,
Hear and obey his word;
Then let us triumph in his name,
Our Saviour is the Lord.

A-men.

402 1 PETER i. 8.

W. Cowper.

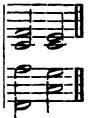
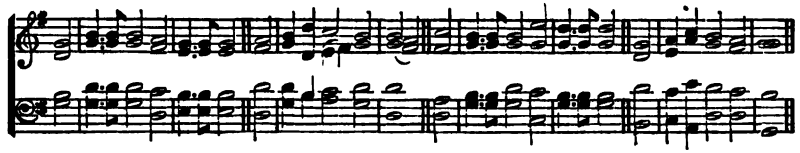
HESPERUS. 8s. D.

French Air. L. W. B.

1 MY Saviour, whom absent I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion and power,
Dissolve thou the bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee,
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

2 When that happy era begins
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins
The bosom on which I recline—
O then shall the vail be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall meet him, whom absent I loved,
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.

403 MY SONG AND CITY. CHRIST CHURCH. H. M.
S. Crossman. *C. Steggall.*

1 JERUSALEM on high My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die, The centre of my bliss;
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

2 Thy walls, sweet city, thine, With pearls are garnishéd;
Thy gates with praises shine, Thy streets with gold are spread;
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

3 There dwells my Lord, my King, Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to him sing, And lowly homage give:
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

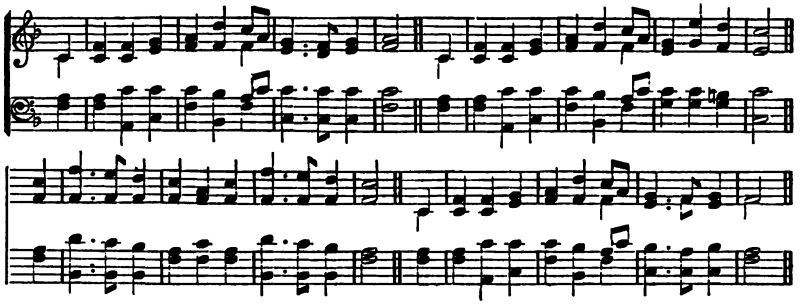
4 Ah me, ah me! that I In Kedar's tents here stay!
No place like that on high; Lord, thither guide my way.
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

404 HOPE OF HEAVEN. ARLINGTON. C. M.
I. Watts. *T. A. Arne.*

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:—

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

A-men.

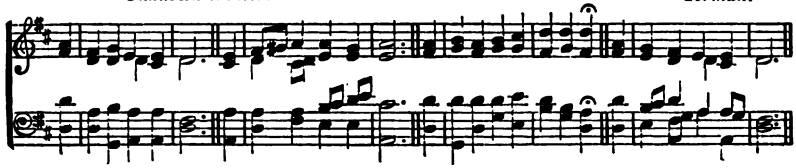
405 I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY. FREDERICK. IIS.
W. A. Muhlenberg. *G. Kingsley.*

1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within:
Ev'n the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

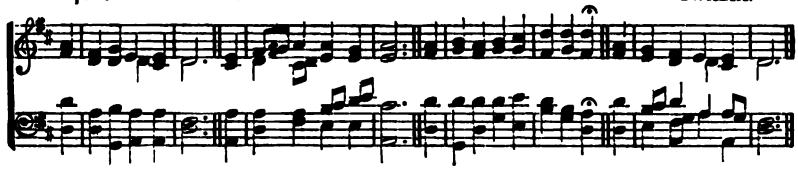
4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heavén, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:—

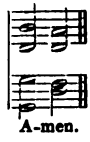
5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

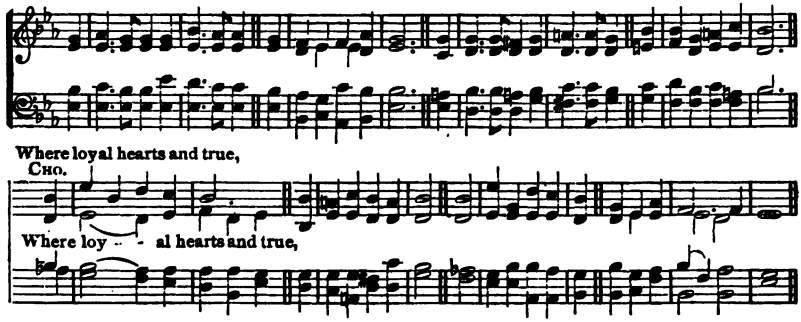
406 REVELATION xxi. 3, 4. SWABIA. S. M.
Unknown Writer. *German.*

1 THE people of the Lord
Are on their way to heaven;
There they obtain their great reward;
The prize will there be given.

2 'Tis conflict here below;
'Tis triumph there, and peace:
On earth we wrestle with the foe;
In heaven our conflicts cease.

3 'Tis gloom and darkness here;
'Tis light and joy above;
There all is pure, and all is clear;
There all is peace and love.

406. CONTINUED. SWABIA.

4 There rest shall follow toil,
And ease succeed to care:
The victors there divide the spoil:
They sing and triumph there.

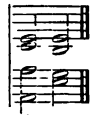
5 Then let us joyful sing;
The conflict is not long:
We hope in heaven to praise our King
In one eternal song.

407 LONGING FOR REST. PARADISE. 86,86; 66,66.

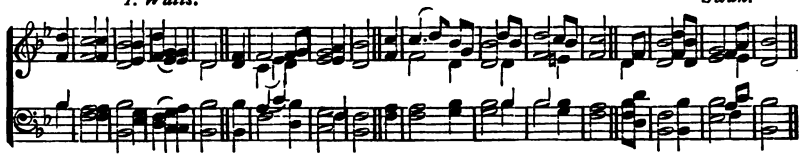
F. W. Faber. *J. Barnby.*

1 O PARADISE, O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?

CHORUS.—*Where loyal hearts and true*
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?—*Chorus.*

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.—*Chorus.*

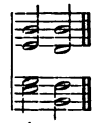
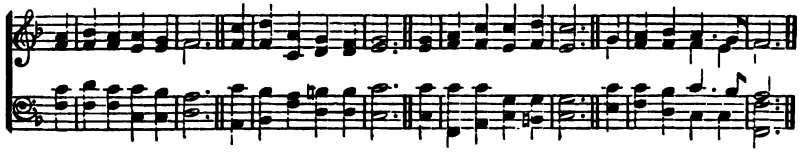
4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above.—*Chorus.*

408 SLEEPING IN JESUS. CHINA. C. M.

I. Watts. *Swan.*

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And scattered all the gloom.

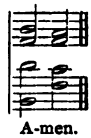
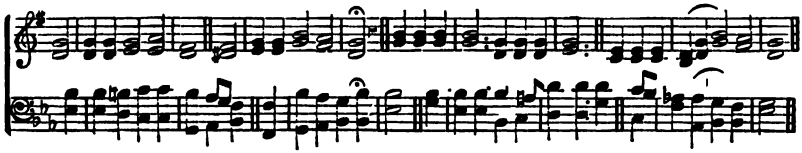
3 The graves of all his saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

4 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we too shall fly,
At the great rising day.

5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

409 THE LAND OF PEACE. *H. W. Baker.* HORA QUIETIS. *H. L. Jenner.*

1 THERE is a blesséd home Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come, Nor tears of sorrow flow;

2 Where faith is lost in sight, And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light Its glory throws around

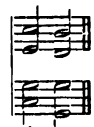
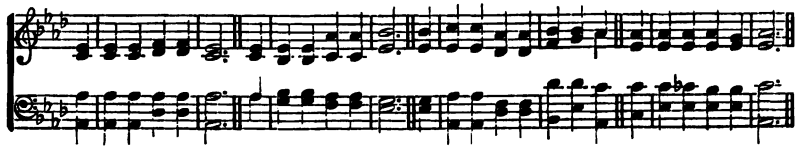
3 There is a land of peace; Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease Within its portals swell.

4 Look up, ye saints of God! Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod Of daily toil and woe.

410 1 THESSALONIANS iv. 17. *J. Montgomery.* PARAH. S. M. *L. Mason.*

1 "FOREVER with the Lord!"
So, Jesus, let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.

3 "Forever with the Lord!
Saviour, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfill.

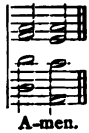
4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

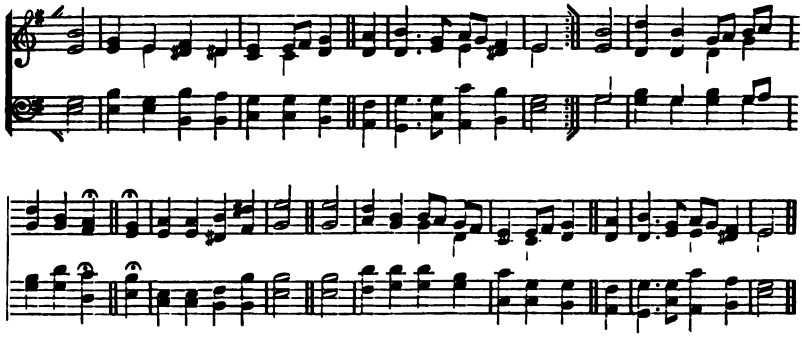
5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,—
"Forever with the Lord!"

411 NUMBERS xxiii. 10. GORTON. S. M.
Unknown Writer. *From Beethoven.*

1 O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

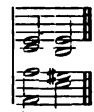
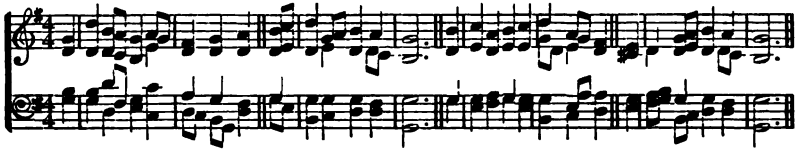
4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give
Our praises and our tears.

5 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

412 "THE MOTHER OF US ALL." FAIR HAVENS. C. M. D.

F. B. P. About A.D. 1600. *Aaron Chapin.*

1 O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

2 No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.
Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there!

3 Right through thy streets with pleasing sound
The flood of life doth flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.
Those trees each month yield ripened fruit;
For evermore they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honors bring.

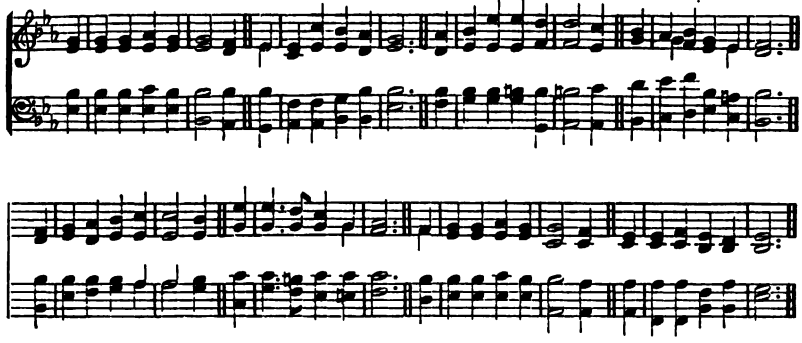
4 There the blest souls that hardly 'scaped
The snare of death and hell,
Triumph in joy eternally,
Whereof no tongue can tell.
O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

413 ONE FAMILY. STEPHENS. C. M.
C. Wesley. *W. Jones.*

1 LET saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone:
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven are one.

2 One family we dwell in him,
One church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death:—

3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Some to their everlasting home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

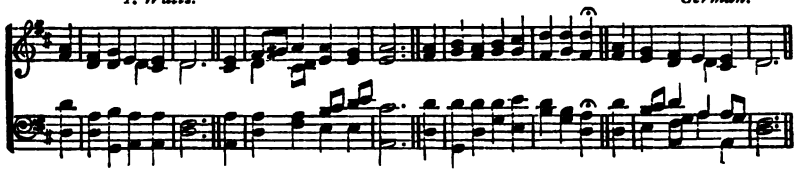
5 Lord Jesus, be our constant guide:
And, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

414 THE FOUNDATION THAT IS LAID. AURELIA. 7-6. D.
S. J. Stone. *S. S. Wesley.*

1 THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven he came and sought her,
To be his holy bride;
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth;
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

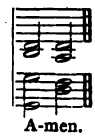
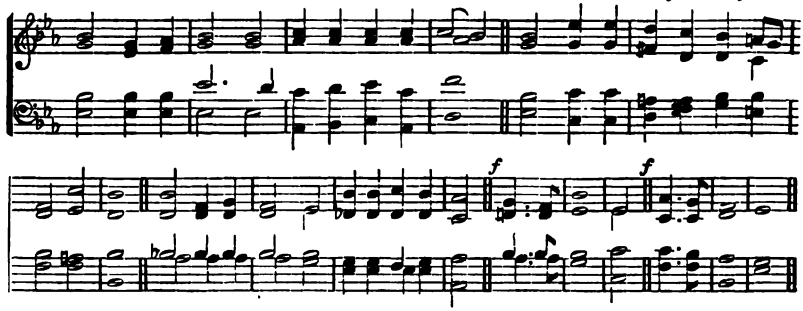
4 The saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?'
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace, that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.

415 THE JOY OF THE EARTH. SWABIA. S. M.
I. Watts. *German.*

1 HOW honored is the place,
Where we adoring stand—
Zion! the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell:
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up th' eternal gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.

4 Here taste unmingled joys;
Here live in perfect peace;
You who have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

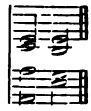
5 Trust in the Lord; O trust,
And banish all your fears:
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

416 THANKS FOR ALL SAINTS. SALISBURY. 10,10,10.8.
W. W. How. *J. Barnby.*

1 FOR all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

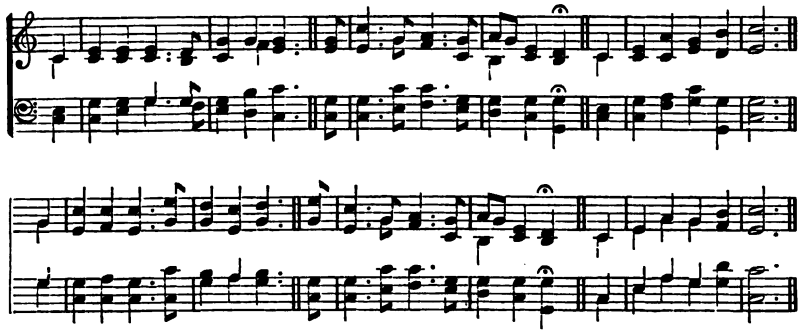
2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

3 O blest communion! fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle; they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

4 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors comes the rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

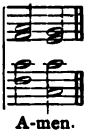
5 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on his way.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

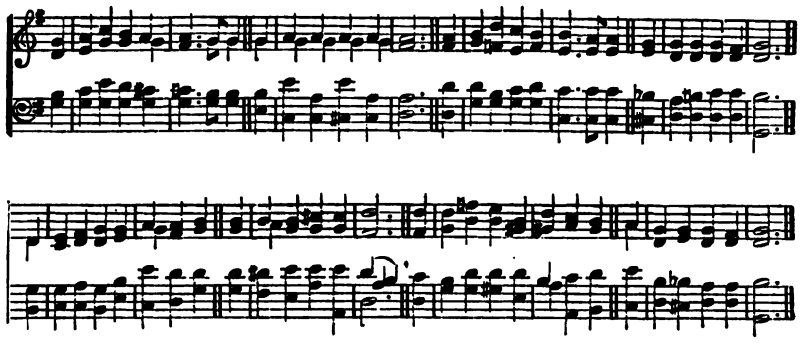
6 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

A-men.

417 GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS' HYMN. GANGES. C. P. M.
Tr. C. Winkworth. *Old Melody.*

1 FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power:
What though your courage sometimes faints!
This seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

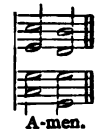
2 Fear not! be strong! your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs:
Leave all to him, your Lord:
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
Salvation shall for you arise:
He girdeth on his sword!

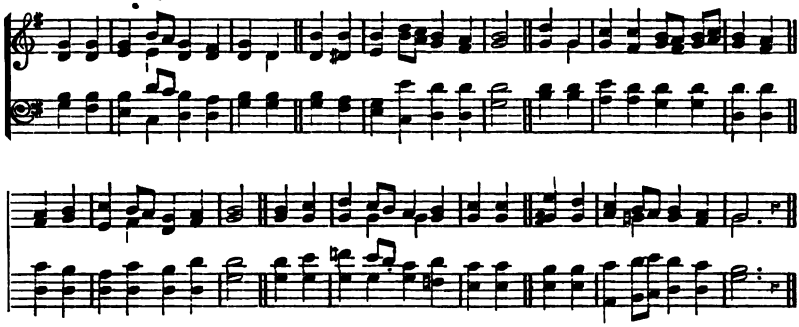
3 As sure as God's own promise stands,
Not earth nor hell, with all their bands,
Against us shall prevail:
The Lord shall mock them from his throne;
God is with us, we are his own;
Our victory can not fail!

4 Amen! Lord Jesus, grant our prayer:
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare
Thy church with strength defend:
So shall all saints and martyrs raise
A joyful chorus to thy praise,
Through ages without end!

A-men.

418 THE BOND OF PEACE. ST. LEONARD'S. C. M. D.
R. Massie. *H. Hiles.*

1 O LORD, who teachest us on earth
This lesson from above,
That all our works are nothing worth,
Unless they spring from love;
Send down thy Spirit from on high,
And pour in every heart
Thy precious gift of charity,
And peace and joy impart.

2 The healing balm, the holy oil,
Which calms the waves of strife;
The drop which sweetens every toil,
The breath of our new life.
Without this blessed bond of peace
God counts the living dead,
O heavenly Father, grant us this
Through Christ, the living Head!

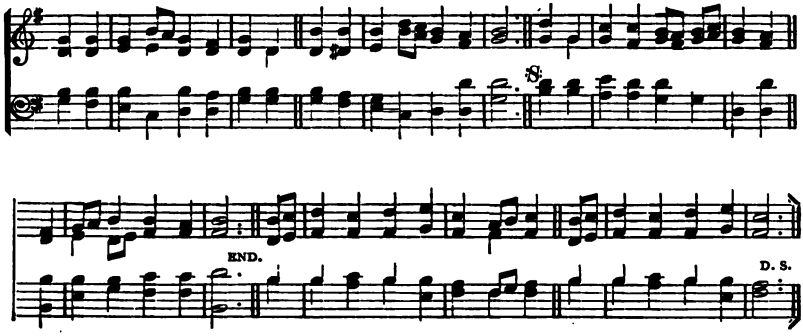
3 Heal our divisions, banish hate
From lips that should speak peace;
Let jealousy and strife abate,
And only love increase.
Thus shall we to our sacred name
Our title clearly prove,
While ev'n our enemies exclaim,
"See how these Christians love!"

419 THE HEAD-STONE OF THE CORNER. EDOM. 8-7. 61.

Tr. J. M. Neale. *Gounod.*

1 CHRIST is made the sure foundation,
Christ the Head and Corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one;
Holy Zion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

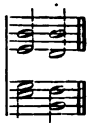
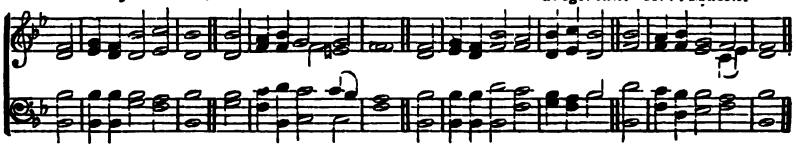
3 To this temple where we call thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear thy servants as they pray,
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

4 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
What they ask of thee to gain,
What they gain from thee forever
With the blesséd to retain,
And hereafter in thy glory
Evermore with thee to reign.

420 "THE GLORIOUS ARMY." ELLACOMBE. C. M. D.
Reginald Heber. *German.*

1 THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,—
He follows in his train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save.
Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong;
Who follows in his train?

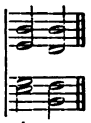
3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks, the death to feel;
Who follows in their train?

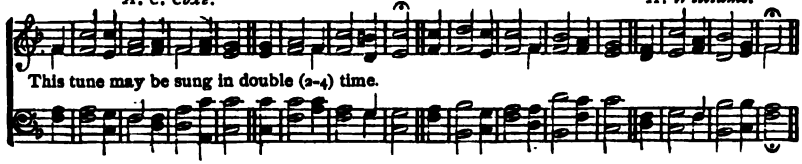
4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

421 "BLEST BE THE TIE." OLMUTZ. S. M.
J. Fawcett. *Gregorian. Arr. Mason.*

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

4 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

5 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

422 THE KINGDOM UNMOVED. MEAR. C. M.
A. C. Coxe. *A. Williams.*

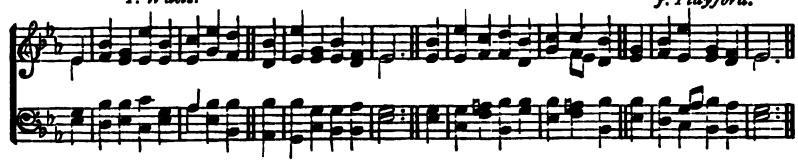


1 O WHERE are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

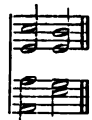
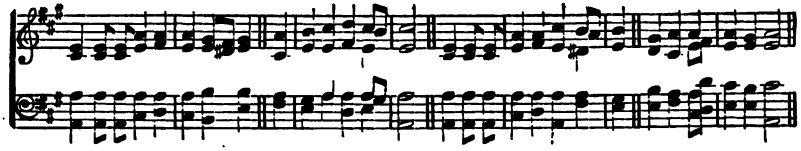
3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;

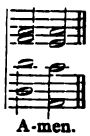
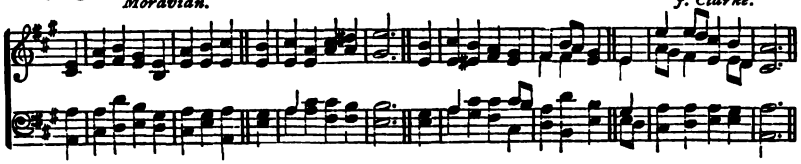
4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made with hands.

423 THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES. LONDON. C. M.
I. Watts. *J. Playford.*

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above—how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!

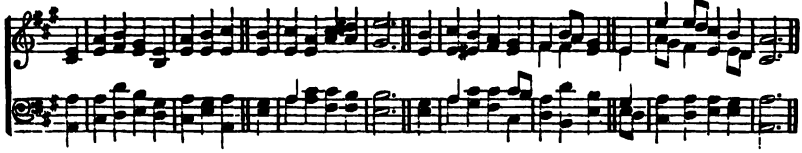
2 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

3 They marked the footsteps that he trod,—
His zeal inspired their breast;—
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

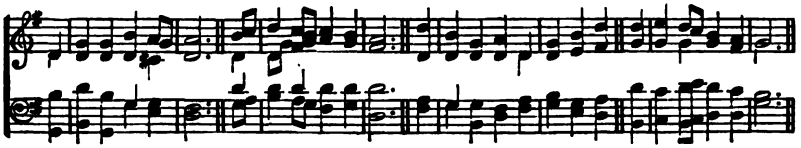
4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

424 THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT. BOWDOIN SQUARE. C. M.
C. Coffin. *Abbé Vögler.*

1 O HOLY SPIRIT, Lord of grace,
Eternal fount of love,
Inflame, we pray, our inmost hearts
With fire from heaven above.

2 As thou in bond of love dost join
The Father and the Son,
So fill us all with mutual love,
And knit our hearts in one.

425 THE MARTYRS. NOTTINGHAM. C. M.
Moravian. *J. Clarke.*

1 GLORY to God! whose witness-train,
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph even in death.

2 O, may that faith our hearts sustain,
Wherein they fearless stood,
When, in the power of cruel men,
They poured their willing blood.

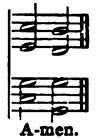
425. CONTINUED. NOTTINGHAM.

3 God, whom we serve, our God, can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, can smooth the wave,
For such as love his name.

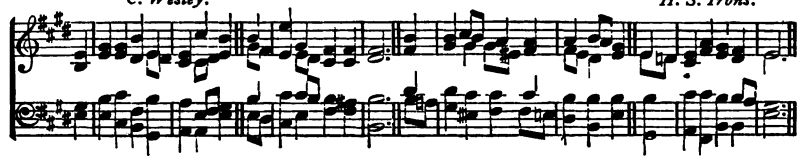
4 Lord! if thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove at length.

426 THE SAINTS. ST. THOMAS. S. M.
R. Mant. *A. Williams.*

1 FOR all thy saints, O God,
Who strove in Christ to live,
Who followed him, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all thy saints, O God,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Christ their great reward,
And yearned for him to die

3 They all, in life and death,
With him, their Lord, in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 For this, thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

427 THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS. SOUTHWELL. C. M.

C. Wesley. *H. S. Irons.*

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,—
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

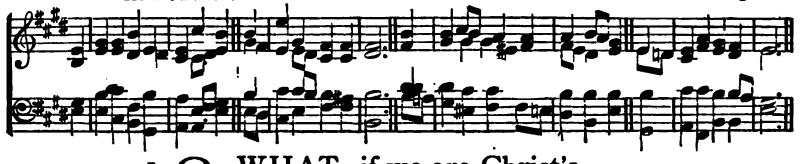
3 Thee, in thy glorious realm, they praise,
And bow before thy throne:
We in the kingdom of thy grace;—
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in thy statutes treads
Shall meet thee in the skies.

A-men.

428 ROMANS viii. 18. EASTNOR. S. M.

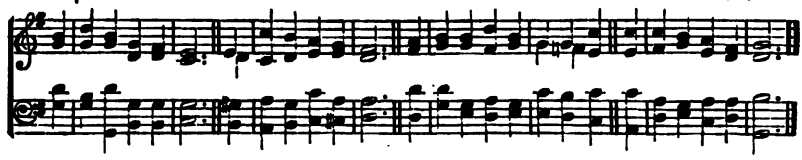
H. W. Baker. *A. King.*



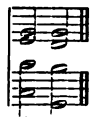
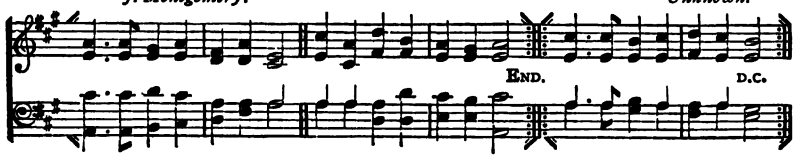
1 O WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

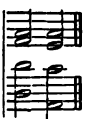
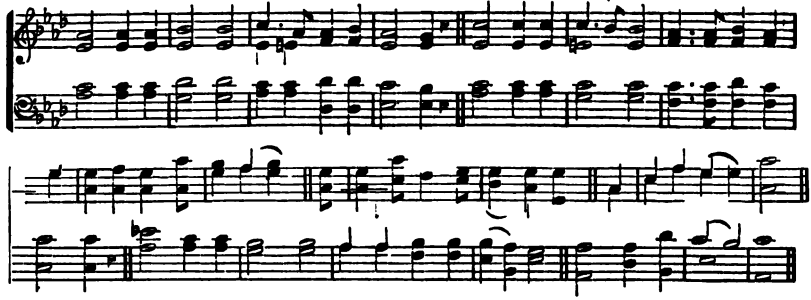
2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

428. CONTINUED. EASTNOR.



3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

429 LOVE OF THE BRETHREN. SPANISH HYMN. 7s. D.
J. Montgomery. *Unknown.*

1 PEOPLE of the living God!
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found:
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns,—a fugitive unblest;
Brethren! where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest.

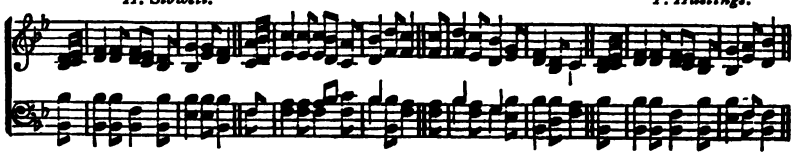
2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine:
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

430 THE CHURCH'S DEFENSE. FLEMMING. 11,11; 11,5.
P. Pusey. Transl. *F. Flemming.*

1 LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and hope of every nation,
Hear and receive thy church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

2 See round thine ark the hungry billows curling,
See how thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, thou canst help when earthly armor faileth,
Lord, thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth,
Grant us thy peace, Lord.

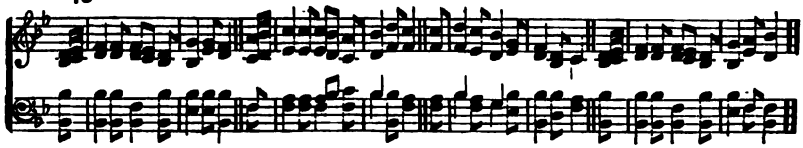
A-men.

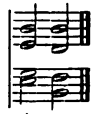
431 THE MERCY-SEAT. RETREAT. L. M.
H. Stowell. *T. Hastings.*



1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

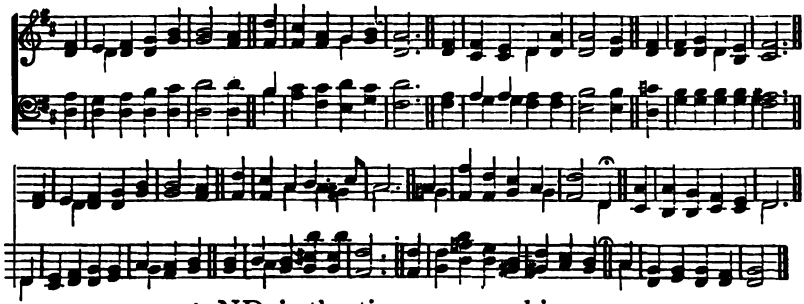
2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place, than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

431. CONTINUED. RETREAT.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend·
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat!

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!

A-men.

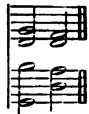
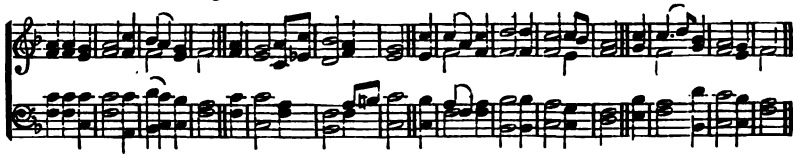
432 THE DAY APPROACHING. HULLAH. 7-6. D.

J. Borthwick. *J. Hullah.*

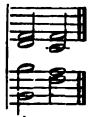
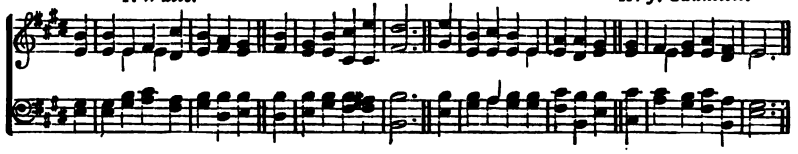


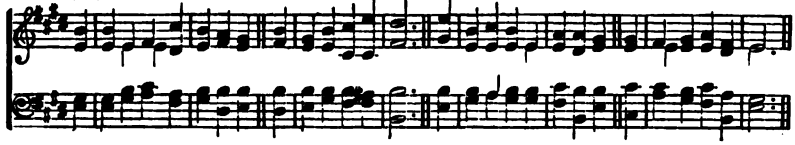
1 AND is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together
One Shepherd and one fold?
Shall Jew and Gentile meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?

2 Shall all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?
Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union
In a blest land of love?

O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray!
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray and hope and labor
Till the dark night be gone.

433 MATTHEW xix. 14. BETHLEHEM. C M.
P. Doddridge. *W. Arnold.*

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

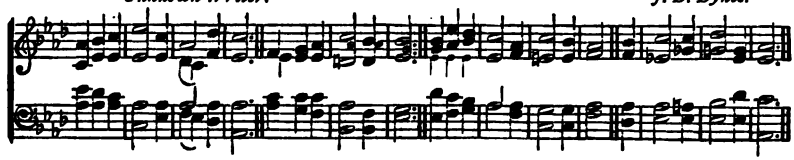
2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
It was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, with fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be!

434 ACTS ii. 39. FULBERT. C. M.
I. Watts. *H. Y. Gauntlett.*

1 HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abraham and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

434. CONTINUED. FULBERT.

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

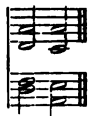
3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

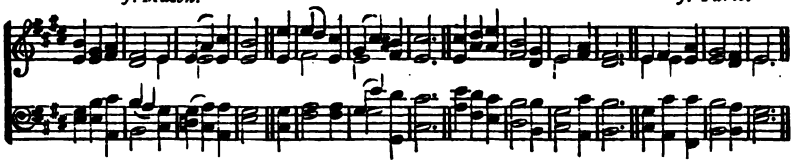
4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace,
Blots out the children's name.

435 THE HAPPY HOME. BEATITUDE. C. M.
Unknown Writer. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 HAPPY the home, when God is there,
And love fills every breast!
Where one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

2 Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp his fame,
And parents hold him dear.

3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

4 Lord, let us in our homes agree
This blessed peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to thee,
And love to all will reign.

436 THE DAY OF REST. ARMAGH. C. M.
J. Mason. *J. Turle.*

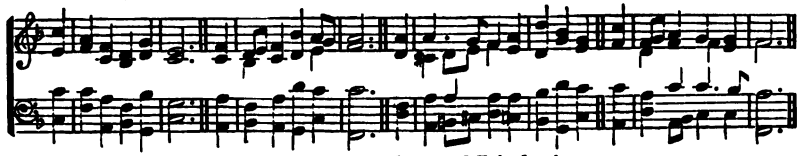


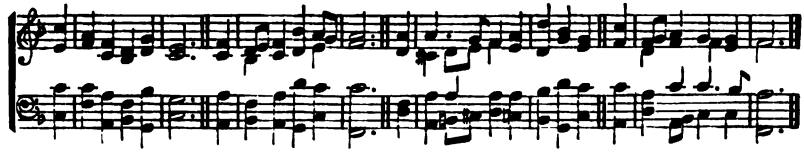
1 BLEST day of God! most calm, most bright,
The first, the best of days,
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

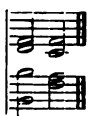
3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.

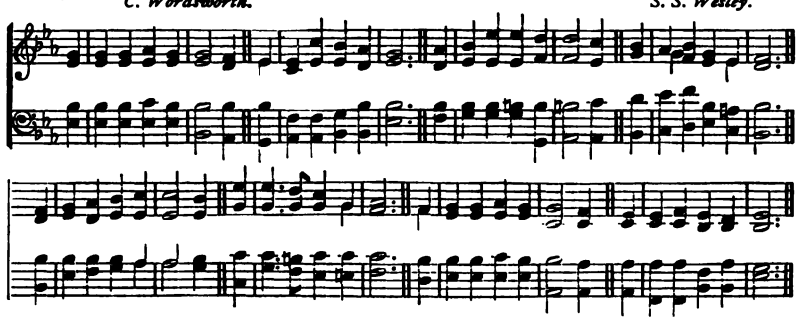
4 This day I must with God appear;
For, Lord, the day is thine;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
Then shall the day be mine.

437 THE FIRST DAY. STEGGALL. S. M.
J. Ellerton. *C. Steggall.*

1 THIS is the day of Light!
Let there be light to-day!
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

437. CONTINUED. STEGGALL.

2 This is the day of Rest!
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.

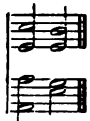
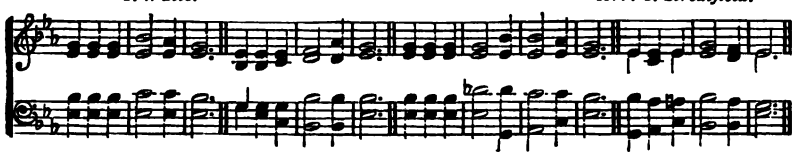
3 This is the day of Peace!
Thy peace our spirits fill!
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the First of days!
Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of Death!

A-men.

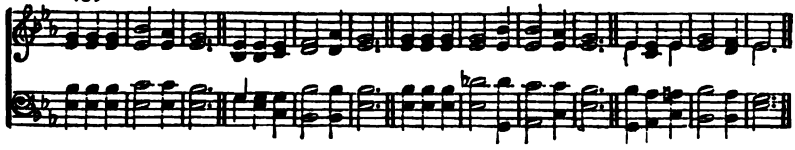
438 LORD'S DAY WORSHIP. AURELIA. 7-6. D.
C. Wordsworth. *S. S. Wesley.*

1 O DAY of rest and gladness!
O day of joy and light!
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the Great Three in One!

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from Heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

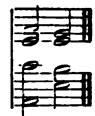
4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest:
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

439 THE DAY OF REST. LANGTON. S. M.
I. Watts. *Arr. C. Streatfield.*

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

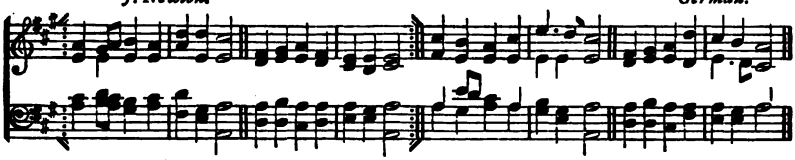
439. CONTINUED. LANGTON.



2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where God, my God, hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days,
Within the tents of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

A-men.

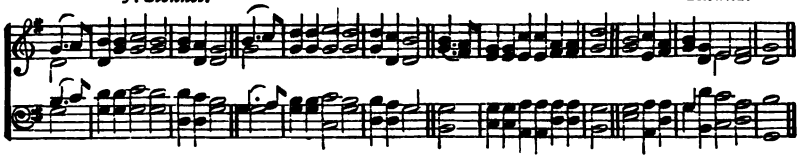
440 THE DAY OF REST. DIX. 7s. 6l.
Y. Newton. *German.*

1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,—
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

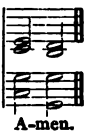
4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Wake our minds to raptures new;
Let thy victories abound,—
Unrepenting souls subdue:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest with thee above.

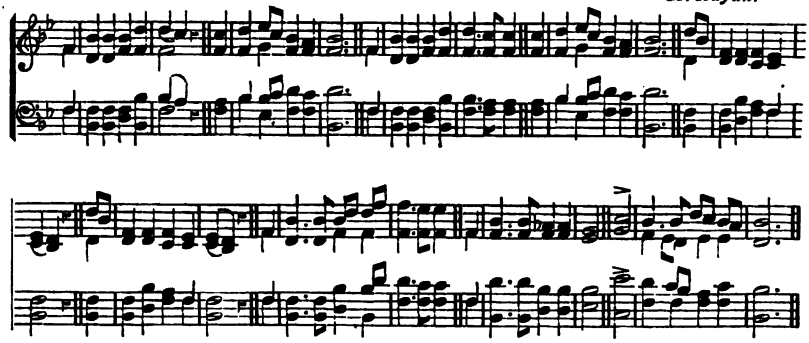
A-men.

441 THE SABBATH. ELPARAN. L. M.
J. Stennet. *Schultz.*

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest;
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.

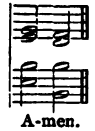
2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows!

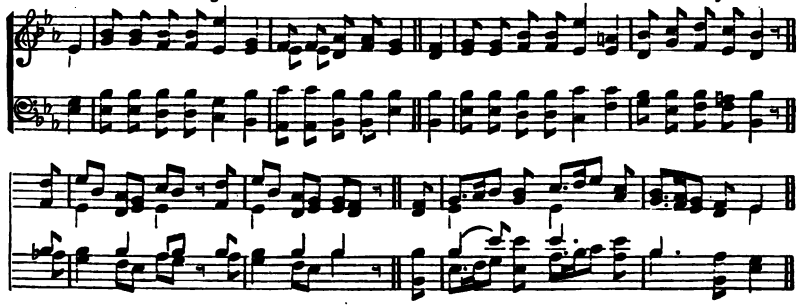
3 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains;
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

A-men.

442 ISA. lii. 7. MATTH. xiii. 16. FURTH. S. M. D.
I. Watts. *M. Haydn.*

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour, King;
‖: He reigns and triumphs here." :‖

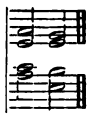
2 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
‖: But died without the sight. :‖

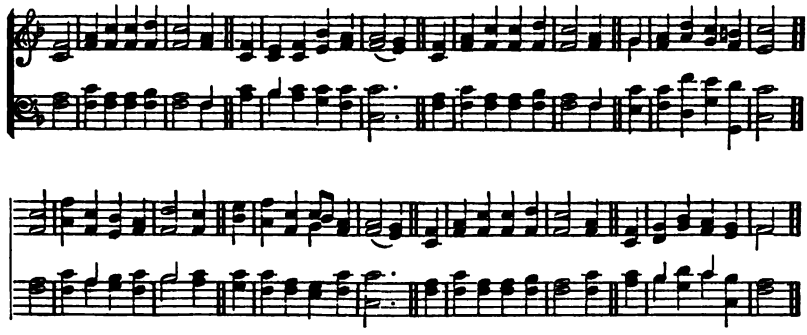
3 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
‖: Their Saviour, and their God. :‖

A-men.

443 ISAIAH lx. 1. NEWBURY. H. M.
P. Doddridge. *M. Haydn.*

1 O ZION, tune thy voice
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh:
Cheerful in God, | While rays divine
Arise and shine, | Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round | With luster new
Thy form shall view, | Divinely crowned.

3 In honor to his name
Reflect that sacred light:
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue his praise | In worlds above,
Till sovereign love, | The glory raise.

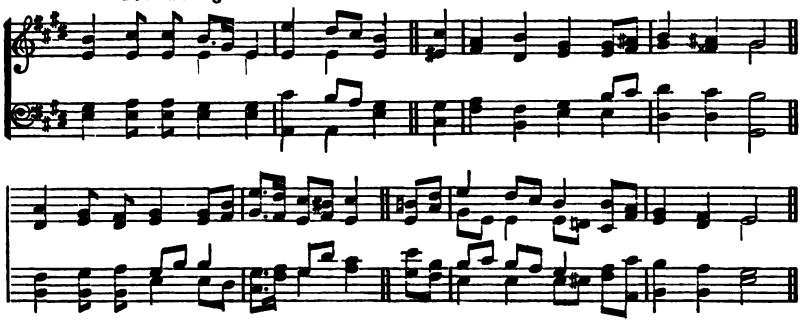
4 There on his holy hill
A brighter Sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While round his throne | In nobler spheres,
Ten thousand stars, | His influence own.

A-men.

444 "COME OVER AND HELP US." MISSIONARY HYMN. 7–6. D.
R. Heber. *L. Mason.*

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains,
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

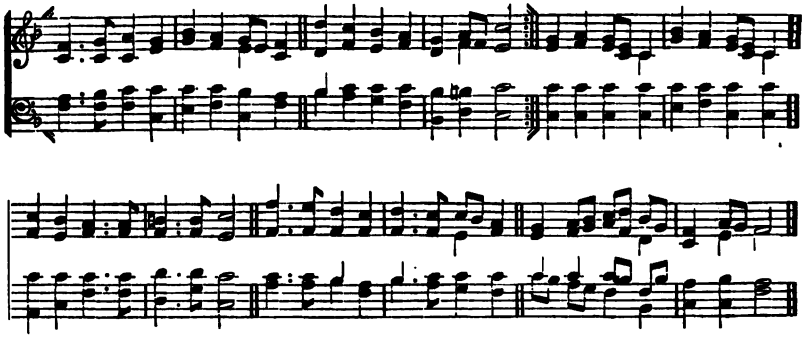
4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

445 ISAIAH lii. 1–3. *P. Doddridge.* MOSCOW. L. M. *Russian.*

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long—awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength!

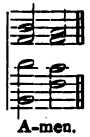
2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

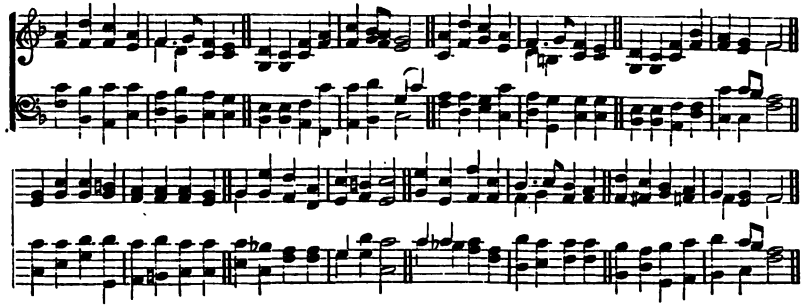
3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread:
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

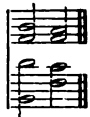
4 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

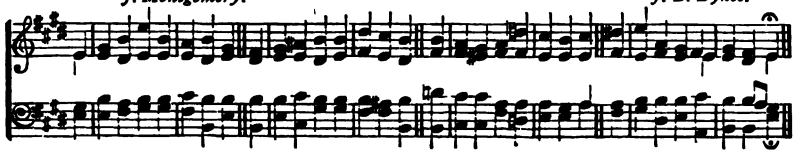
446 GLORY OF ZION. VIENNA. 8-7. D.
J. Newton. J. Haydn.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode;
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

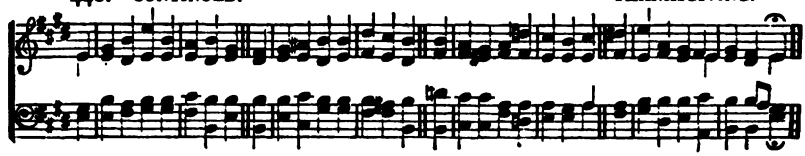
2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:—
He who gives them daily manna,
He who listens when they cry,—
Let him hear the loud hosanna
Rising to his throne on high.

A-men.

447 ISAIAH lx. 15–20. BETHABARA. 8–7. D.
W. Cowper. *H. Smart.*

1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:—
"O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,—
Fair abodes I build for you:
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls—Salvation,—
And your gates shall all be Praise.

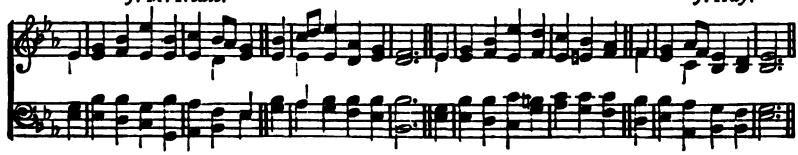
2 "Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God will rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, will be your glory,—
God your everlasting light."

A-men.

448 THE NEW EARTH. THANKSGIVING. L. M.
J. Montgomery. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 FROM day to day, before our eyes,
Grows and extends the work begun;
When shall the new creation rise
O'er every land beneath the sun?

448. CONTINUED. THANKSGIVING.

2 When, in the sabbath of his love,
Shall God from all his labors rest;
And bending from his throne above,
Again pronounce his creatures blest?

3 As sang the morning stars of old,
Shouted the sons of God for joy;
His widening reign while we behold,
Let praise and power our tongues employ;

4 Till the redeemed in every clime,
Yea, all that breathe, and move, and live,
To Christ, through every age of time,
The kingdom, power, and glory give.

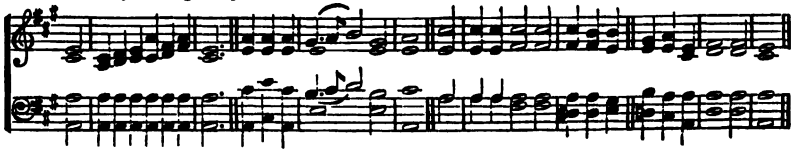
449 WAITING IN FAITH. DUNSTAN. C. M.
J. M. Neale. *J. Hay.*

1 WE wait in faith, in prayer we wait,
Until the happy hour
When God shall ope the morning gate,
By his almighty power.

2 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs;
Till he shall come earth's gloom to chase,
With healing on his wings.

3 And even now, amid the gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to that perfect day
Which never shall be past.

4 We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
Till that blest day shall shine,
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,
And all, O God, be thine!

5 O guide us till our night is done!
Until, from shore to shore,
Thou, Lord, our everlasting sun,
Art shining evermore!

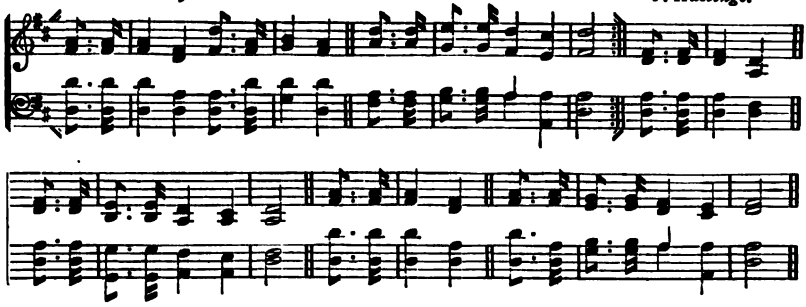
450 ISAIAH lii. 1-10. HERMON. C. M.
J. Montgomery. *L. Mason.*

1 DAUGHTER of Zion! from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust:
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake! put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

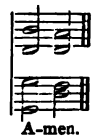
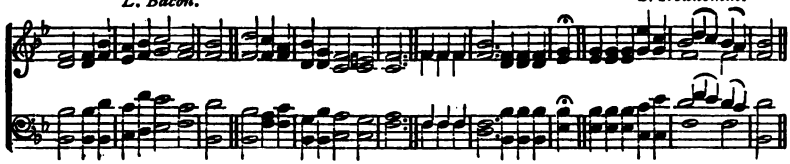
3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,"
And keep not back, O north!

4 They come, they come!—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

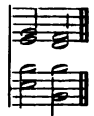
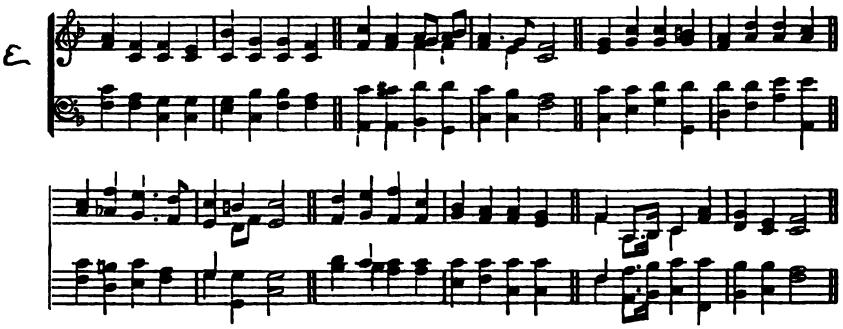
5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

451 GOOD TIDINGS TO ZION. *T. Kelly.* ZION. 8-7-4. *T. Hastings.*

1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion, long in hostile lands:
‖: Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy bands. :‖

2 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
‖: Great deliverance Zion's King will surely send. :‖

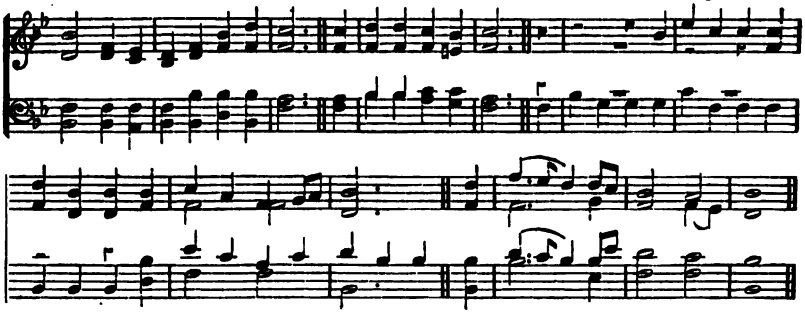
3 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last:
‖: All thy conflicts End in everlasting rest. :‖

452 LIGHT OF ZION. *L. Bacon.* AMES. L. M. *S. Neukomm.*

1 THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death;
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come, thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in thy courts to worship thee.

3 O light of Zion, now arise!
Let the glad morning bless our eyes!
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendors of the day.

453 EZEKIEL xlvii. 1–12. *T. Kelly.* EZEKIEL. 8–7–4. *J. H. Willcox.*

1 SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow;
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the world below:
‖: They are blesséd :‖ Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Waking beauty from decay:
‖: O ye nations, :‖ Hail the long-expected day.

3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose:
‖: Lo, the desert :‖ Sings for joy where'er it flows.

454 REVELATION xxi. 1–4. NORTHFIELD. C. M.
I. Watts. *Ingalls.*

The third line of each stanza is repeated in the bass, and the fourth line in the treble. In the other parts there is no repetition.

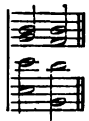
1 LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

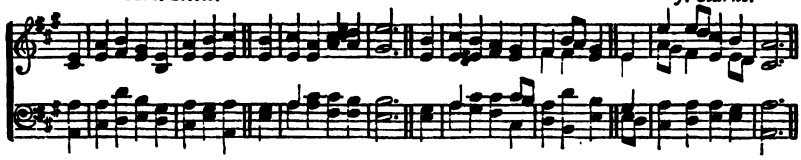
2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,—
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

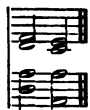
5 "His own kind hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die."

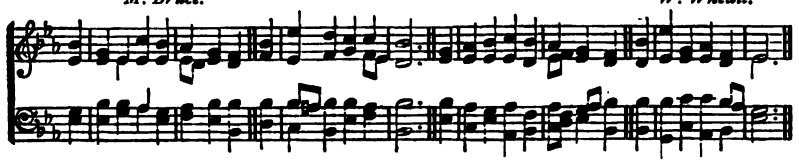
6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

A-men.

455 ISAIAH xlix. 15, 16. NOTTINGHAM. C. M.
Mrs. Steele. *J. Clarke.*

1 A MOTHER may forgetful be,
For human love is frail;
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion, cannot fail.

2 No, thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thy almighty Father's hands,
And never shall remove.

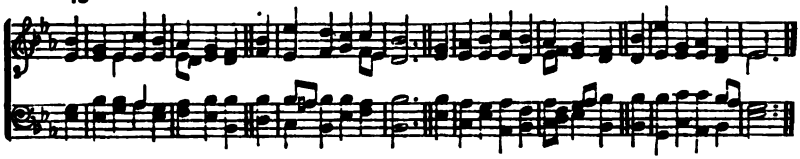
3 Before his ever-watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears,
And every groan, and every sigh,
Divine compassion hears.

4 O Zion, learn to doubt no more,
Be every fear suppressed;
Unchanging truth, and love, and power
Dwell in thy Saviour's breast.

A-men.

456 MICAH iv. 1–5. BEDFORD. C. M.
M. Bruce. *W. Wheall.*

1 IN latter days, the mount of God
O'er mountain tops shall rise;
Shall be exalted o'er the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

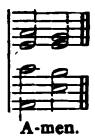
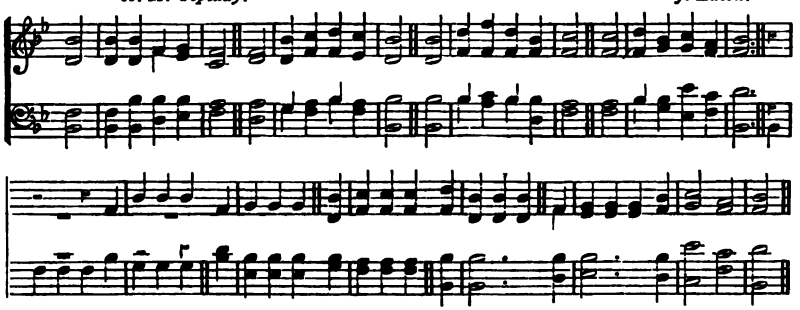
2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his house we'll go."

456. CONTINUED. BEDFORD.



3 The beams that shine on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion's towers
Shall all the world command.

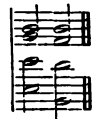
4 The nations, by his justice blest,
Shall give their battles o'er;
To plough-shares they shall beat their swords,
And learn to war no more.

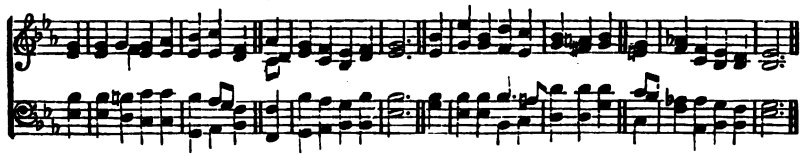
5 Come, then—O come from every land,
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine.

457 JUBILEE. LENOX. H. M.
A. M. Toplady. *J. Edson.*

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound,
‖: The year of jubilee is come; :‖
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God, The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood, Through every land proclaim
‖: The year of jubilee is come; :‖
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell, And blest in Jesus live:
‖: The year of jubilee is come; :‖
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear, The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near; Behold your Saviour's face:
‖: The year of jubilee is come; :‖
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

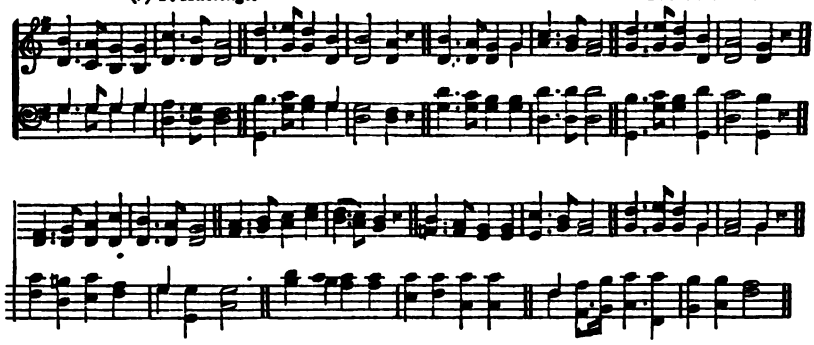
5 Jesus, our great High Priest, Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest; Ye mourning souls, be glad.
‖: The year of jubilee is come; :‖
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

A-men.

458 COME TO THE ARK. EUSTON ROAD. C. M.
Unknown Writer. *H. Smart.*

1 COME to the ark—come to the ark,
To Jesus come away;
The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrow flies by day.

2 Come to the ark—the waters rise,
The seas their billows rear;
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near!

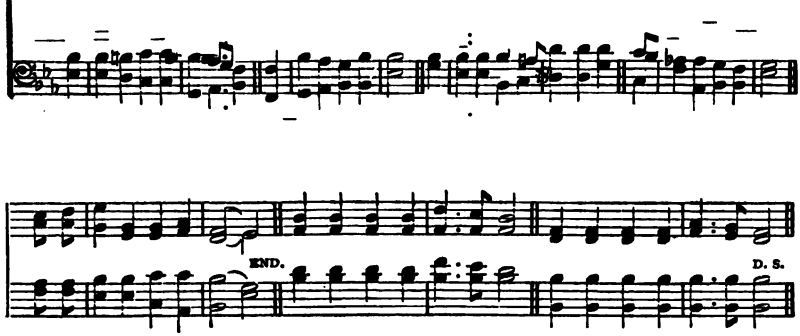
3 Come to the ark—all, all that weep
Beneath the sense of sin:
Without, deep calleth unto deep,
But all is peace within.

4 Come to the ark—ere yet the flood
Your lingering steps oppose;
Come, for the door which open stood,
May soon forever close.

459 JESUS LIVES. KIRK. 7-6. (Tr.) D.
(f) T. Hastings. From Herold.

1 DYING souls, fast bound in sin,
Trembling and repining,
With no ray of light divine
On your pathway shining;
Why in darkness wander on,
Filled with condemnation?
Jesus lives; in him alone
Can you find salvation.

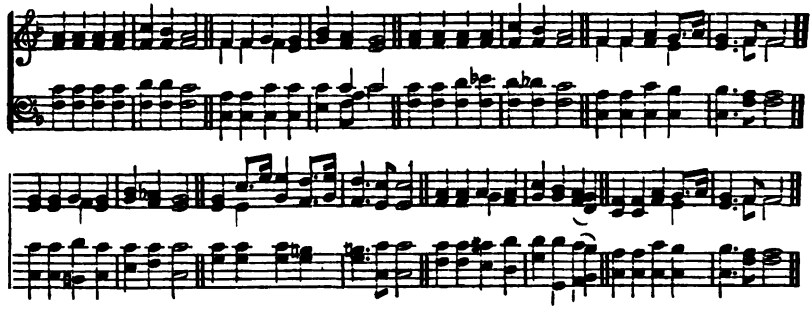
2 Prostrate bow; confess your guilt;
Own your lost condition;
Yield to him whose blood was spilt,
Unreserved submission.
Then no more in anguish groan;
Seek his mediation;
Jesus lives; in him alone
Can you find salvation.

3 Linger not in all the plain;
Vengeance is pursuing;
'Mid the dying and the slain,
Save your souls from ruin.
Flee to him who can atone;
Flee from condemnation;
Jesus lives; in him alone
Can you find salvation.

460 SINNERS, TURN. BENEVENTO. 7s. D.
J. Wesley. *S. Webbe.*

1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why!—
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

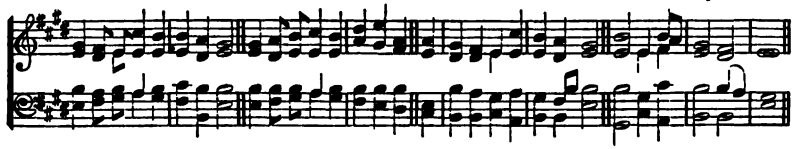
2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why!—
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why!—
He who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace his love.
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners! why,—
Why will ye forever die?

461 SINNER, ROUSE THEE. CLEVELAND. 7s. D.
H. U. Onderdonk. *From Blumenthal.*

1 SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit dark and dead;
Jesus waits his light to shed.
Wake from sleep, arise from death;
See the bright and living path;
Watchful tread that path—be wise;
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

2 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem the time;
Life secure, without delay;
Evil is thy mortal day.
Rouse thee, sinner, from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Jesus calls from death and night,
Wake, and he shall give thee light.

462 "COME, HEAVY-LADEN." BALFOUR. 888,6.
R. S. Cook. *Balfour.*

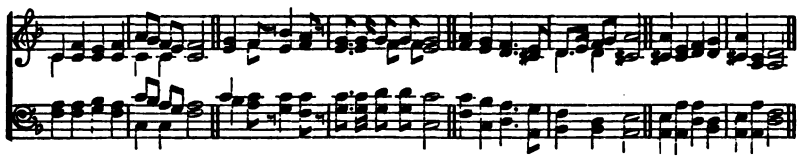


1 BURDENED with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest:
I bring relief to hearts oppressed;
O weary sinner, come!

2 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss:
O needy sinner, come!

3 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thine aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears:
O trembling sinner, come!

4 "The Spirit and the bride say, Come:"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come!
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come;
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

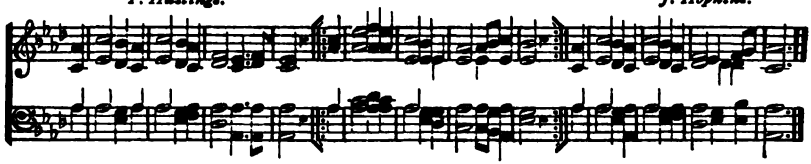
463 "STAY NOT." STUART. 79,77.
T. Scott. *L. Mason.*

1 HASTE, O sinner! now be wise;
Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste thee! mercy now implore;
Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere the morrow is begun.

3 Haste, O sinner! now return;
Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, O sinner, now be blest,
Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

464 DELAY NOT! EXPOSTULATION. IIs.
T. Hastings. *J. Hopkins.*

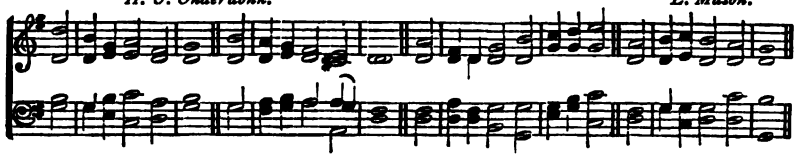


1 DELAY not, delay not; O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened—how canst thou refuse
To wash, and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

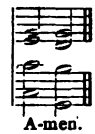
3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb,—
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

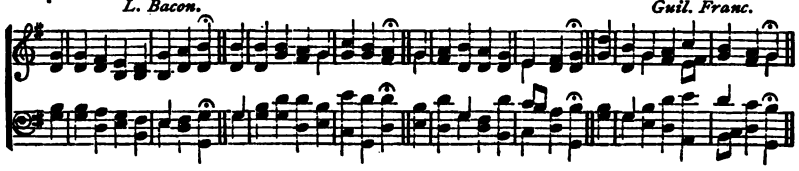
4 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,—
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

465 REVELATION xxii. 17, 20. PENTONVILLE. S. M.
H. U. Onderdonk. *L. Mason.*

1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

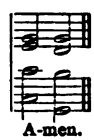
4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so! we wait thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

466 A HYMN FOR AMERICA. OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

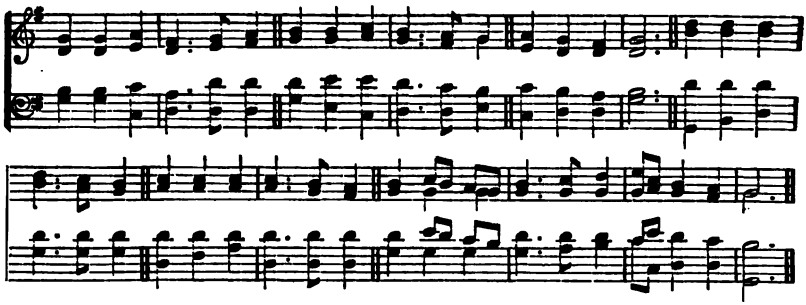
L. Bacon. *Guil. Franc.*

1 O GOD, beneath thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped thee.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer,—
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

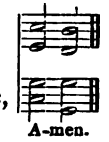
3 What change! through pathless wilds no more
The fierce and naked savage roams;
Sweet praise, along the cultured shore,
Breaks from ten thousand happy homes.

4 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

5 And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

467 GOD SAVE THE STATE.

C. T. Brooks. AMERICA. 6–4. *H. Carey.*

1 GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand, Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave, Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies; On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh, Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry, God save the State!



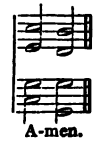
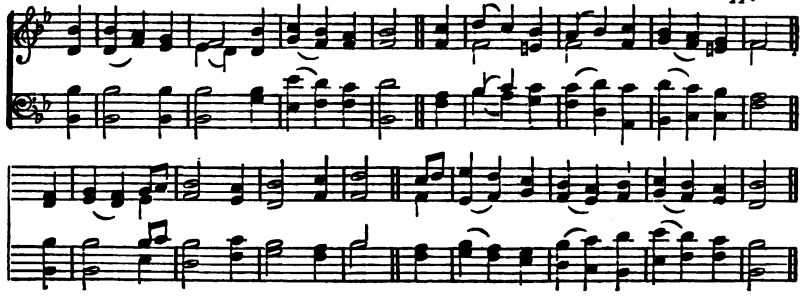
468 "MY COUNTRY."

S. F. Smith. AMERICA. 6–4. *H. Carey.*

1 MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty, To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

469 THANKSGIVING. ALL-SAINTS. L. M.
W. Roscoe. *W. Knapp.*

1 GREAT God, beneath whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie;
Whose favoring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall;—

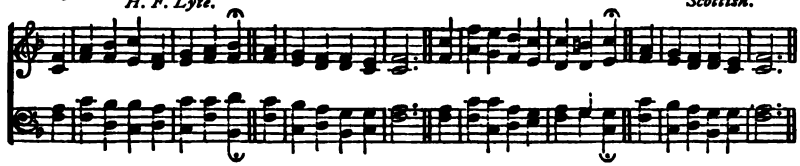
2 Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
Their children's children long shall own;
To thee, with grateful hearts shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.

3 Upheld by thine unfailing aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread;
And, freely as the vital air,
Thy first and noblest bounties share.

4 Great God, our Guardian, Guide, and Friend,
O still thy sheltering arm extend;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last!

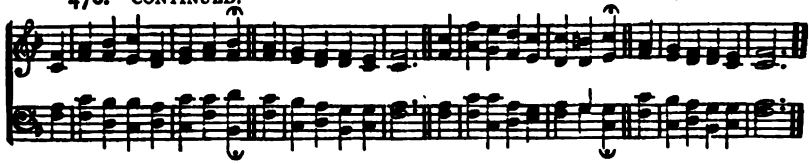
A-men

470 "THE LORD IS OURS." DUNDEE. C. M.
H. F. Lyte. *Scottish.*



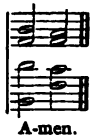
1 GREAT is the Lord! his praise be great!
Ye lands your tribute bring:
Our country, thou his chosen seat,
Be first to praise thy King.

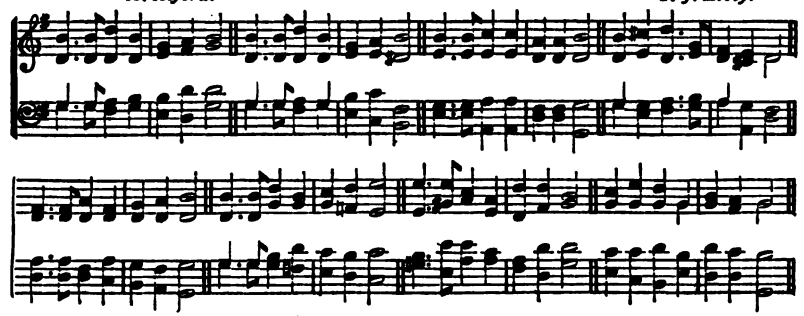
470. CONTINUED. DUNDEE.



2 God in thy borders well is known,
A strong and faithful friend:
O rest thou still on him alone,
And he will still defend.

3 Here in thy courts again we stand,
Thy grace, O Lord, to see;
Soon let it shine on every land,
And win all hearts to thee.

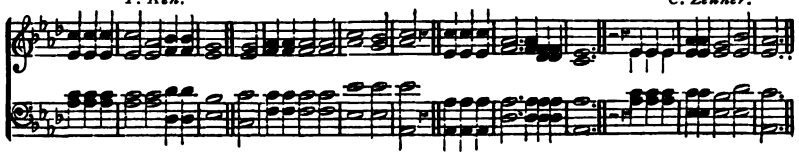
4 But still our country be thy choice;
Still walk around her towers
Still let her sons in thee rejoice,
And cry,—"The Lord is ours!"

A-men.

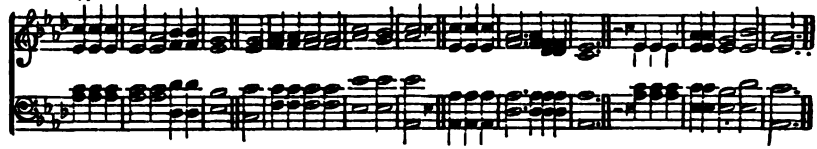
471 HARVEST HOME. ST. GEORGE'S. 7s. D.
H. Alford. *G. J. Elvey.*

1 COME, ye thankful people! come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All is safely gathered in
Ere the winter storms begin;
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!

2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise we yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O Harvest-Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come
And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall, in that day,
All offences purge away;
Give his angels charge, at last,
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

4 Then, thou church triumphant! come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There forever, purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand angels, come!
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home!

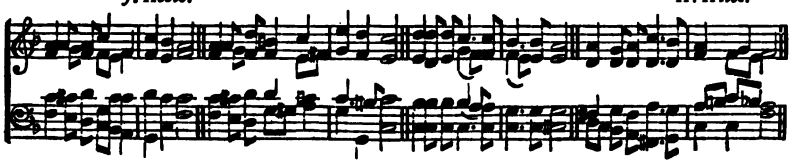
472 KEN'S MORNING HYMN. MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.
T. Ken. *C. Zeuner.*

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

472. CONTINUED. MISSIONARY CHANT.

2 Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

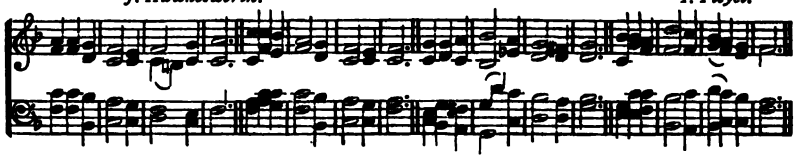
473 KEBLE'S MORNING HYMN. SWEDEN. L. M.
J. Keble. *H. Hiles.*

1 NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

3 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

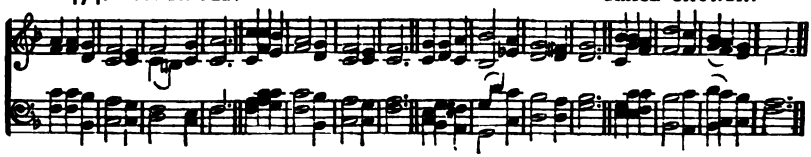
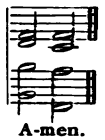
5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray!

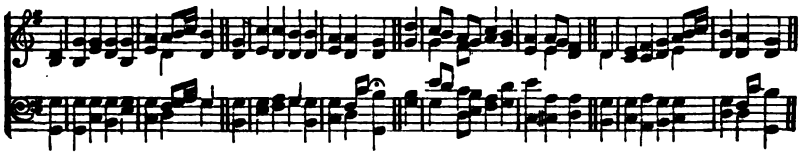
474 THE WAKING HOUR. GRACE CHURCH. L. M.
J. Hawkesworth. *I. Pleyel.*

1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade—
I drink again the morning light.

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee!

3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
When dangers press around my head.

4 A deeper shade will soon impend;
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

474. CONTINUED. GRACE CHURCH.

5 That deeper shade shall break away;
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day—
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

A-men.

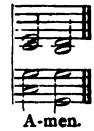
475 KEN'S EVENING HYMN. TALLIS' HYMN. L. M.
T. Ken. *Derived from Tallis.*

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

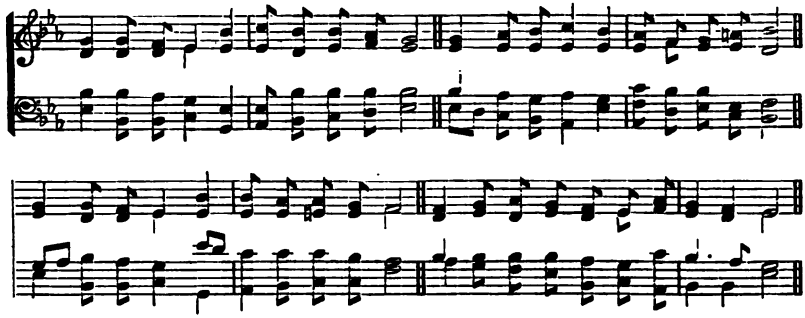
4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 Be thou my guardian while I sleep,
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

6 Lord, let my soul forever share,
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love!

476 "ABIDE WITH US."

H. F. Lyte.

EVENTIDE. 10s.

W. H. Monk.

1 ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless O abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

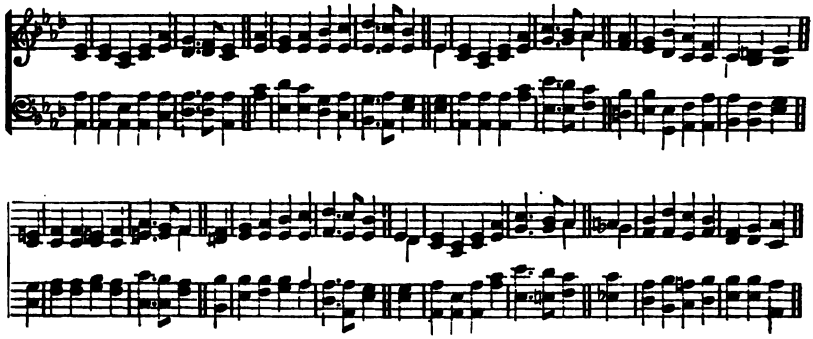
4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee.
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

477 With Christ at Eventide.

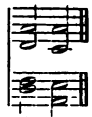
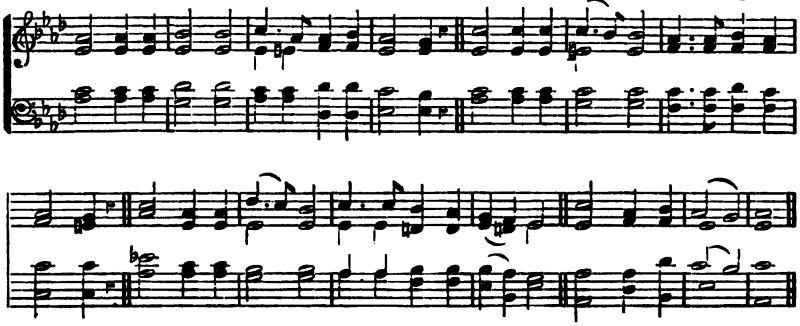
H. Twells.

Sunset. L. M. D.

B. P. L.

1 AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay,
O, in what divers pains they met!
O, with what joy they went away!
Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near:
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that thou art here.

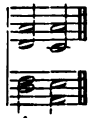
2 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;
And some are pressed with worldly care;
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear
That only thou canst cast them out.

3 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee.
And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

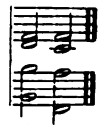
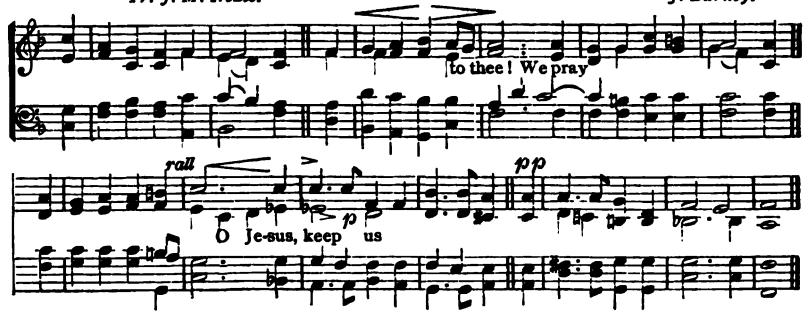
4 O Saviour Christ, thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.
Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from thee can fruitless fall:
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

478 A Song in the Night. Flemming. 11,11; 11,5.
Tr. C. Winkworth. *F. Flemming.*

1 NOW God be with us, for the night is closing.
Darkness and light are both of his disposing.
Beneath his shadow, here to rest we yield us,
For he will shield us.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us;
In soul and body thou from harm defend us;
Thine angels send us.

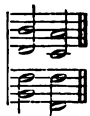
3 We have no refuge; none on earth to aid us,
Save thee, O Father, who thine own hast made us:
But thy dear presence will not leave them lonely
Who seek thee only.

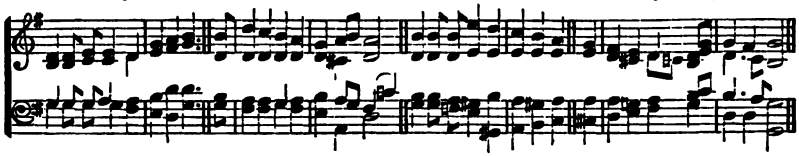
4 Father, thy name be praised, thy kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth, as 'tis in Heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

479 "SOFTLY NOW." SEYMOUR. 7s.
G. W. Doane. *Von Weber. Arr.*

1 SOFTLY, now, the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

480 A GREEK HYMN. ANATOLIUS. 76.76; 88.
Tr. J. M. Neale. *J. Barnby.*

1 THE day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to thee!
We pray thee now, that sinless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesus, keep us in thy sight,
And save us thro' the coming night.

2 The toils of day are over;
We raise our hymn to thee,
And ask, that free from peril,
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesus, keep us in thy sight,
And guard us thro' the coming night.

3 Be thou our souls' preserver,
O God, for thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go;
O loving Jesus, hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all.

481 ABIDE WITH US. KEBLE. L. M.

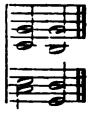
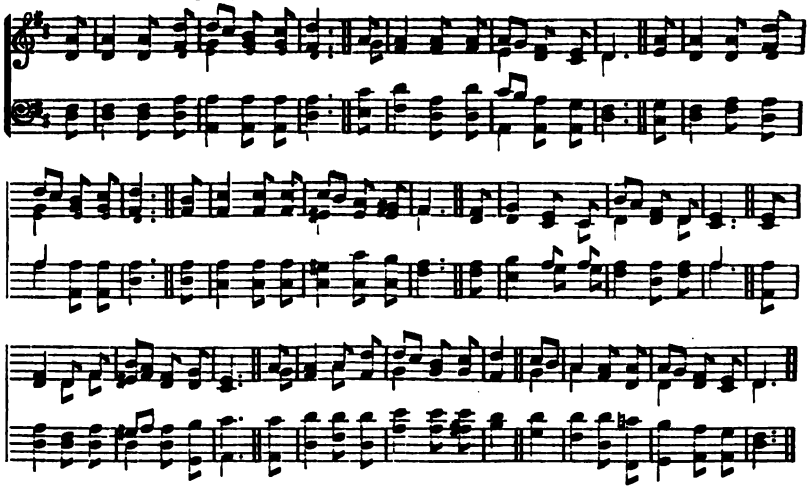
J. Keble. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 SUN of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou art near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought,—how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

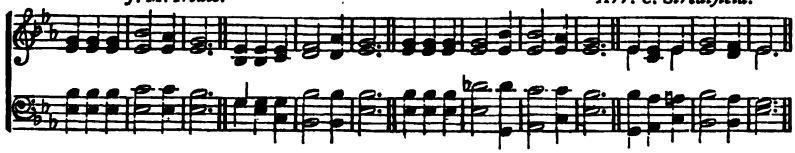
5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

482 FOR EVENING WORSHIP. HESPERUS. 8s. D.
A. M. Toplady. *French Air. L. W. B.*

1 INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy covénant care
I sleeping or waking resign:
If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

2 Thy ministering spirits descend
To watch while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep:
Bright seraphs, despatched from the throne,
Repair to their stations assigned;
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.

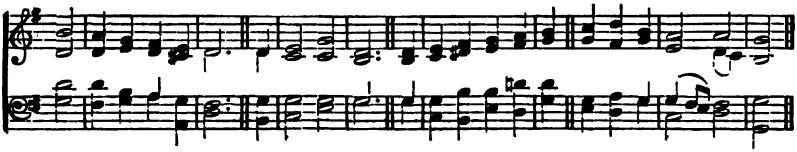
3 Their worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King:

I too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus forever shall join,
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

483 LUKE xxiv. 29. LANGTON. S. M.
J. M. Neale. *Arr. C. Streatfield.*

1 THE day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us, and rest;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.

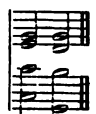
2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore!

484 EVENING MEDITATION. EVENING SACRIFICE. 64,66.
Tr. E. Caswall. *J. H. Hopkins.*

1 THE sun is sinking fast, the daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay her evening sacrifice.

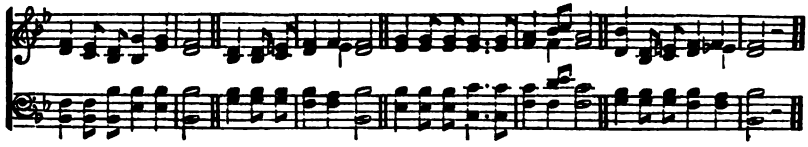
2 As Christ upon the cross his head inclined,
And to his Father's hands his parting soul resigned—

3 So now herself my soul would wholly give
Into his sacred charge, in whom all spirits live.

4 Thus would I live: yet now not I, but he
In all his power and love henceforth alive in me.

485 Light at Eventide.

J. Ellerton.

Pelham. S. M.

G. Kingsley.

1 THE day of praise is done,
The evening shadows fall;
Yet pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

2 'Tis thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to thy name.

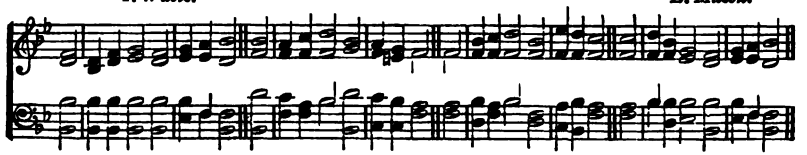
3 Shine thou within us, then,
A day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

A-men.

486 Evening Thoughts.

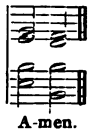
I. Watts.

Hebron. L. M.

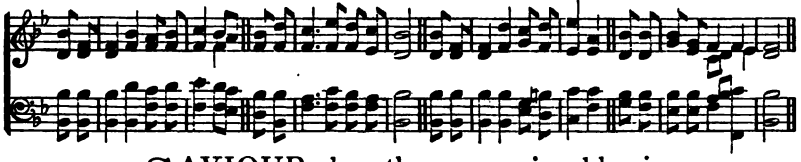
L. Mason.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

487 GOD OUR GUARD. STOCKWELL. 8-7.

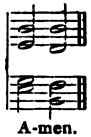
J. Edmeston. *E. Jones.*

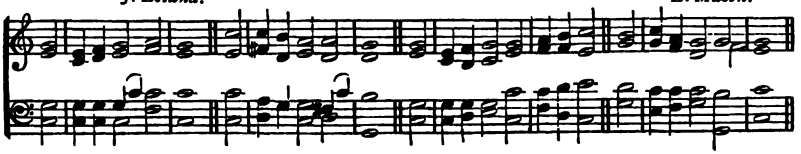


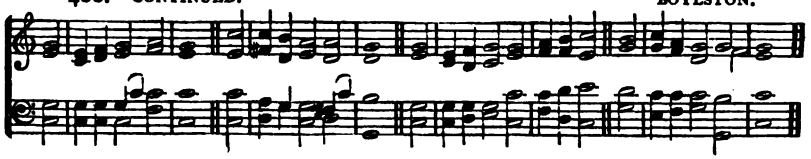
1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our eyelids seal:
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee:
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

488 THE NIGHT COMETH. BOYLSTON. S. M.

J. Leland. *L. Mason.*

1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.

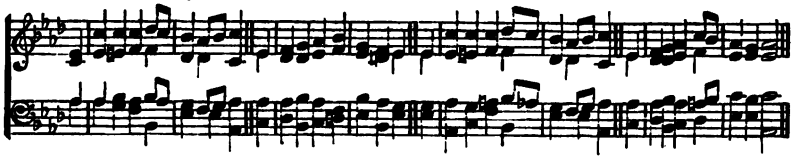
488. CONTINUED. BOYLSTON.

2 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.

3 And when I early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.—

4 That when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
I then may in thy bosom rest—
The bosom of thy love.

A-men.

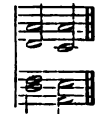
489 EVENING MERCIES. CHESTER. L. M.
C. Wesley. *From R. Schumann.*

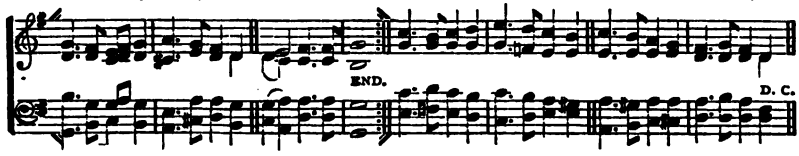


1 HOW do thy mercies close me round!
Forever be thy name adored!
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord.

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

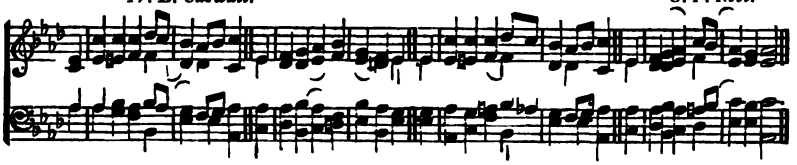
4 Jesus protects! My fears begone!
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thine arms I lay me down,—
Thine everlasting arms of love.

490 NIGHTLY CARE. WALES. 84,84; 88,84.

R. Heber. *Welsh Air.*

1 GOD, who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

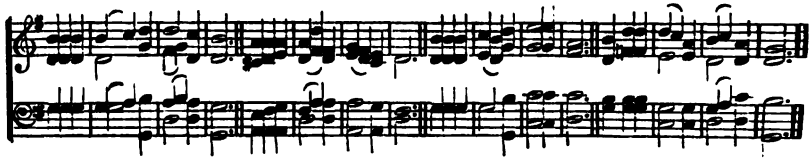
491 EVENING HYMN. ROSE HILL. L. M.

Tr. E. Caswall. *G. F. Root.*



1 O THOU true Life of all that live,
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway;
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day!

491. CONTINUED. ROSE HILL.

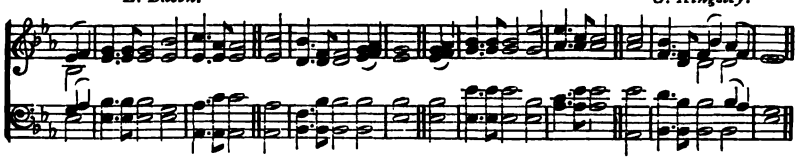


2 Thy light upon our evening pour,
So may our souls no sunset see;
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.

3 Thee in the hymns of morn we praise,
To thee our voice at eve we raise;
O, grant us, with thy saints on high,
Thee through all time to glorify!

A-men.

492 AT EVENING TWILIGHT. SOUTHPORT. C. M.
L. Bacon. *G. Kingsley.*

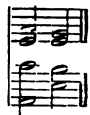


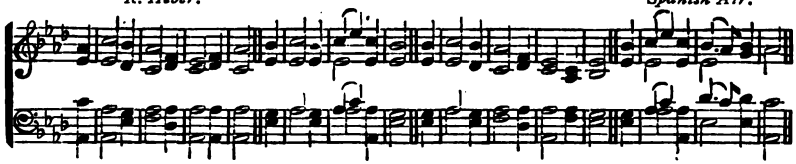
1 HAIL, tranquil hour of closing day!
Begone, disturbing care!
And look, my soul, from earth away
To him who heareth prayer.

2 How sweet the tear of penitence,
Before his throne of grace,
While to the contrite spirit's sense,
He shows his smiling face.

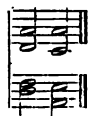
3 How sweet, through long-remembered years,
His mercies to recall,
And pressed with wants, and griefs, and fears,
To trust his love for all.

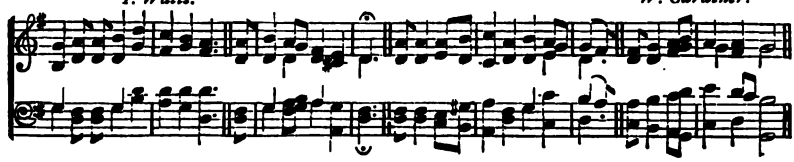
4 How sweet to look, in thoughtful hope,
Beyond this fading sky,
And hear him call his children up
To his fair home on high.

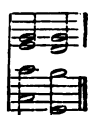
5 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven
To dawn beyond the west;
So let my soul, in life's last even,
Retire to glorious rest.

A-men.

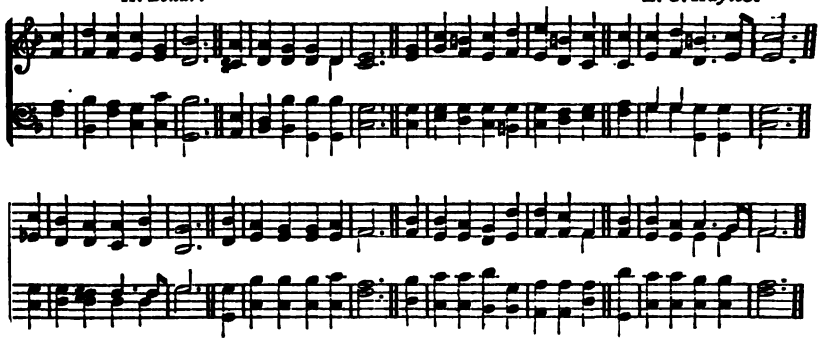
493 AFTER SERMON. BALERMA. C. M.
R. Heber. *Spanish Air.*

1 O GOD, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blessed;
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast,—

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And thorns of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep, or thinly sown,
Do thou thy grace supply;
The hope in earthly furrows strown,
Shall ripen in the sky.

A-men.

494 AFTER SERMON. DEDHAM. C. M.
I. Watts. *W. Gardiner.*

1 GREAT God, thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success:
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

2 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high:
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

A-men.

495 THE DAY APPROACHING. CHALVEY. S. M. D.
H. Bonar. *L. G. Hayne.*

1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

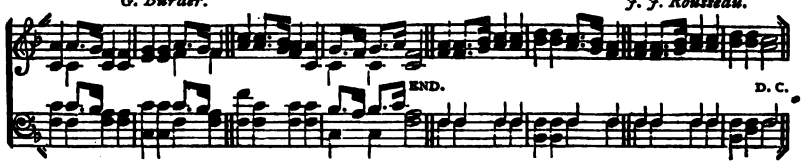
2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way:
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal sabbath-day.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

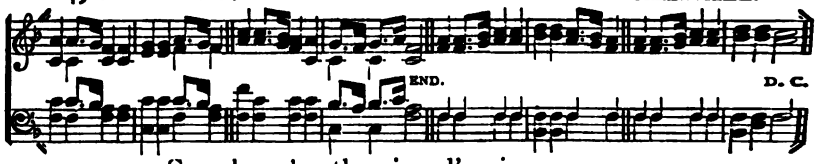
5 'Tis but a little while
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

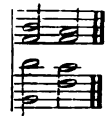
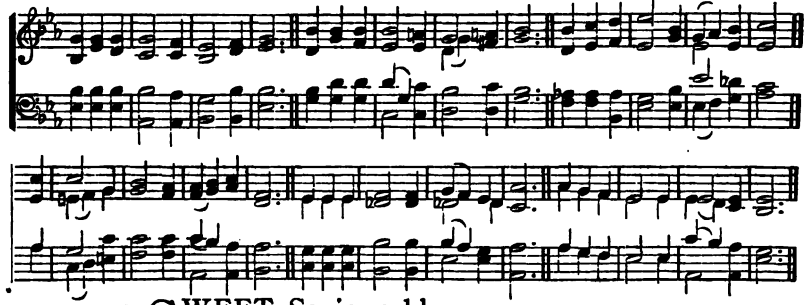
496 "LORD, DISMISS US." GREENVILLE. 8-7-4.

G. Burder. *J. J. Rousseau.*

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
‖: O refresh us, :‖
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
‖: May thy presence :‖
With us evermore be found.

496. CONTINUED. GREENVILLE.

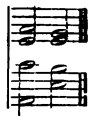


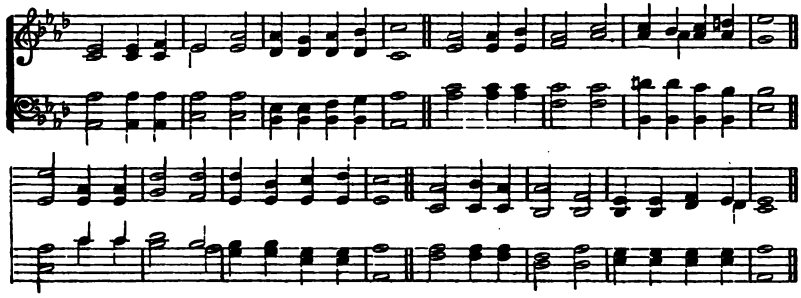
3 So whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
‖: May we ever :‖
Reign with Christ in endless day.

497 HE WHO IS OUR LIGHT. *H. Collins.* BENEDICTION. L. M. 6l. *J. Barnby.*

1 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instill;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

2 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

3 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like thee.

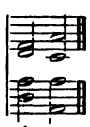
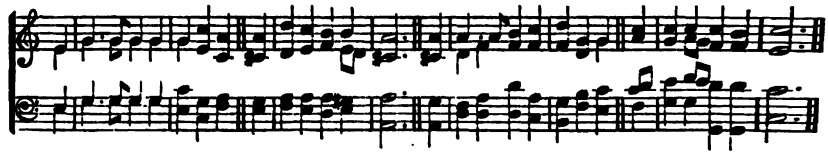
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

4 Labor is sweet, for thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

498 THE PEACE OF GOD.

J. Ellerton. ELLERS. IOS. *E. J. Hopkins.*

1 SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly bending, wait thy word of peace.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

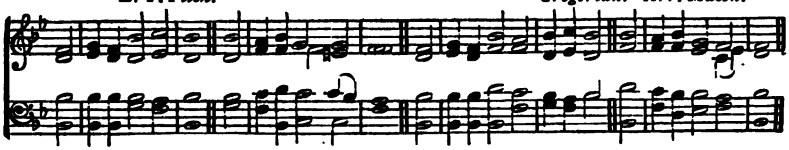
3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
Darkness and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

499 "THE LORD BE WITH US." CLEOPAS. C. M.
J. Ellerton. *J. Barnby.*

1 THE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before his courts we leave.

2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought, or friendly talk,
Our hearts be still with God.

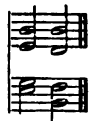
3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be he of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.

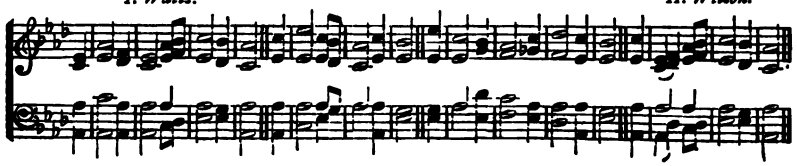
4 The Lord be with us still, we pray,
His nightly watch to keep;
Crown with his peace his own blest day,
And guard his people's sleep.

500 EPHESIANS iii. 20, 21. OLMUTZ. S. M.
E. T. Fitch. *Gregorian. Arr. Mason.*

1 LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes bright or drear,
We would thy will pursue;
And toil to spread thy kingdom here,
Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the Only Wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

501 THE COVENANT. MARTYRDOM. C. M.
I. Watts. *H. Wilson.*

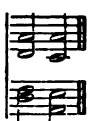
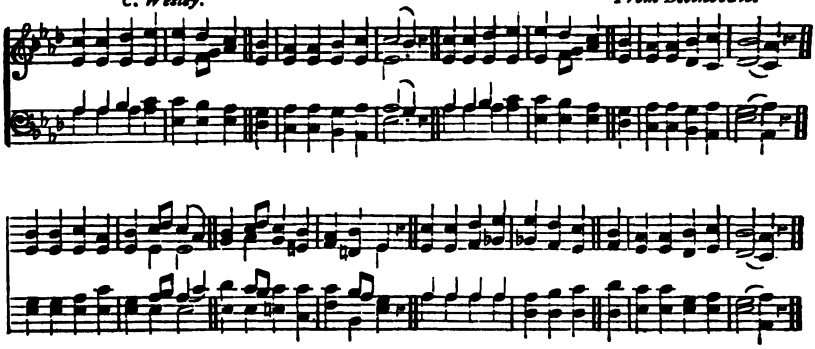


1 "THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand forever good:—"
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

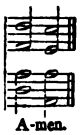
2 To this dear covenant of thy word,
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

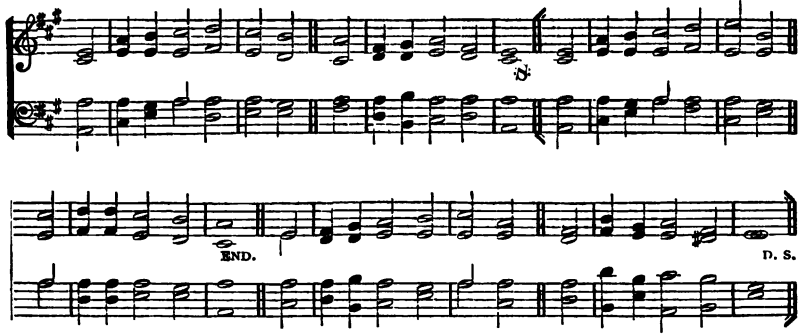
3 The light, and strength, and pardoning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

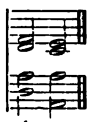
5 Sweet is the memory of his name,
Who blessed us in his will,
And to his testament of love,
Made his own life the seal.

502 BID US GO IN PEACE. LUDWIG. 76,76; 77,76.
C. Wesley. *From Beethoven.*

1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us who think on thee,
Every burdened soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray—
By thy dying love to man—
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds and set us free,
From all sin do thou release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

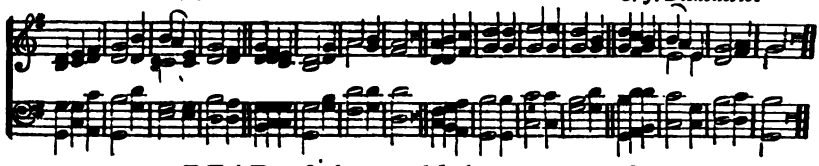
3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal:
Own us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

A-men.

503 THOMAS AQUINAS' HYMN. ELWIN. 7–6. D.
Tr. R. Palmer. *L. Mason.*

1 O BREAD to pilgrims given,
O Food that angels eat,
O Manna sent from heavén,
For heaven-born natures meet!
Give us, for thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled!

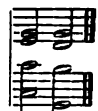
2 O Water, life-bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art!
O let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage!
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take—and doubt no more;
Give us, thou true and loving,
On earth to live in thee;
Then, death the vail removing,
Thy glorious face to see!

A-men.

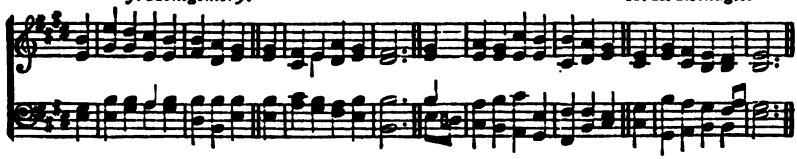
504 THE BREAD OF LIFE. SANCTUARY. 98,98.
R Heber. *C. J. Dickenson.*



1 BREAD of the world, in mercy broken;
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed;
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead—

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

A-men.

505 LUKE xxii. 19. ST. PETER. C. M.
J. Montgomery. *A. R. Reinagle.*



1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

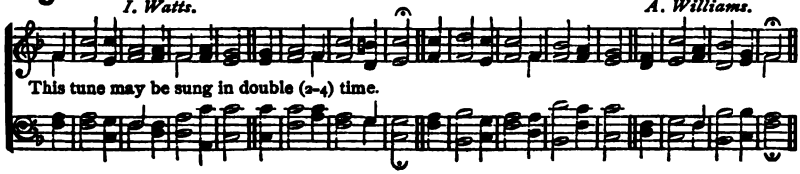
2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee:—

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me.

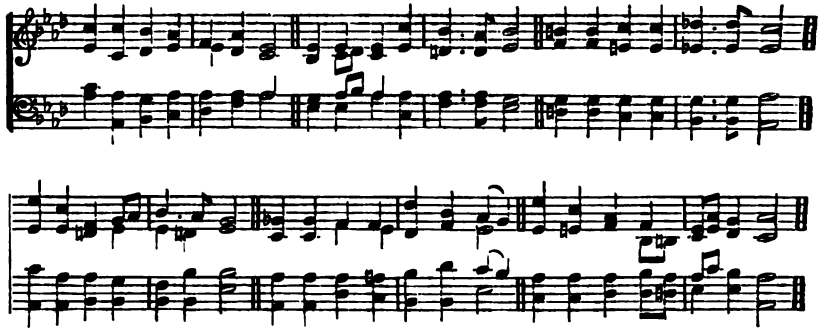
506 AT THE LORD'S SUPPER. MEAR. C. M.
I. Watts. *A. Williams.*

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors;
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongues,—
"Lord, why was I a guest!

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice
And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

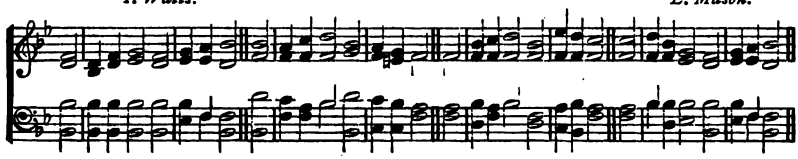
507 "TILL HE COME." GLASTONBURY. 7s. 61.
E. H. Bickersteth. *J. B. Dykes.*

1 TILL he come—O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till he come."

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush! be every murmur dumb:
It is only, "Till he come."

3 Clouds and conflicts round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper "Till he come."

4 See, the Feast of Love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread:
Sweet memorials—till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only, Till he come.

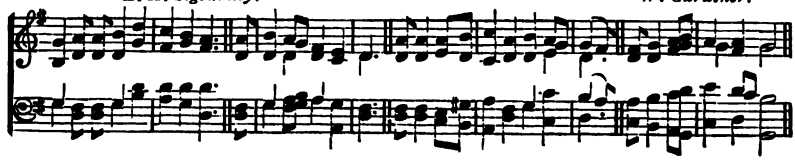
A-men.

508 1 Corinthians xi. 26. Hebron. L. M.
I. Watts. *L. Mason.*

1 AT thy command, O Lord, our hope,
We come around thy table here;
We break the bread, we bless the cup
That show thy death till thou appear.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

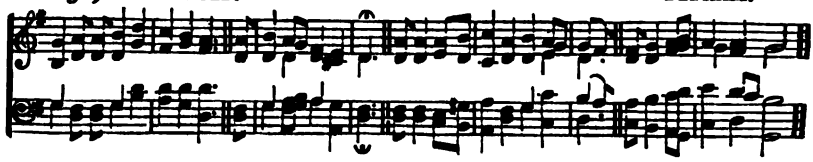
3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And cast their scandals on thy cause!
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumph in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,—
"He that was dead hath left the tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.'

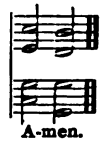
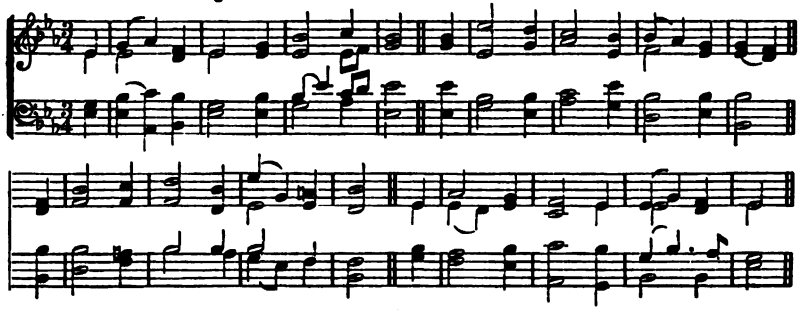
509 "Forget us not." Dedham. C. M.
L. H. Sigourney. *W. Gardiner.*

1 LORD, may the spirit of this feast—
The earnest of thy love—
Maintain a dwelling in our breast,
Until we meet above.

2 And if no more with kindred dear
The broken bread we share,
Nor at the banquet-board appear
To breathe the grateful prayer,—

509. CONTINUED. DEDHAM.



3 Forget us not,—when on the bed
Of dire disease we waste,
Or to the chambers of the dead,
And bar of judgment haste:—

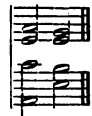
4 Forget not,—who didst bear the woe
Of Calvary's fatal tree,—
Those who within these courts below
Have thus remembered thee.

510 THE LORD'S TABLE. DODDRIDGE. L. M.
P. Doddridge. *E. Miller.*

1 MY God, and is thy table spread,
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy sweetness know.

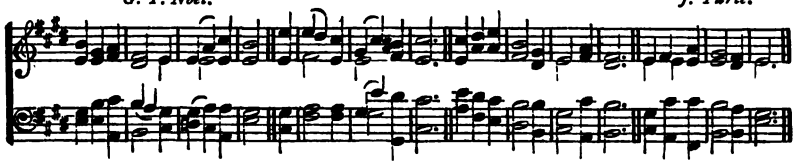
2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for them the Victim slain?
Are they forbid the children's bread?

4 O let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

5 Drawn by thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come;
And gather from their Father's board
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

6 Nor let thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun.

511 OUR DYING FRIEND. ARMAGH. C. M.
G. T. Noel. *J. Turle.*



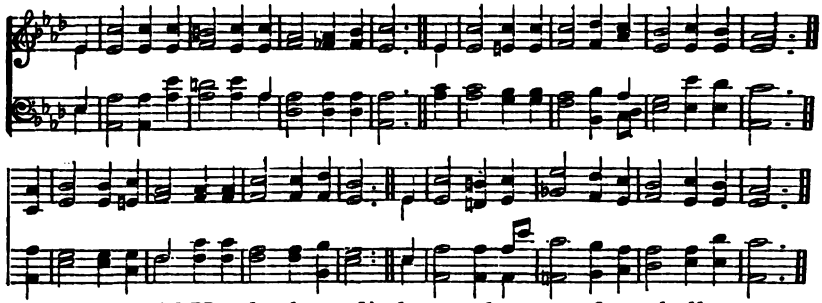
1 IF human kindness meets return
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;—

2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died our fears to quell—
Who bore our guilt and woe!

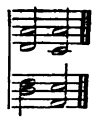
3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,—
"Meet and remember me!"

4 Remember thee—thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!—
O memory! leave no other name
But his recorded there!

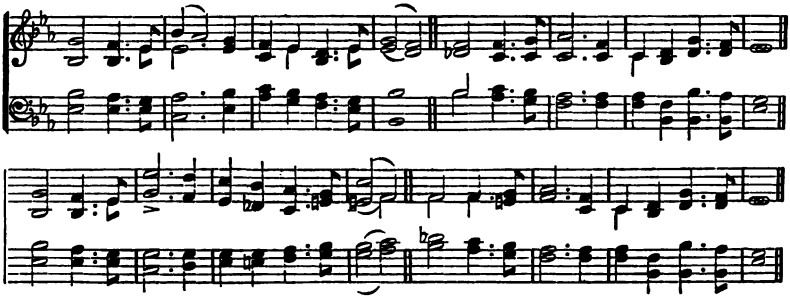
512 THE BODY—THE BLOOD. PAULINA. 11s.

L. Bacon. *Donizetti. Arr. L. W. Bacon.*

1 O THOU who hast died to redeem us from hell,
These signs hast thou left, of thy kindness to tell;
The bread we have broken, the cup we have blessed,
Still speak of thy death, our Atonement and Priest.

2 While thus, in remembrance, thine anguish we see,
One tie binds our spirits, dear Saviour, to thee;
Thy body was broken to make us thine own,—
All saved from one ruin,—in thee we are one.

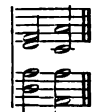
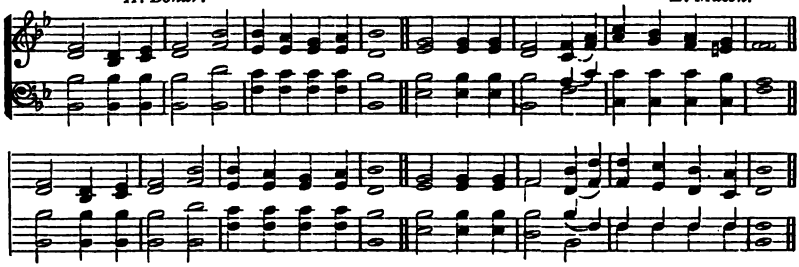
3 We drink of the wine and remember thy blood,
Once shed to redeem all the chosen of God,—
O come the blest day, when to us 'twill be given,
To drink of it new in the kingdom of heaven.

A-men.

513 UNWORTHY, NOT UNWORTHILY. BICKERSTETH. 10s.

E. H. Bickersteth. *From Mendelssohn.*

1 NOT worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs,
With trembling hand, that from thy table fall,
A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes
To plead thy promise and obey thy call.

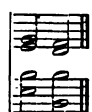
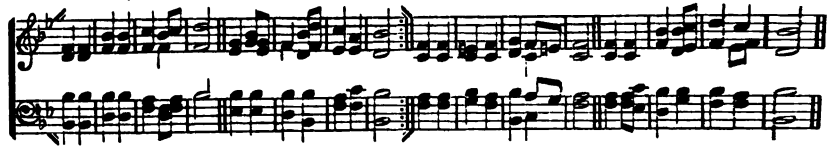
2 I am not worthy to be thought thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at thy board;
Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.

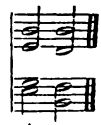
3 I hear thy voice; thou bidst me come and rest;
I come; I kneel; I clasp thy piercéd feet;
Thou bidst me take my place, a welcome guest,
Among thy saints, and of thy banquet eat.

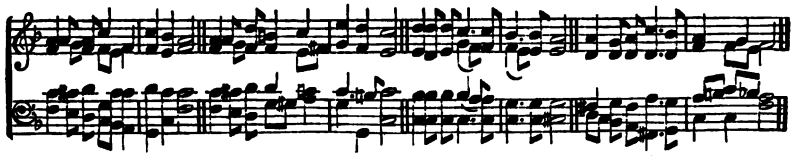
4 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer;
My prayer can only lose itself in thee.
Dwell thou forever in my heart; and there,
Lord, I shall sup with thee and thou with me.

514 SEEING HIM WHO IS INVISIBLE. ERNAN. 10s.
H. Bonar. *L. Mason.*

1 HERE, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand th' eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load;
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is passed and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but thou art here,—
Nearer than ever,—still my Shield and Sun.

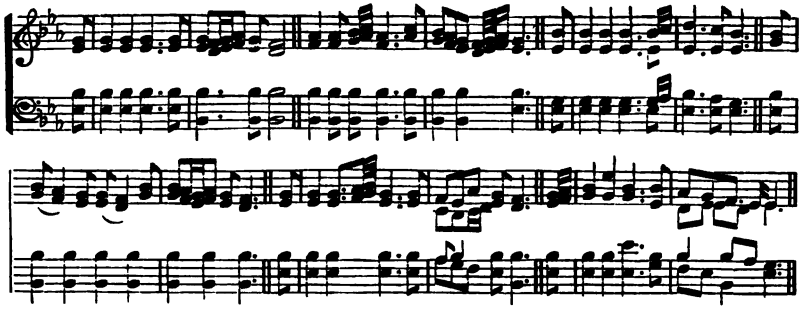
4 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

515 JOHN vi. 55. *Y. Conder.* ROSEFIELD. 7s. 61. *C. Malan.*

1 BREAD of heaven! on thee I feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living Bread;
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of him who died.

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
'Tis thy wounds my healing give;
To thy cross I look, and live;
Thou, my Life, O, let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

A-men.

516 DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS. *Mrs. Barbauld.* SWEDEN. L. M. *H. Hiles.*

1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks his weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

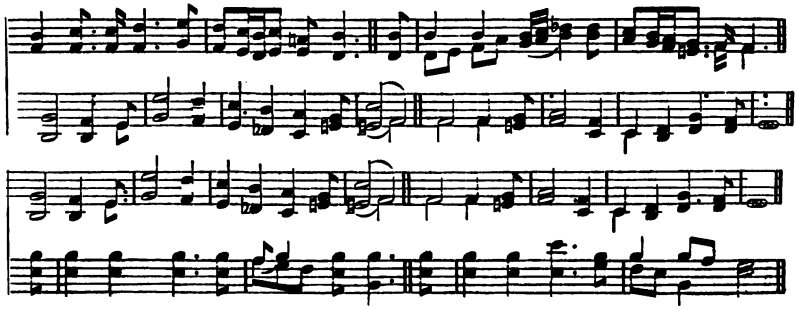
2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing:
O grave, where is thy victory now,
And where, O death, is now thy sting!

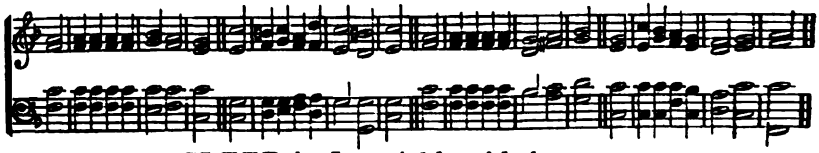
517 BURIAL OF A SAINT. SAUL. S. M.
I. Watts. *Handel.*

1 UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
‖: And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust. :‖

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds: no mortal woes
‖: Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose. :‖

3 So Jesus slept;—God's dying Son
Passed through the grave and blessed the bed;
‖: Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade. :‖

For the 4th Stanza.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word:
Restore thy trust—a glorious form—
Called to ascend and meet the Lord.

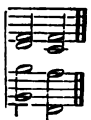
518 ASLEEP IN JESUS. *Mrs. Mackay.* ASHWELL. L. M. *L. Mason.*

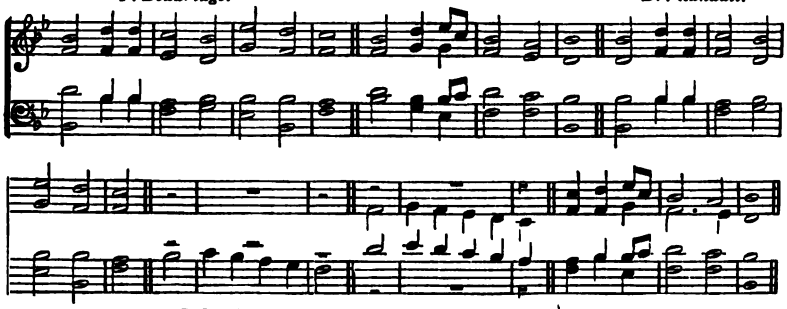


1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blesséd sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

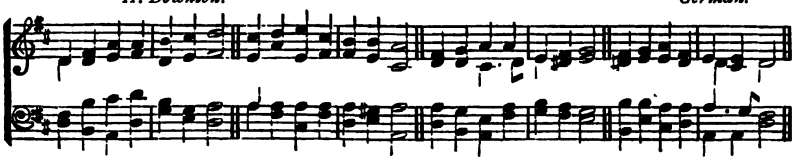
4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

A-men.

519 SALVATION NEARER. *P. Doddridge.* CAMBRIDGE. C. M. *Dr. Randall.*

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise the sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 Swift on the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day!
Welcome each closing year!

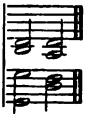
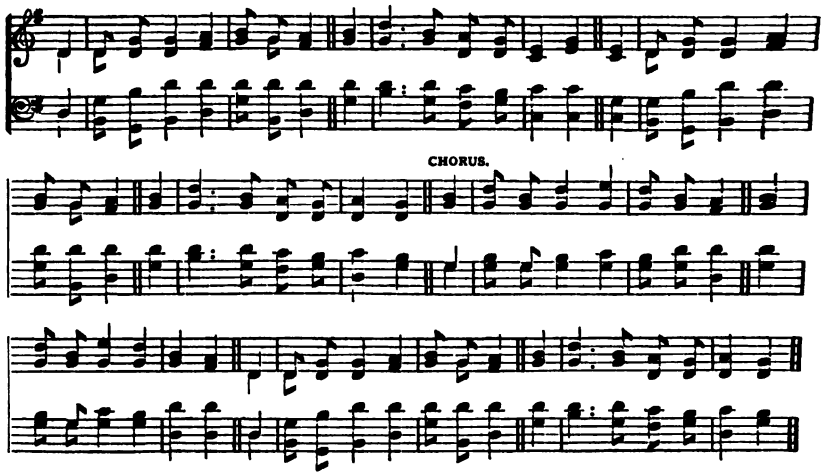
3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

520 PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR. LUBECK. 7s.
H. Downton. *German.*

1 FOR thy mercy and thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness;
Jesus, our Redeemer, hear.

2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of Strength, be thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness,
Be our true and living way.

3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,—
With thy rod and staff, O Lord,
Comfort thou his dying bed.

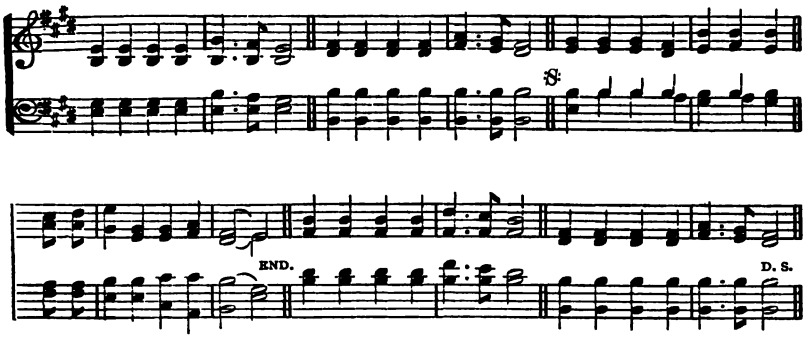
4 Make us faithful, make us pure;
Keep us evermore thine own;
Help thy servants to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

521 THE SHINING SHORE. SHINING SHORE. 8-7. D. (Iamb.)
D. Nelson. *G. F. Root.*

1 MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger,

For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.—*Chorus.*

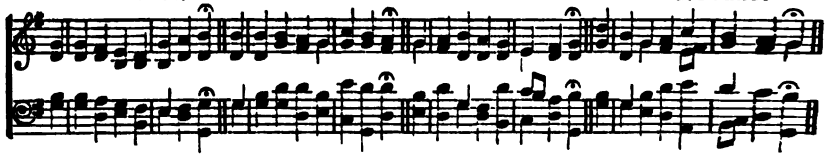
3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.—*Chorus.*

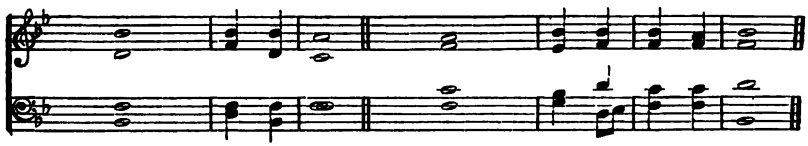
4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says Come, and there's our home,
Forever, O forever.—*Chorus.*

522 THE OLD YEAR. BENEVENTO. 7s. D.
J. Newton. *S. Webbe.*

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below:
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

523 KEN'S DOXOLOGY. *T. Ken.* OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M. *G. Franc.*

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

524 GLORIA PATRI. *Primitive Doxology.* THE GRAND CHANT. *P. Humphreys.*

GLORY be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be,
World with- | out end. | A- — | men.

(834)

ALPHABETICAL

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METRICAL INDEX

OF

TUNES AND HYMNS.

NOTE, ON THE CLASSIFICATION OF METERS.—*Iambic meters*, in English prosody, are those in which the accent comes on every second syllable. But it is common, in the first two syllables of any line, to find the order of the accents reversed.

Trochaic meters are those in which every second syllable is unaccented.

Under the title "*Anapestic meters*" are included those which are constructed of triplets of syllables. In hymns of this class, at the beginning of a line, it is not uncommon to find, instead of one unaccented syllable, two such syllables to be sung in the time of one.

Those irregular meters which are constructed of Iambic and Trochaic lines in the same stanza, are classified here according to the form of the first line.

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Ye choirs of New Jerusalem 205
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Arlington—DR. ARNE.
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If human kindness meets return..... 511

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We seek a rest beyond the skies..... 401

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My God, how wonderful thou art!..... 113
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Forever here my rest shall be 303
O for a closer walk with God..... 357
O God, by whom the seed is given..... 493

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Beatitude—DR. J. B. DYKES.
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds .. 144
Now to the haven of thy breast..... 291
O for a heart to praise my God..... 367
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Bethlehem (Alexandria)—DR. W. ARNOLD.
All that I was, my sin and guilt..... 322
Thy home is with the humble, Lord.... 356
When languor and disease invade..... 380
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand..... 433

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O that the Lord would guide my ways.. 80
O Holy Spirit, Lord of grace..... 424

Bristol—DR. E. HODGES.
I set the Lord before my face..... 7
O God of Bethel, by whose hand..... 137

Cambridge—DR. RANDALL.
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Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes.. 519

China—TIMOTHY SWAN.
Why do we mourn departing friends... 408

Christmas—From HANDEL.
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I waited patient for the Lord..... 26
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Early, my God, without delay..... 42
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Eustis—LORD MORNINGTON.
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O help us, Lord: each hour of need.... 302
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O thou, whose tender mercy hears..... 265
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86,86,86.

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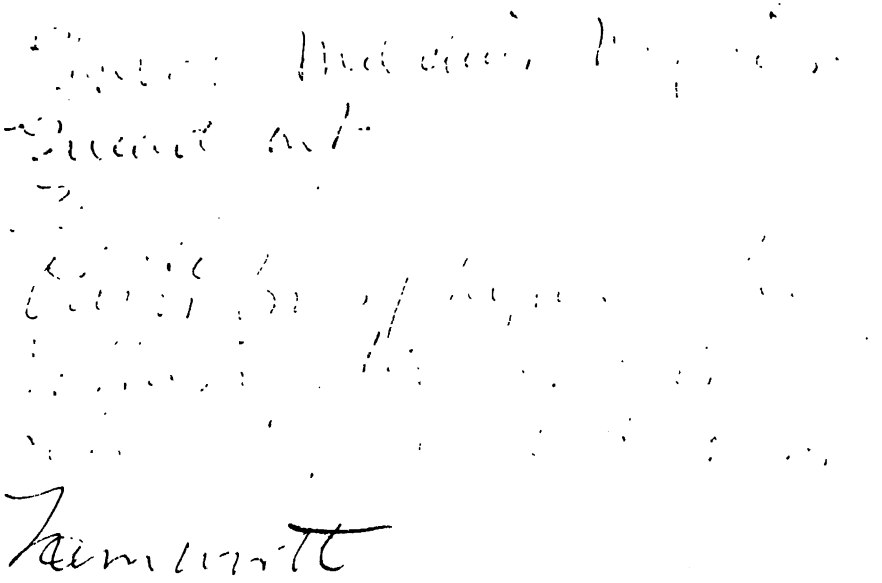

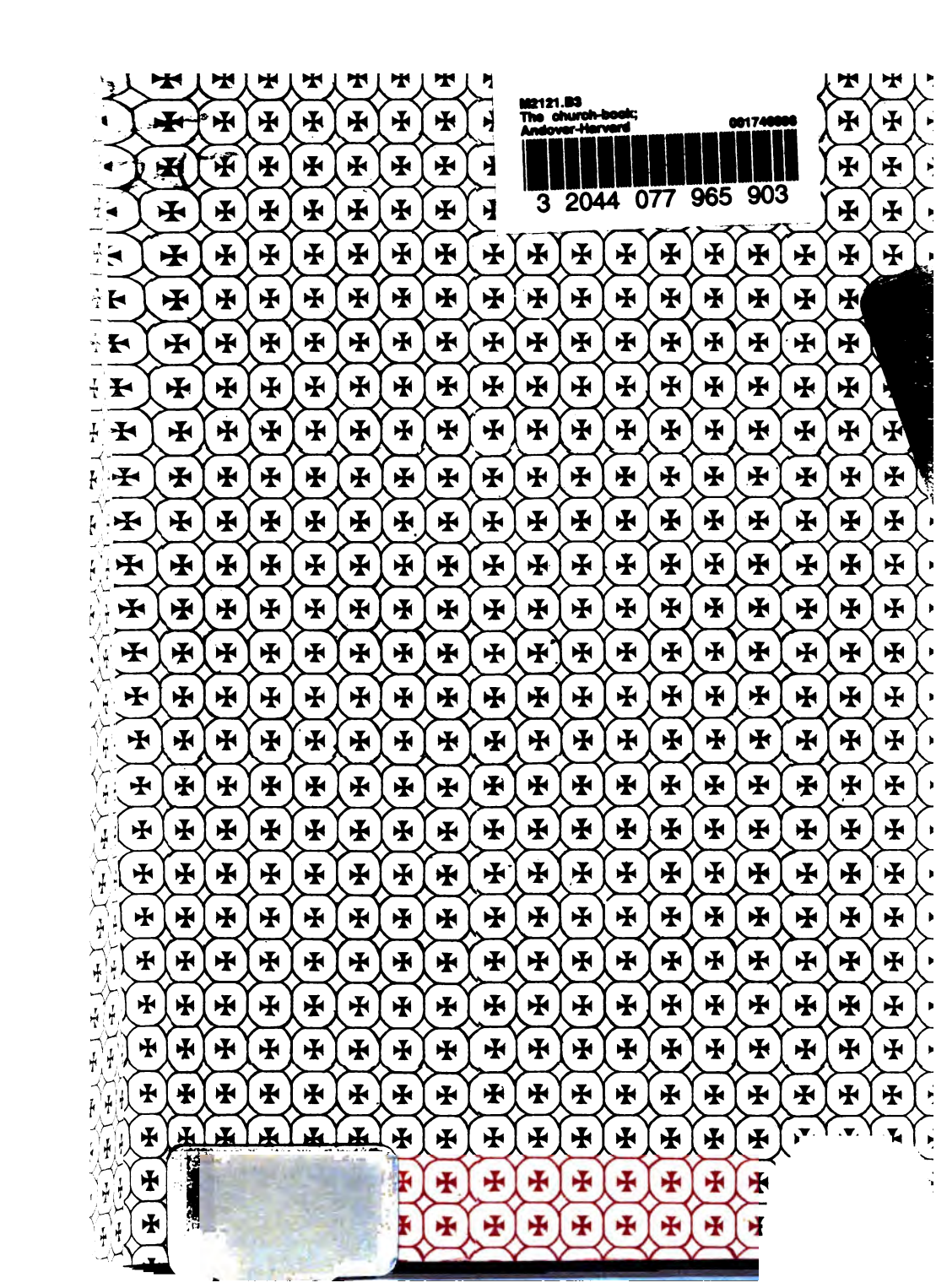
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